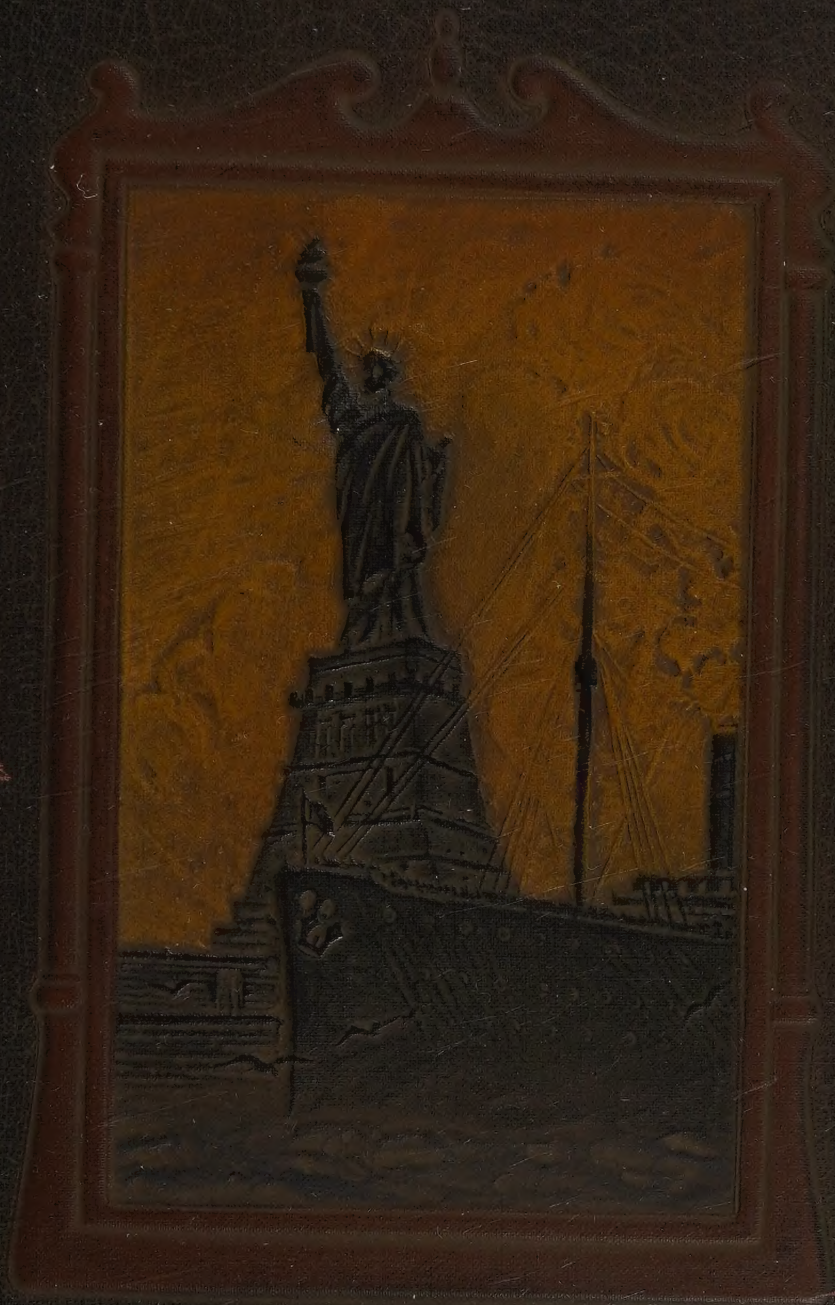








THE AMERICAN CRUSADE—I
THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY
1910-1918



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WOODROW WILSON AND HIS WAR CABINET

The Real America in Romance

THE AMERICAN CRUSADE—I

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY

1910-1918

EDITED BY

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"LINCOLN, AND OTHER POEMS," "VIRGILIA, AND OTHER
POEMS," "THE POETRY OF JESUS," ETC.

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THE AMERICAN CRUSADE — I

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY

AS a climax to the marvelous age of expansion and industrial development which preceded and followed the Spanish-American War came the Great World War, during the cataclysmic progress of which — from August, 1914, to the signing of the Armistice, November 11, 1918 — the fate of civilization swayed in the balance. That the scales were turned in favor of the Allies by the entrance of the United States into the War is generally conceded.

No less a spokesman than David Lloyd George, who, as Prime Minister, piloted Britain politically through the seas of war, at the unveiling of the French statue "La Deliverance" in the suburb of Finchley, London, nine years after the War, declared that "the Allies came nearer to disaster than any of you realize." He asserted that if German statesmanship had been equal to German soldiery, the United States would never have come into the War, and added: "There were seven Allied countries in the War. Four of them before the third year had been crushed, trampled underfoot and their armies completely shattered — Roumania, Belgium, Serbia and, greatest of all, Russia.

"Foch told me during the War that the German army which invaded France was the greatest army the world ever saw. It was driven by men who placed obedience and discipline to the war lord above every other civic virtue."

As to the causes of the War, German militarism and the lust for world conquest on the part of Teutonic statesmanship dates from the organization of the new German Empire

in 1871, at the close of the Franco-Prussian War — a victory which filled the German people and their rulers with a mounting ambition for “a place in the sun.” They had learned that war could be made to “pay,” that the whole cost of a brief aggressive war might be exacted from the conquered people; and, finally, that the German military power was predominant in Europe.

Building on these foundations, the German Government, dominated by the military class and supported unanimously by the financial, manufacturing and commercial classes, decided that the invasion of neighboring territories would be a profitable undertaking.

However, Germany underestimated the resisting power of republican France, and had no conception of the part that Britain and America were to play. As to the United States in particular, the German leaders thought contemptuously of us as a far distant fighting factor — a serious and, as it proved, a fatal error of judgment. Among the causes of the War must therefore be set down the German misunderstanding of the state of mind and the republican character of the French, British and American peoples, especially of the militant power of an aroused America.

Certain it is that, under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, the United States went into the War as into a high and holy crusade. It was a war to “make the world safe for democracy,” as opposed to autocracy — a war to maintain and further the principle of representative government among the peoples of the earth.

Thanks are tendered the United States War and Navy Departments, to the Red Cross, the Salvation Army and to Brown Brothers, photographers, for their valued coöperation in pictorially helping to tell this story of the Great World War and of the American Crusade in

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY.

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THE AMERICAN CRUSADE—I

THE AMERICAN CRUSADE

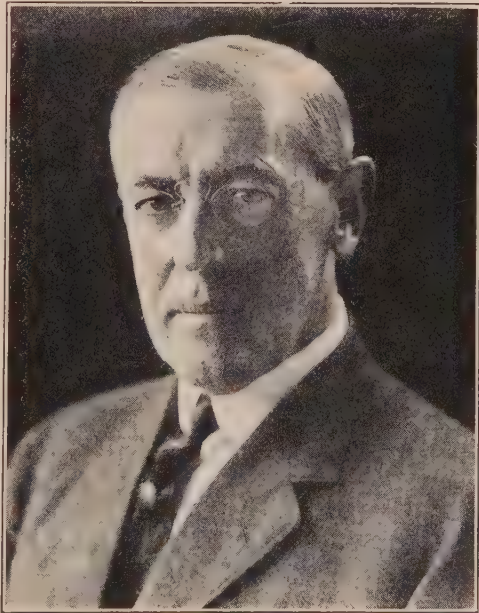
THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY

CHAPTER I

THE END OF A PEACEFUL DAY

THE little town of Bergen, on the coast of Norway, was in a state of high excitement. There was a mighty bustling up and down of town officials. Citizens ran in and out, peered down the streets this way and that, shouting questions and replies to one another.

For the German Kaiser was in town. He had come steaming into the fjord that very morning on his imperial yacht. There had been some doubt at one time about his making this customary summer visit. Something had happened off at the other end of Europe which had threatened to keep him home — the murder of an Aus-



WOODROW WILSON

trian archduke, heir to the Austrian throne — but that crisis was over apparently, for here he was on his postponed pleasure cruise — all tricked out as an Admiral of the Fleet, rattling his dress sword and bristling his mustaches at the Norwegian city's committee of welcome.

It was very exciting to everybody — his coming had been so sudden.

Not the least excited and eager to catch a glimpse of the All Highest were the American tourists on the steamer that had just put into Bergen after a week or so among the northern fjords. For most of them, no doubt, the War Lord was merely one of the strange sights of Europe, a comic opera monarch, impressive in a way, but just a little funny with his swagger and strut, his perpetual parade and military pomp, his bombast and braggadocio and interminable uniforms, which no citizen of a proudly free-and-equal democracy could be expected to take seriously.

Nevertheless he was a sight to be seen, and these travelers considered themselves lucky to have him put in an



CITY HALL OF BERGEN, NORWAY

appearance so dramatically at just the right moment. It was a free "extra" — not in the prospectus of the trip.

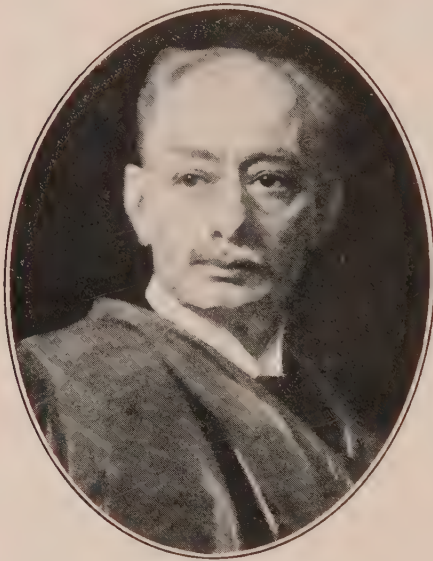
Theodore Stevens and his family, of Chicago, Illinois — strictly speaking, of Oak Forest, a suburb of Chicago — were numbered among the Americans that had come ashore at Bergen on this day in July in the year of our Lord 1914 to take in the sights and sounds and scents of a foreign land. Mr. Stevens was a successful steel manufacturer in the thriving midwestern American metropolis, and was now on his first trip to Europe, having reached a point in his business where he felt it safe to leave affairs in other hands for a few months. With him were his wife and daughter, Dorothy, aged fifteen, Theodore Junior, just through his freshman year at Harvard and rather on the defensive, in consequence, against being too much impressed by what he should see abroad, and Mr. Stevens's wandering brother Sam, globe-trotter, journalist, soldier of fortune, whom they had run across in London, just back from a jaunt across Africa, and who had joined them for the cruise to have a family visit with them and renew old ties. They had not seen him for four years.

Strictly speaking, Theodore Junior was not Theodore,



STREET SCENE AND CATHEDRAL,
BERGEN, NORWAY

Junior. His father had been named, by a doting Universalist grandfather, Theodore Parker Stevens, in honor of an eminent New England divine of the ante Civil War period. Teddy himself was a namesake of that far more vital, modern and important Theodore, Theodore Roosevelt, having put in his appearance at about the time that redoubtable personage was just beginning to touch the popular imagination with the rosy hues of his dawning day. Nevertheless, for purposes of



WALTER HINES PAGE

identification and to avoid confusion, the son was known, where he was known at all, as Teddy Junior.

Further, strictly speaking, Teddy Jr. was not at the precise moment a member of the Stevens family group, whom he had left in the lurch to go sauntering along the quaint streets of the little city, and peep into windows, and stare at the inhabitants, and otherwise

enjoy himself in a manner suitable for tourists, in company with a young woman he had met on the boat.

They were characteristic young people of the Western Republic; carefree, forthright, sure of themselves and quite sure, up to the present, that the world, both at home and abroad, and including Norway and its fjords and little cities and funny people that could not speak English — and the Kaiser — was made for their use and amusement. So they were amusing themselves with it, laughing and chatting and

strolling about in the hour or two before dinner at the hotel, with one eye out all the time for the All Highest.

They had about given up hope of beholding him, unless he should be dining at the hotel that night, and were turning thither themselves, when the blast of a bugle and a stir in the street a block away sent them all aflutter. There was a falling aside of traffic and footpassengers, another toot or two on the bugle, and two cars went whizzing by at a high rate of speed in the direction of the quay. In one of them, unmistakable, bolt upright, with his admiral's cap on and his eye straight ahead, sat the Kaiser, imperious, dynamic, electrical. Even the Harvard sophomore was for the moment swept off his feet by the magnetic personality of this amazing individual.

"Gee whiz!" said Teddy Jr. "Is that what he's like?"

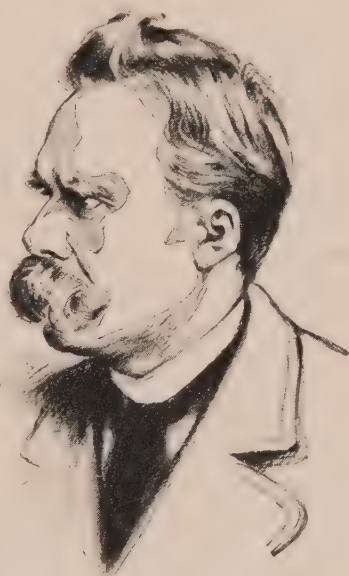
As for the girl, she was thrilled into a state that lasted long after Teddy had restored her to her mother in the foyer of the hotel to dress for dinner.

"Did you see the Kaiser?" Teddy asked the family, when they had assembled at their table.

"Uncle Sam spoke to him," Dorothy informed her brother, all agog.

Teddy Jr. could not help being impressed by that. "You did?"

"Oh, yes. I was presented once by Gerard at maneu-



FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

vers," he said. "I was getting up something or other for a magazine, as I remember. The Kaiser wanted to know something about our newspapers, and I guess I told him what he thought wanted to know. He is a great hand to scout around for information on all sides. He's a good deal like the Colonel in that respect." Uncle Sam habitually referred to Roosevelt as "The Colonel," on the strength of an acquaintanceship with him dating from Rough Riding days.

Whereupon Samuel Stevens launched upon a dissertation on the Kaiser that lasted pretty well throughout the dinner hour. The Kaiser had done wonderful things for Germany, in a way, he told them. He had built up German industry and commerce and developed German arts and sciences and keyed up efficiency and a national sense until there seemed little that Germany and the Germans could not do.

"But he and the crowd about him have committed a crime against the Germans as a people and the world as a place where human beings must contrive to get along together for which he will have to answer to high Heaven. The natural German is a kindly, gentle, childlike person, on the whole. But through every avenue of propaganda and suggestion William Second has been preaching the glorification of force and the idea of German Kultur and Deutschland über Alles until he has turned this gentle nation, almost to a man, into what Nietzsche, the worst of them all, calls a 'magnificent blonde beast, avidly rampant for spoils and victory.' He has made the nation believe that they have a moral responsibility to God and man to spread German Kultur across the face of the earth, and some day they'll try it. You can't deny that it has some fine aspects that we don't touch in a hit-and-miss democracy. But the trouble with German Kultur is that it is materialism run rank. God is left out of it. The Kaiser's God that he is on such familiar



THE TRAGEDY AT SERAJEVO — THE ARREST OF PRINZIP, FOLLOWING THE ASSASSINATION OF THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND
AND HIS MORGANATIC WIFE, THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBERG

terms with is merely a tribal Jehovah; a captain of Hussars, an over-Uhlan.

"I rather thought for a little while that 'Der Tag' had come over this business down in Bosnia," Sam went on, "and I am not so sure that it has blown over yet. We have n't any idea, in America, the state of tension there is over here, behind the face of things. Why, Ambassador Page told me, in London, last year, that one of the Lords of the Admiralty told him that he never got out of telephone



BERGEN HARBOR AND PUDDE FJORD

reach of the office for half an hour. He had a telephone at the side of his bed — never knew when Germany might jump them. They are ready to fight within an hour.

"Everybody goes on the theory that the other fellow is going to cut his throat the first chance he gets, and it really is n't any wonder, after all the miscellaneous throat-cutting, back and forth, that has been going on here since the Christian era, and before. We've forgotten all about throat-cutting at home. We have n't done any of it to speak of since we ran out of Indians. The Spanish war, of course. . . . But we did n't have to worry about our own throats in that fracas.

“The Kaiser actually believes that Russia and France and England are trying to ‘encircle’ him, as he puts it. He blames his uncle, the late Edward VII, for that. They are all related, you know. The Kaiser and the King of England are cousins. So is the Czar a cousin of his. But that makes no difference between kings. The Kaiser is sure they are going to cut his throat, so he piles up an army and hammers up a fleet, and then they have to go him one better, and so it goes. It’s got to break some day, and God help civilization when it does.

“Everything over here between nations is based on material interests and force. The question of right and decency and international morality never enters into it, unless it happens to be a convenient argument at the moment for doing what they want to do. England gives Morocco to France, and France gives Egypt to England, and Italy takes Tripoli from Turkey, and Russia and England parcel out Persia between them, without so much as a tip of the hat to the inhabitants to whom the land belongs. Austria comes along and gulps down Bosnia and Herzegovina when nobody is looking, and then they all turn to and frame up the map of the Balkans to suit themselves after the little Balkan states have done Turkey in and fought themselves and each other to a finish.

“That’s what all this trouble is about down there now. Serbia came out of the pot far too strong to suit Austria. And far too saucy. The Serbs are Slavs, so are the Bosnians. And so is Russia. Serbia — that is to say, the Serbians, the government probably has n’t anything to do with it — the Serbians are trying to pick Bosnia out of the Austro-Hungarian goulash again. They have been making the stew pretty hot for Austria lately. Now this young student Prinzip, like Teddy here, comes along and puts a bullet through the noble duke and his wife, and wipes them out.

Franz Ferdinand would have been the next Emperor of Austria. He had a program to settle the disturbance by giving Bosnia enough autonomy to keep her satisfied. The Serbians did n't like that. They did n't want Bosnia satisfied. They wanted her free. Hence the pistol.

"It was dirty politics, of course. You can't blame Austria for being stirred up over it. Things looked pretty dark for a while. . . . But I guess it is blowing over. The Kaiser wouldn't be cruising around here if there were anything in the wind. Although, of course, it may be a blind. If Germany is going to do anything, she has got to strike quickly and have it over with before the others can get in motion. He may be throwing them off the scent so that the surprise will be more complete."



THE "HOHENZOLLERN" — THE KAISER'S YACHT

No one was interested any more. Sam saw as much, gave a little laugh at himself — or them — and stopped. He was a bit of a bore now and then, even to a sophomore. Especially when the sophomore had something else on his mind, and just now he had an engagement with the young woman from the boat.

Night was hovering down at last, after the long northern day, on Pudde Fjord and the city of Bergen when the two young people detached themselves from their respective

families and sallied forth together for a view of the sunset, and to see what Norway looked like by night.

They strolled out to a point of land that commanded a view of the town and the port and a vista out to sea. Blue shadows crept down from the mountains behind from which the town took its name, and the slanting rays of the setting sun, coming in across the North Sea, brought the clefts and buttresses of the fjord's massive, towering walls into dramatic outline and relief; while all in the west the flaming red of the dying day poured itself over the flowing expanse.

At the feet of the city, in the harbor, the shipping took on ruddy hues as it lay softly swinging at anchor to the tide; small craft of the coast, with their masts and sails; tiny fishing boats tossing inshore; a steamer or two of more importance; the touring steamer which they were travelling on, and the Kaiser's yacht, beautiful in line and poise, magnificent in appointments, and altogether imposing; a yacht to make one as green as the sea with envy and riotous as its wind-tossed billows with wanderlust.

The two stood taking in the scene.

"Corking, is n't it?" commented the young man.

"Perfectly darling," agreed the girl.

"Makes me think of the rock-bound coast of Maine a little, does n't it you?"

She had never been to the Maine coast, she said. Her eyes lighted again on the vessel in the harbor. "What a perfectly scrumptious yacht!" she exclaimed.

"I'll say it is."

"Why, look!" cried the girl.

"Where? What?"

"It's moving."

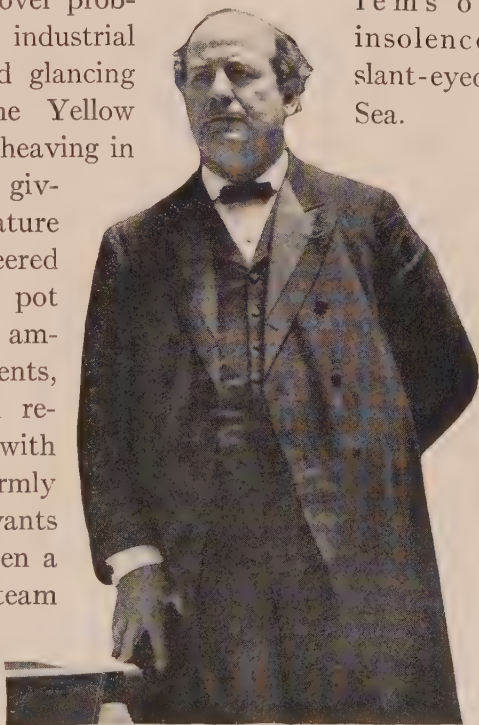
"By Jove, it is." They watched it get under way and forge ahead. "Wonder where he is going?"

They watched the yacht slip out of sight, full steam ahead. "Boy, look at her travel," said Teddy Jr.

He turned and looked at the girl. She was a piquant little thing, with blue eyes and a nose turned up just far enough, and something saucy about the set of her mouth. She saw him looking at her. "How peaceful it is," she said. "I just love it."

Peaceful! What had the sun, now setting in the sea, beheld in its rounds that very day? It had glanced down upon the Philippines, slowly expanding under American exploitation with dark men running up and down the islands exciting themselves and others with hope of independence and self government. It had looked down upon Japan, grappling with itself over prob-
lems of
insolence
slant-eyed
Sea.

It had seen China heaving in the mighty throes of giving birth to a premature republic. It had peered down upon India, a pot seething with native ambitions and resentments, racial jealousies and religious hatreds, but with the lid held down so firmly by British civil servants that only now and then a rattle and a spurt of steam hinted what was going on beneath. But what of that? Had not the world



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

always had its blisters and bubbles, since that very sun had first beheld it cool and harden, and seen men creep out of the slime upon the face of the continents?

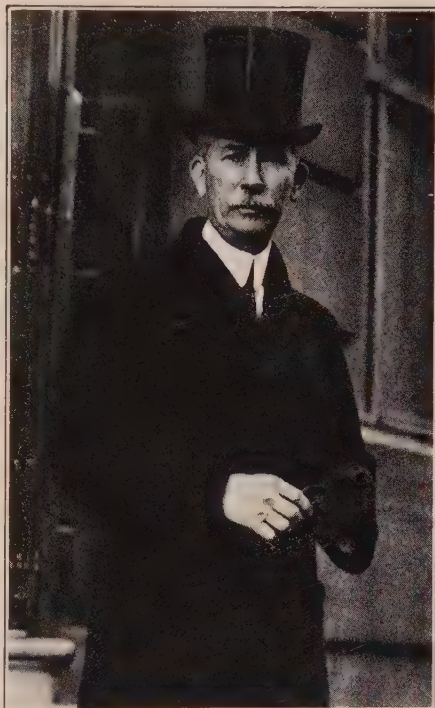
It had swept over Asia, teeming with its hordes of millions intent upon their own ends, and Africa, quivering under the knife of its European partitioners and surgeons — Germany, Belgium, France, Spain, Italy; England in Egypt and on the fringes. It had shed its rays upon the muttering subterranean fires of revolution not yet broken into flame through the crust of Russian autocracy, with its spies and suppressions. It had gazed down upon the wild ridges and lonely plateaus and bucolic valleys of the Balkan Peninsula, rocky nest of little nations, steaming and stewing after its two recent wars with old hates rekindled and new fears revived; Turkey stripped of many of its former possessions, Bulgaria thwarted, Greece recrudescant and puffed up with new nationalistic hope, Serbia waxing strong and vital with pan-Slavism, with Russia, the mighty, sprawling, Slavic giant at her back. And Russia herself, always on the brink of a revolution that did not come off, with barricades on this very day in the streets of her capital.



GEORGE B. M. HARVEY

It had beamed upon imperial Austria, that grotesque mosaic of strong discordant races, full of stresses and strains and striæ, ready to crack open beneath the heavy gilded throne of the autocratic Hapsburgs and let them

down into the mire. It had passed over Germany, swollen with pride, swarming with industry, swaggering with militarism; France in a "crisis" over the trial of Madame Cail- laux, wife of one of her leading politicians and statesmen, for the murder of an editor who had maligned her husband — or so she thought; Spain, in decayed gentility, hiding the patches in her political gloves as she struggled with an anarchistic rabble in her midst. Not too peace-



EDWARD M. HOUSE

ful in its potentialities, any of it; but no faint whisper of it all reached the rocky shores of the Norwegian fjord where two young Americans, chance acquaintances on a tourist steamer, were amusing themselves in the soft fading twilight of another summer holiday.

The sun they beheld was taking a last glimpse at the bitter struggle under way in the British Isles over the perennial question of Home Rule for Ireland; England now willing to accord good measure of self government, but the Protestant North of Ireland up in arms, under Sir Edward Carson, against the Roman Catholic South, far outnumbering their northern neighbors in population and definite purposes. Surely nothing new to the sun, excepting in personnel.

And after they had watched it sink into the sea the sun was still sweeping in review the continent of the Americas. Poring over Mexico, for instance, to see what had transpired there since its last visit. The old familiar Diaz, worthy old Indian, was gone, deposed by Madero. Madero was gone, deposed by Huerta. Now Huerta had withdrawn, forced out by the stubborn, patient refusal of Washington to recognize him as President or his Government as constitutional or authorized, and Venustiano Carranza was in the saddle. Day by day of late it had been following this long-bearded leader in the field, together with Pancho Villa, picturesque cut-throat and marauder, and making notes of the slow pressure of "watchful waiting" in the far-flung United States to the north, where Wilson hoped to preserve the essential rights of American citizens without infringing on the intrinsic rights of a neighboring State to order its own affairs. True, he had seized Vera Cruz in a pitched battle, but his hand had been forced there by an American admiral overpunctilious about "honor" to the flag.

It had seen on that day, as on many days, much turmoil and shouting in the press and across luncheon tables and over farm fences about this same "watchful waiting," but had given slight heed. It was a very wise old sun, used to many sights on the little globe that went spinning around and around at string's length in such busy importance.

Furthermore, it was more interested at this time in something else that was going on in the huge Republic. Roosevelt had gone off stage with his shoutings and his big stick, all of which had properly amused the staid old monarch of the skies. Now a strange new man occupied the Presidential seat — a schoolmaster who had journeyed thither by way of the presidency of Princeton and the governorship of New Jersey, the joint discovery of two other men whose hands were new in high affairs; two colonels, but not mil-

itary men. One of them, Colonel George Harvey, who had been called in by Morgan & Company to edit *Harper's Weekly*, which had fallen into the bankers' hands, was in politics as a side issue — unless the weekly was a side issue to his politics. The other was a figure unique in American history; Colonel Edward M. House, a southern gentleman — from Texas — who had long pursued politics as a career and a field for disinterested public service; a man who would not take office or reward, shunning even the plaudits of the public which he tried to serve. Because of his disinterestedness and right purposes, canny organizing ability, wisdom, and a facility for rightly judging between speech and silence, he had become a power behind the scenes.

These two lighting upon Woodrow Wilson as a proper man to guide the nation and rescue the Democratic Party,



KAISER WILHELM II AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT A MILITARY
REVIEW NEAR BERLIN

which had fallen upon evil days, the latter had gone into office in the 1912 election, helped there by the support of Bryan in the Baltimore Convention, and the quarrel within the Republican Party precipitated by Theodore Roosevelt when the Republican machine in the Convention at Chicago



EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH, OF AUSTRIA

government that radicals and progressives and forward-looking statesmen had been crying for for years — ever since the days of “Sockless Jerry” Simpson and the Kansas Populists, specifically, and their successor in trust, William Jennings Bryan, and his successor, Theodore Roosevelt.

had ruled out Roosevelt delegates in favor of President Taft, a candidate for reelection. Colonel Harvey had been left by the wayside meanwhile because of his affiliations with the Morgan interests and “Wall Street.”

Now this schoolmaster in politics was actually doing some of the things in

All of which was the rather more amusing to the old sun because his rays had lately beheld the new President as a conservative Democrat.

There were the Federal Reserve Bill, putting banking on a sane and substantial basis for the benefit of the country as well as of the bankers; the Federal Trade Commission and the Clayton Anti-Trust Act, regulating "trusts" in a practical way rather than merely "busting" them; the Tariff Commission, taking the tariff out of politics, in theory, at least; the eight-hour-day law, and other social measures which summed up bigger than any other social legislation that had ever been put through in any two administrations, to say nothing of any two years.

There had been the repeal of the Panama Tolls Bill, which had exempted American shipping from the payment of tolls and made "scrap of paper" of a treaty with England in which the United States Government had agreed to a stipulation that the vessels of all nations should share alike in the use of the Panama Canal. There had been a treaty made,



VIEW OF SERAJEVO, BOSNIA

through Bryan, Secretary of State, making payment to Colombia of \$25,000,000 and apologizing to her for the behavior of the United States in connection with the revolution in Panama and the assistance of the United States in setting up a separate government there, so that the United States might make better terms for the building of the canal. There had been a quiet but firm dismissal of "Dollar Diplomacy," developed to a high pitch by Philander Knox, Secretary of State in the Taft Administration, coming to a climax in the notification to American bankers that the Government would not stand behind them on the deal they were trying to put through in a loan to China, in connection with European governments, which would have mortgaged China to the financial interests.

All this, however, was far from interesting to the two young Americans overhanging the walls of one of Norway's famous fjords; least of all, perhaps, to the young man. The sun had disappeared behind the surging waters of the northern ocean, and peace brooded in the twilight over sea and land.

To be sure, there was a faint buzzing somewhere way off down in the Balkans, where some angry Serbian hornet had stung to death an Austrian noble. But what of that? The young woman did not even know where the Balkans were, and the young man only knew that it was some place where troubles were always brewing.

"How long the days are up here," the girl observed.

"They've seemed short as the deuce to me," replied the young man, "since I ran across you. And there are not many more days left." He threw as much meaning into the look he gave her, as into his tone.

The girl said something suitable, and seemed ready to be kissed. He had not kissed her yet; had not particularly wanted to; had quite definitely not wanted to, on several



THE KAISER REVIEWING THE "PIONEER BATTALION" OF OLD
PRUSSIAN WAR VETERANS

occasions, when the moment had arrived. Now suddenly he grew sick of it all; this silly flirtation with a girl he had never seen before, and never cared to see again, and his thoughts flew off to Belgium, or to Germany, or to France, or to wherever it was that Peggy Birmingham might be that night. It was Peggy Birmingham whom he had first seen over his back fence in the suburb of Chicago years and years before when she came with her Aunt Patricia — Princess Pat, they called her — and her sister Mildred to visit the Stevens's next door neighbor, and had loved from the first, and had seen many times since, on subsequent visits, and still loved, and always would love.

He had seen her just before they all left for Europe in June, Peggy going one way with her aunt and sister, and the Stevenses another; but they were now to meet in Paris in a fortnight. Meanwhile Peggy was doing Germany. Her aunt had been married to a German whose name was von der Goltz and who had disappeared long ago without a trace. . . . Then Peggy and her aunt were to visit in Liège, where Mrs. von der Goltz had friends. She had friends all up and down

the world, as a matter of fact. Von der Goltz had been in the foreign service, or something of the sort, and had taken her about. . . . Mildred had gotten bored in Germany, and had gone on ahead to London to see the Lester Stephens. This was a feather in Teddy's cap, for the Lester Stephens were relatives, from the old English stock of the family, and the girls had stopped there with their Aunt Patricia on the way over with letters from Teddy's father.

Teddy had had a letter from Peggy at Aix-la-Chapelle. The letter was full of enthusiasms, and a German lieutenant named Bopp. Teddy had tried to make himself believe at first that the letter was at the bottom of his flirtation with this young woman on the boat, but he knew better. He knew that Peggy was only teasing him about her lieutenant, and that he had been walking the decks with this other, and exclaiming over the scenery, and playing deck quoits and bridge, and dancing with her, just because he wanted to. Now he was sick of it all and ashamed of himself.

He could not get back to the hotel fast enough. The girl wanted to stop and look into the shop windows and stare at the people. He waited for her, of course. He still had to be civil to her. But he was glad when he could turn her over to her mother in the foyer of the hotel, where "the old bird," as he termed her to himself, had found some one to talk to while she waited for her darling daughter.

Uncle Sam was with the family when Teddy reached their rooms, holding forth again about something. Teddy felt a strange tension, a subdued, bewildered excitement among them the moment he entered. They scarcely gave him a look. He lit a cigarette and listened.

"Yes, Austria has handed the Serbs an ultimatum," Uncle Sam was saying. "Word just reached here this afternoon. That's why the Kaiser left in such a hurry. He knows what it means.

"The point is n't that the heir presumptive to the throne of Austria and his wife were shot down in the streets of Serajevo by an overwrought schoolboy a month ago," he went on. "Nobody really minded that too much. Ferdinand



KING EDWARD VII, HIS SON, KING GEORGE V, AND HIS
GRANDSON, PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

was n't exactly what you would call a howling favorite with any of them. Old Franz Joseph was peeved with him because he had married nothing better than a countess — a Bohemian one at that — and the ruling classes did n't like the Archduke because they expected he would take things pretty much in his own hands when he came to the throne and prove

a hard taskmaster. It is n't quite convenient of course, for the crowned heads of Europe to have enthusiastic young men going around shooting their princes, but it was nothing for all the nations of Europe to rush into a war about.

"The point is that Austria has been laying for Serbia for years. Serbia has got to the point now, with Russia behind her, where Austria has got to get her out of the way or go to pieces on her. Now she has got her chance and is going to smash her. And the Kaiser sees the chance he has been waiting for to start something before Russia and France get too strong for him.

"It is plain enough from the ultimatum Austria has sent, on the pretext that Serbia was responsible for the crimes. She does n't expect Serbia to accept the terms. She does n't want her to. She knows she could n't do it. They would give Austria a free hand to step into Serbia and fire officials and school teachers and army officers right and left on the mere charge that they were hostile to Austria, and root out the supposed and so-called Greater Serbia secret societies which are suspected of being behind the murders. Serbia simply can't do it, that's all. So Austria will pounce on her, and Russia will come to her assistance, and then Germany will pitch in, and France will have to back up her ally Russia, and there'll be the deuce and all to pay."

"You don't mean there's going to be a war?" said Teddy Jr.

"I don't see any way out of it."

"For the love of Mike!" said Teddy.

"It is n't possible," put in Mr. Stevens. "It simply is n't possible."

"That's what most of them have been thinking," Sam rejoined. "Lord Roberts has been trying to wake them up

for years in England and has got himself laughed at for his pains, as an old dotard."

"But they can't fight nowadays," Teddy remarked. "They'd wipe each other out in no time with what they've got to fight with now."

"What do you suppose they've got it for?" Sam countered. . . . "It won't last long, that's one thing sure. I should n't be surprised if the Germans were in Paris before Christmas."

"Paris!" cried Teddy Jr.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Stevens. It was too preposterous. With everything going so nicely everywhere; trains running up and down, steamers plying, wires humming and buzzing with messages, orders coming in. It would blow over. It couldn't come to anything. "Nonsense," he repeated.

Teddy Jr. could not get his thoughts off Paris.

That was where he was going to meet Peggy in a couple of weeks.



LORD ROBERTS, BRITISH ADVOCATE OF
PREPAREDNESS

CHAPTER II

THE DAWN OF WAR

TEDDY JR. was out early the next morning to get the news. The city was in a commotion; people running up and down, with many strangers, apparently, among them, carrying hand luggage and looking bewildered. He stopped in front of bulletin boards and wherever he saw



KING PETER, OF SERBIA

crowds gathering, but could not make out a word of what was going on. Now and then he asked a question of some one who looked as though he might speak English, but had no luck. He stopped some of the strangers and got either a medley of foreign tongues or such wild answers that he was worse off than before.

Things were little better at the hotel, which was

nothing more nor less than a clearing house for the fantastic rumors that the fleeing travellers were bringing in. Some had been in Germany, some in Russia, some in Holland and



BELGRADE, SERBIA, ON THE DANUBE

Denmark; even Belgium. They were making for the nearest country not likely to be involved and that had water between.

One thing came definitely out of it all. There was going to be a war.

Samuel Stevens had better fortune than Teddy Jr. He was not at hand when the family met for the morning meal, but showed up presently, full of news.

"Serbia has accepted everything in the ultimatum except the dismissal of officers by Austria and the turning over to her of the Serbian courts," he announced. "Nevertheless the Austrian Minister has left Belgrade, and Austria is mobilizing. Russia, too, probably."

"Does that mean war?" queried Mr. Stevens. He had succeeded overnight in convincing himself that all this war talk was only another bit of European hysteria that even his brother Samuel had succumbed to, and that it would blow itself off in a day or two. "They're simply playing poker," he informed his wife in the security of their hotel bedroom. "They have to go through a lot of motions to make it look as though they were really doing something to hold down their jobs, like our politicians. They'll get together in a day or two behind the scenes and fix everything up and go home and make a lot of speeches." But this smug assurance broke down at his first glance at his brother in the morning.

"Of course," said Uncle Sam.

Mr. Stevens looked blank. "It won't affect things here, I suppose," he ventured. "We can finish our trip."

"Affect things!" echoed Sam. "If you had been out on the streets this morning you would think differently. The

town is beginning to fill up already with refugees from all over Europe. Half the shops won't take anything but gold, and the banks are refusing to honor letters of credit."

"No! You don't say so! We'd better get on to Paris, then, had n't we?" It was hard to give up plans, with the tickets bought and the reservations made.

"You'd better get back to America as fast as you can get there.

I've booked passage for London for all of us from Christiania tomorrow night. The *Morganon* sails for Christiania this noon." The *Morganon* was the tourist steamer on which they were travelling. "I'll go with you as far as London."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to stick around and see what happens," Sam replied.

Teddy Jr. was all excitement. "How'll I get to Paris?" he asked his uncle.

"You won't," said Sam.

"I've got to," declared Teddy.



HUGH GIBSON

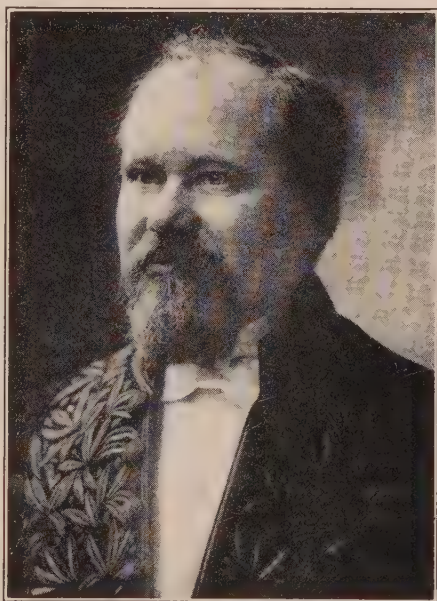
"You can't. If it's like this in Norway already, imagine what it will be like in France by the time you could get there. You could n't get through if they would let you, and they won't let you. They'll be fighting there in a week. And war is war. Everything else stops—goes by the board. This is no frontier affair. This is the big storm. Imagine a million men marching through Illinois and bombarding Chicago from the banks of the Desplaines. Then talk about getting to Paris."

"I can't help that. I've got to get through."

"All right," said his uncle. "You're an American and a Harvard man. Just speak to them about it and they'll hold up the war for you, of course. Too bad you didn't mention it to the Kaiser when he was here yesterday."

"I've got to meet Peggy Birmingham and Mrs. von der Goltz there," said Teddy. "There's nobody with them."

"What's that?" The announcement put a different face on matters for Uncle Sam. He knew that Peggy and her



RAYMOND POINCARE

aunt were on the continent, but it had slipped his mind. He and Patricia were great friends. She was excellent company, had been about, knew the world and the people in it, and saw through them much as he did. They had met half a dozen

times here and there; first when she was visiting next door to his brother in Oak Forest while he was home for a little while. Since then they had kept track of each other more or less. They had gotten on so fast and famously that they had even thought, at one time, when he dropped in on her in San Francisco, that perhaps. . . . But they had laughed it off. They were both far too well off and comfortable for that, they agreed.

"Where are they now?"

"Belgium, I guess."

"Belgium. Well. Belgium will be out of it. It will be rather messy there for a while, of course, but they'll probably be showing up in London pretty soon. Where are they in Belgium? Brussels? Antwerp?"

"Liège," Teddy figured out. "They were going to visit friends there."

"Liège! On the German border. Lord, I hope the Germans don't take it into their heads to get at France through Belgium. Well, they'll be all right. Patricia can take care of herself. She has, before this. I'll get in touch with Hugh Gibson. He's Secretary to the Legation in Brussels."

On the strength of what Sam said about the Germans Teddy Jr. was all for starting out for Belgium at once; but saw that going to London with the family was as good a first step in that direction as any he could take, so he said no more, and accompanied the family.

Their steamer did not leave for Christiania that noon, or at any time thereafter. When she did sail, which was on the following morning, she headed, under direct company orders, straight and fast for London.

Meanwhile no news had come that could be sifted, even by Samuel Stevens, from the blinding dust of rumor that whirled up and down with every gust. Russia had attacked;



THE EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS, AT NIGHT

the Germans were marching unopposed on Paris; the Kaiser had been captured by the British fleet on his way home from Norway, and his own fleet, coming to the rescue, had been destroyed. Such were some of the rumors. Others, less spectacular and more probable, had the Kaiser in Potsdam getting ready to strike while England was making desperate efforts to bring Austria and Serbia to terms.

The same day, and the same sea, saw Poincaré, President of France, and Premier Viviani hurrying home from a holiday visit at St. Petersburg, long planned, and undertaken to keep warm the cordial relationships between these two allies. These French statesmen knew only, from word picked up at Stockholm, on the way home, that something was brewing. The transmission of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia had been held up for two hours at Vienna so that they should not learn of it before they left St.



KING GEORGE V, IN STATE ROBES AT
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT



GOTTLIEB VON JAGOW

Petersburg, and the air had been kept jammed during their voyage by the German station at Metz so that the Paris wireless on Eiffel tower could not reach through to them. This, of course, was not known at the time.

The days aboard ship on the way to England were quite different from the gay holidays that the same company had spent together among the fjords of Norway. The talk

was all of war and how it affected them; what plans upset; what close escapes from being in it; what friends and acquaintances involved. Those who had been in Germany or Austria, or, especially, the Balkans, held large audiences on deck. All hands kept their eyes out for the fleets, German and English, and every smudge of smoke on the horizon set passengers and crew into a flurry of excited speculation. Now and then the ship's wireless picked some broken fragments of news out of the sky which invariably was swallowed whole.

There was news enough however, and accurate enough, when the travellers arrived at the home of the Lester Stephenses, late on Wednesday, while the family was still holding together after their dinner. Mr. Stephens himself was a Member of Parliament, representing a constituency in one of the middle counties, where the family held ancestral

estates, had a manor, and was in rather close touch with official sources.

Austria, he told them, when the confusion of the surprise and the greetings between the women had quieted down, had delivered an ultimatum to Serbia on the previous Thursday, the twenty-third. "A rhetorical question," he put it, "expecting no answer." That much the others knew.

On the same day the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, had called at the Foreign Office and notified Sir Edward Grey

that, while Germany had had no previous knowledge of the contents of the Austrian note—"which wasn't true, although Lichnowsky no doubt thought it was"—she approved both the form and substance of it; and that, if the quarrel were not kept localized, dangerous frictions might arise in Europe. "A threat aimed at our ally, Russia," Mr. Ste-

phens explained. "No doubt similar messages were delivered at St. Petersburg and Paris. It is becoming clearer every day that Germany is prompting the whole matter."

He told them how the Kaiser, hurrying home from Kiel, where he was attending the regattas, when he learned of the



KARL MAXIMILIAN LICHNOWSKY

assassinations in Serajevo, had held a crown council at Potsdam on July fifth—"called in his chiefs, at least," Mr. Stephens qualified—"and the day following the conferences, Count de Szogyény-Marich, who had been sent to Berlin with notes from Vienna outlining the intentions of Austria, had been informed that Germany would support any stand Austria might take.



SIR EDWARD GREY

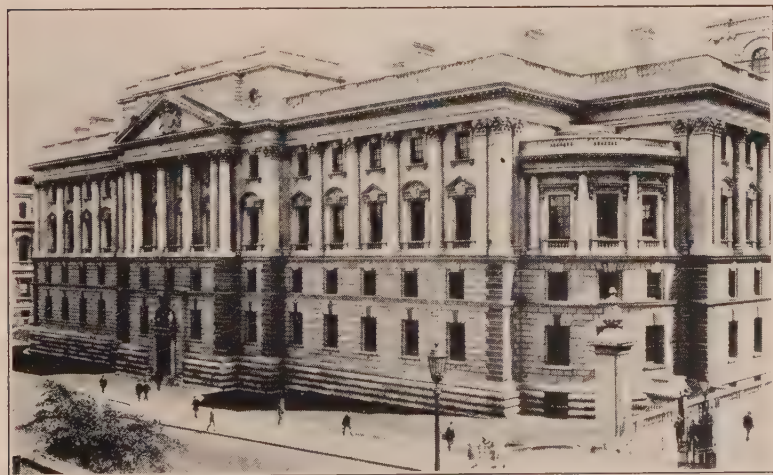
"The first stand Austria took," Mr. Stephens went on, "was to make demands on Serbia that she knew could not be met. Her second stand was to resist every effort to have the time limit of her ultimatum extended beyond forty-eight hours. Her third stand was to refuse to accept Serbia's reply, although Serbia, following the counsel, no doubt, of Russia, had conceded everything de-

manded short of the surrender of her sovereignty. The Austrian Minister did not even wait to get a response from his government but asked for his passports at once and left Belgrade within the hour. Her fourth stand was to refuse every suggestion or attempt at mediation and to declare war on Serbia. And tonight she is bombarding Belgrade.

"On the day following Serbia's reply," he said, "Sir Edward Grey, who is moving heaven and earth to prevent this war," had approached Germany, France and Italy with proposals of mediation. France and Italy had accepted the

suggestion, but Germany had declined to entertain it. The thing was impractical, the German Foreign Office had declared. Germany would be glad to coöperate for peace, but. . . . Furthermore, Russia and Austria were exchanging views with a hopeful outlook. "Germany intends to permit nothing to deprive her of this opportunity to make war upon the world," Mr. Stephens stated as his conviction. "Any pretence that she is averse to war is all a part of her game; what you in America call 'bluff.' She still feels that she must preserve what other peoples still regard as the decencies, but they mean nothing to her, excepting in their psychological values as pieces in the game."

"On the very day that Sir Edward Grey was making these proposals," Mr. Stephens resumed, "Serbia was mobilizing and Austria began the mobilizing of eight army corps. And our Irish friends over the way contributed to the pleasures and conveniences of being an Englishman by staging a riot on the streets of Dublin, where some gun-runners ran foul of troops, and twenty men were killed."



THE FOREIGN OFFICE, LONDON

The Kaiser had returned to Berlin from his Norwegian holiday on Monday, two days before. Teddy Jr. felt himself involved in that, having seen him departing from Bergen. There had been a busy time at Potsdam, no doubt; and it was on the next day that the Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Hollweg, had called in the British Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, and given him Germany's answer to Sir Edward Grey's proposals of mediation.

"Grey warned Prince Lichnowsky today that Germany must not count on England's remaining neutral if Germany should become involved, and then France. Mobilization has begun in Russia, we understand, and the German Ambassador there, Count Pourtales—a silly ass, they say—has informed Sazonov that if Russia does not stop mobilizing Germany will have to begin. Belgium, it is reported, is taking military steps. . . ."

"Belgium!" interrupted Teddy Jr.

"Yes. There is a real danger that Germany may decide to strike at France through Belgium. France is not so strongly fortified along the Belgian frontier."

Samuel Stevens was off as soon as he had heard the latest reports. He called up presently from the American Embassy to say that he was going to stay there and give them a hand in taking care of the crowds that were besieging the place. "Every American in Europe expects Page to do everything under heaven for him, from writing to his grandmother in Iowa to feeding the canary. I'm going to take the canaries off his hands, at least."

Mildred Birmingham had had no news from Peggy later than Teddy's last letter telling about Lieutenant Bopp. They were both terribly worried. "Nothing can happen to her," said Teddy, at the very moment when he was thinking of at least a dozen things that might be happening to her right then. "I'm going to try to get over there," he went on;



THE ROYAL PALACE AT POTSDAM

and hunted up Mr. Stephens to see what could be done about it.

It could scarcely be said that Mildred had been enjoying herself in the present state of affairs; but it was a good place to be, nevertheless, when all this was going on. Mr. Stephens was "a dear"; keenly interested and thereby interesting; a great talker, and well posted. He was an admirer of Lloyd George, and had been ready to go a long way with him in the social program which "the great little Welshman" had had under way — even to the point of the breaking up of the British landlord system, although the Stephens family, as landed proprietors, stood to suffer from having their lands parcelled out from under them. "If it's a good thing for the country, and I think it is, it's a good thing for us," said Mr. Stephens, and Mildred liked his sportsmanship and teamwork.

Mrs. Stephens was a quiet, retiring English woman of a type Mildred knew in English novels — "our novels at home don't seem to be about real people, like yours," she observed to Brooke, the younger son, an Oxford man preparing himself

for a career in the Foreign Office — who took good care of her husband and his home and family without saying much about it to them.

There was another son beside Brooke: Volney, a captain with the army, lately returned from service in India and on leave at home; and a daughter Elizabeth, who had excited herself and her father and mother over suffrage, and had been arrested once. She had rather fallen away from the movement lately, since some of the extremists, no longer satisfied with hunger strikes, wanted to bomb the House of Parliament to get votes for women. She did not mind blowing up her father in private when she thought it would be good for him, but blowing him up in public was another matter.

Brooke rather aided and abetted his sister in her seditiousness, whether to amuse himself while he was home, or to tease his parents, or to humor Beth, of whom he was very fond, or because he himself was undergoing at the time an intense radicalism, Mildred never took great pains to determine to her own satisfaction. She found herself much more interested in Volney, who was perfectly matter-of-fact about having lived half-way around the world and back again among people as unreal and mythical to Mildred as Martians, and who rarely said anything at all. And when he did, it was a commonplace. "Good old Volney," said Brooke, laughing at him.

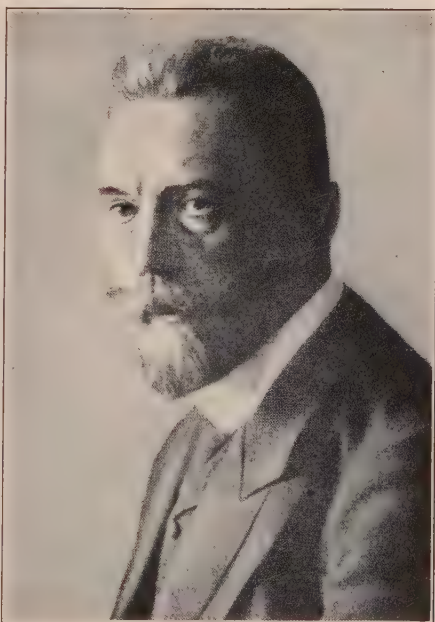
Mr. Stephens himself, with his gossip of British political life, his familiar references to world-famous men whose very names thrilled Mildred, and his thoughtful discussion of British world affairs more or less from the inside, delighted her; and her delight naturally evoked a rich pabulum. There was furthermore much company which, whether political or semi-political or purely social, always brought out absorbing talk. It was all so incredibly different from America. "You

think about such important things here in England," she said one night to Volney. "I just love it."

"So?" said Volney. "Hah. Oh, yes. Of course."

Irish affairs were at their height when Mildred arrived. Sir Edward Carson was drilling Ulster men to resist Home Rule for Ireland, which had lately passed Parliament, and the south of Ireland was getting ready to fight to enforce it, while John Redmond was doing his best to keep the Nationalist Party in control of affairs and find a way out. There was intense bitterness on both sides. Mildred met Sir Edward Carson at an affair and did not like him. She found it difficult to be patient with his uncompromising stubbornness which, it seemed to her, threatened to bring on a civil war in Ireland. Mr. Stephens, from whom she got her ideas, of course, kept cool through it all. Brooke was for intervention by force of arms to bring Carson to time—"and avoid a conflict," his father appended, pointedly. Volney had no ideas on the subject. As a professional soldier he merely stood ready to use his arms in a professional way if the occasion arose.

Mr. Stephens had been deeply moved by the news of the assassinations at Serajevo. Someone had telephoned it in on the Sunday night. For a



CHANCELLOR VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG

few days he had been full of the possible consequences. That was before Mildred arrived. Subsequently the affair had quieted down. Franz Ferdinand and his unlucky countess, who had sacrificed her own life in an attempt to protect his from the assassin's bullet, had been laid away quietly, the ripples, apparently, had expanded and run their course, and the world was going forward again.

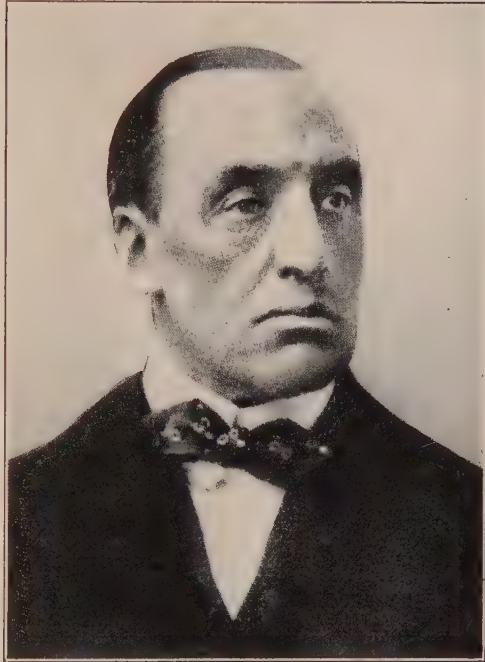
Then came the Austrian ultimatum, on the very day that Mildred arrived in London.

She would never forget that night, in the library, with the three men. Elizabeth was off to a suffrage meeting. She still attended some of the milder ones. Mrs. Stephens was about the house, knitting up the loose ends of the day. Mr. Stephens, seated behind his huge oak library table, was very grave. Sitting there, agitated yet serene, with his head tilted slightly back and his fine fingers moving slowly from paper-weight to letter-opener and letter-opener to paper-weight as he talked, he explained the situation to Mildred until she saw it in a measure; got some glimpse into what it meant to be living in Europe in the midst of the cross currents of racial hatreds and inveterate national animosities, ambitions, policies and purposes, doubts and reliances, which raised their heads on every side.

"Austria wants to preserve herself from dismemberment, and it is quite natural that she should," he summed up. "But she should not see ghosts, and fire at them in the dark. Russia wants a warm port. Constantinople would do. To this end, and from race sympathies, she wants Serbia strong and friendly. France wants Alsace and Lorraine back, and no questions asked about her colonies. England wants to be left alone to tend shop. So the three enter into an Entente Cordiale to protect themselves against Germany, as they believe, or to encircle and crush Germany, as she believes.

"Germany's aim is world dominion. She was born late

into the family of powers. Bismarck had wrought her into a strong European empire by force of arms and a colossal genius for adroit and cynical statecraft. But the choice bits of our little planet were gone. The elder brothers had absorbed it. The Kaiser determined to create a vast world empire on the foundations Bismarck had laid and get back his



SIR EDWARD CARSON

portion. So he gathered his armies about him, arrayed himself in 'shining armor,' built himself a fleet and piled up *matériel*.

"But the statesmanship was wanting. The hand of the Old Pilot was no longer at the helm. Only the force was left; ruthless, drastic, blind force. World dominion on a basis of physical power is the spirit of the German people of today. Germany is the apotheosis of materialism — matter raised to the *n*th power; the logical and inevitable derivative from the premises of the materialistic theory of the survival of the fittest; the physically fittest; the doctrines of our own evolutionary philosophers followed to their conclusion and turned upon us. She is the glorification of force; the force of the superman. Her entire system is built upon it—a

pyramid of brute force erected on an ideal of the State as supreme over the individual with moral responsibility to nothing but itself represented in the person of the Kaiser — a half-crazed, self-deluded egoist, as it happens. And egotist.

"Now 'Der Tag' that has been the toast of German officers for twenty years is at last at hand. The Kaiser is

ready to put his hand-made, trumped-up, artificial Germany to the proof; to bring her forth into the world arena to hack her way through to a place in the sun, spread her Kultur beyond the Seven Seas and put the world and the people in it into her market basket."

"Jolly stupid of her," commented Volney.

"She was putting it into her pocket fast enough as it was. My word! German ships, German business houses, German goods, damned Germans, every bally place you went. Well, if she must have a go for it, I only hope I'll be there for the show. That is, of course, if we go in. My word, there'll be a racket!"

He expressed the desire professionally and impersonally,



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

as any keen craftsman would for a job to test his mettle, without swagger or bravado. Mildred looked at him; tall, slender, lithe, bronzed, blonde-haired, blue-eyed, amiable, gentle, easygoing, and thought what a pity that a man like that should be taught to want to fight.

Brooke laughed at the idea of war. "Jolly rot," he called the talk about "Der Tag"; "saving your grace," with a



THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND AND HIS FAMILY

mocking look at his father. "It will be the last day for the military caste and the ruling classes everywhere if they try it," said he. "The Internationale will break their pretty

war and them with it. The day has gone by when the working classes will stand up and shoot each other at anybody's dictum. You'll find a solidarity and sanity among them that will prove stronger than all your worn-out fetishes of 'Deutschland über Alles' and 'La Patrie' and 'Rule, Britannia, Rule!'"

Mr. Stephens said: "I am afraid, Brooke, that will prove to be one of the many illusions we have been laboring under. We may all be there for the 'show,' " he added, and looked



HAMBURG, GERMANY—VIEW OF THE WATER FRONT

at his son with a wistfulness that vanished the moment Mildred saw it in his eyes.

For the first time, with a flash of intuitive insight, Mildred felt what impended. She shot a quick glance at Brooke. What a pity, she thought, that a young man like that, so eager for life and so ready for it, so full of zest for its questions and answers, so quick-minded and fine, should have to fight brutally with other young men like himself to kill and not be killed; that it should be possible for a nation to be set upon by outlaws and madmen and compelled to drop all its normal

pursuits and high concerns and expend itself in a grapple for sheer existence.

But Brooke only laughed. "The bottom will drop out of it long before it comes to that," he said.

She could not think so. Somehow she felt that he was wrong.

CHAPTER III

DER TAG

THE news of Serbia's conciliatory reply brought little hope to Mr. Stephens, for with it came the news also that Austria had peremptorily refused it and had broken off relations. "They show their hand in that," he pointed out. "The mailed fist. They are determined upon war."

The days that followed were feverishly intense. Messages, proposals, counter-proposals, flew back and forth. Every moment was eagerly awaited, its kernel of hope or fear extracted, and the next looked forward to with dread.

It was into this state of affairs that the American Stevens family, travelling so innocently and happily in Europe, dropped when it reached London on Wednesday, the twenty-



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT VIENNA

ninth of July, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fourteen.

On the day after their arrival there was a flicker of hope. The night before, at Potsdam, there had been a meeting of the Kaiser with his political and military chiefs — “a midnight conspiracy,”

Mr. Stephens characterized it, “with all the stage settings the Kaiser loves and knows so well how to impose.” Motoring home from this meeting, the German Imperial Chancellor, von Bethmann-Holweg, had summoned Sir Edward Goschen to propose to him that England remain neutral on condition that Germany take no territory



PRINCE VON BÜLOW

from France — excepting colonies — and that the integrity of Belgium, solemnly guaranteed by treaty by both Germany and England, would be respected and restored after the war, if she had not sided against Germany. “Moral idiots,” was Mr. Stephens’ comment. “Fathom, if you can, the mental obliquity of a nation that seriously proposes such conditions to another nation.”

“Nevertheless,” he went on, “although Sir Edward Grey repudiated the shameful bargain, it is proposed that Austria

occupy Belgrade as a guarantee and that the question between her and Serbia be then referred to a council of European nations, and Austria seems to be wavering. Berchtold has notified Russia that she does not intend to infringe the sovereignty of Serbia, and Russia has agreed to stop her military preparations if Austria will cease her attack on Serbian independence and submit the dispute to a European tribunal. There still seems to be a chance for peace."

But the chance faded. Germany would not permit Austria to entertain any proposal that might extricate her from the situation into which she had drawn herself. "The Kaiser wants war, and nothing will stop him now," said Mr. Stephens.

"Right you are," Volney concurred. "Well, let it come and be over with. One day is as good as another. You can't have an army like theirs and not use it. It was made to fight, and you've got to fight with it or it will jolly well cut loose of its own accord. So let 'em begin and see what the end is going to be. No use waiting for our people to wake up and get ready. They'll have to be pounded a little first." It was a long speech for Volney. . . . Brooke had nothing to say. Recent events were making him more thoughtful about the Internationale on which he had pinned so much faith.

That noon the *Lokal Anzeiger* came out in Berlin with what purported to be the order for general mobilization, and the German capital went wild with war fever.

"Russia begged us today to declare ourselves on her side and avert the war," Mr. Stephens reported, at dinner. "And Cambon, the French Ambassador, came to Grey and asked us where England would stand. Grey replied that his mind was not yet made up. He meant that ours was n't. Or at least he does n't know what it is yet, if we do. The



THE KAISER AND THE GERMAN WAR COUNCIL (LEFT TO RIGHT) BELOW, MARSHALLS, PRINCE REGERICH, MOULTON, HERZOG ALBRECHT, CHIEF PRINCE WILHELM, WILHELM II, FRANKS, KAYE, LANSBURY, EMIL, FALKENBERG, EISEN, HARTER, KESLER, HENSENBERG, BETHMANN-HOLLEWEG, HERINGEN AND TROTT.

Cabinet is still divided, although Lloyd George is coming round to war. Rather hard for him, in the face of his convictions and the stand he took on the Boer War."

The week end was frantic. War seemed inevitable. England dreaded it — dreaded the effort, the pain, the disturbance — shrank from it. Finances, always sensitive, began to show the strain. The market went to pieces; there was a wild day. The bank rate rose ten per cent. The Stephensens did not go into the country.

People felt that the world was slipping out of hand; that men did not have much to do with it any more; that



THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

some power of evil confusion against which none might stand had taken hold of it.

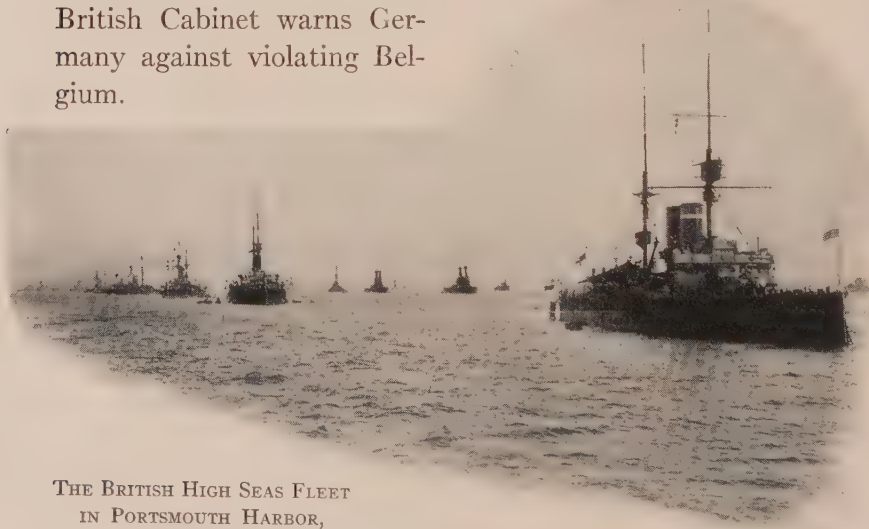
"We are plunging through the rapids toward an abyss," said Mr. Stephens, "clutching at branches along the banks — those pleasant banks, where we have loitered and watched the surging waters going by, laughing at the idea that one day they would suck us in."

There were moments when it was quite clear that no one really wanted to embrace the monster of war that had

been conjured up — by whom? By what? Germany, Austria, Russia, in turn, were holding back, it seemed.

“Is there no power of good to meet this surge of evil that is sweeping us to destruction?” asked Mr. Stephens, in a moment of despair. “Where is our God?”

And so from day to day, from hour to hour, the nations parley. Grey can give Cambon no assurances. The Cabinet and the country are divided. England does not yet grasp what is going on. Russia mobilizes. Germany hands her an ultimatum. Russia continues to mobilize. “Too late,” says the pathetic little Czar. Germany asks France where she is going to stand. England asks France and Germany for assurances concerning Belgium. No reply from Germany. France asks England to declare herself and preserve peace. But England can’t make up her mind. Germany orders mobilization. France orders mobilization. An English paper publishes news of a despatch from Bethmann-Hollweg to Austria counselling further negotiation with Russia. Now, when it is too late, the British Cabinet warns Germany against violating Belgium.



THE BRITISH HIGH SEAS FLEET
IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOR,
ENGLAND, 1914



THE KIEL CANAL, 1914, SHOWING GERMAN BATTLESHIPS AT ANCHOR

Sunday comes, bright, sunny. German soldiers appear in Luxemburg. The grand duchess drives her car across the road, and upbraids them. They pass around it. By night German soldiers are swarming along her roads. German patrols cross the French frontier. Germany demands of Belgium a right to cross her territory, asserting that France plans to attack her in that quarter. Her answer is awaited. All know what it will be.

On the Saturday Teddy Jr. had gone with Mildred and Elizabeth to Victoria station to meet Cecil Langworthy, a young naval officer who was coming up from Portsmouth on an errand at the Admiralty. He had just two hours for himself and Elizabeth in London. Volney and Brooke accompanied them, Volney being as yet unassigned and Brooke wanting to know first hand what naval men had to say.

The train was late. The station was filled with a restless crowd, coming, going, waiting for others to come and go. Groups were gathered about the bulletin boards. Teddy Jr. went to have a look and bring back a report. He pushed his American way through to one. It contained a notice con-

cerning the Belgian railways, to the effect that all Belgian traffic was under military jurisdiction. "Through trains run no farther than Herbesthal, on the Belgian border, and communications with Luxemburg cannot be guaranteed," it said.



ALBERT I, KING OF THE BELGIANS

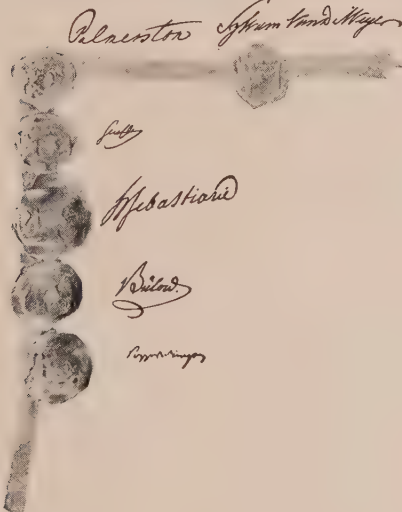
He went back to his friends hot-hearted and sullen. He had been turning every stone, since his arrival with the family in London, to get into Belgium, but under every stone he had found a larger one that he could not budge. He had taken it up with his uncle over the telephone on the very night they came, when Sam had called up from the Embassy to say he would not be back. Sam had said that he would get in touch with his friend Hugh Gibson to see what could be done; but had not been able to get a reply from Brussels. He had appealed to Mr. Stephens, who

ARTICLE II.

Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, His Majesty the King of the French, His Majesty the King of Prussia, and His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, declare, that the Articles mentioned in the preceding Article, are considered as having the same force and validity as if they were textually inserted in the present Act, and that they are thus placed under the guarantee of their said Majesties.

ARTICLE VII.

Belgium, within the limits specified in Articles I., II., and IV. shall form an independent and perpetually neutral State. It shall be bound to observe such neutrality towards all other States.



PALMERSTON
British Plenipotentiary
SYLVAN VAN DE WEYER
Belgian Plenipotentiary
SENEFELT
Austrian Plenipotentiary
H. SEBASTIANI
French Plenipotentiary
BULOW
Prussian Plenipotentiary
POZZO DI BORGIO
Russian Plenipotentiary

THE "SCRAP OF PAPER"

Facsimile of that Part of the Treaty of 1839 in which Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia and Russia guaranteed Belgium as a perpetually neutral State. It was the German violation of this Treaty which precipitated the World War.

had gone to the Foreign Office with it — under a polite protest, expecting nothing — and had got nothing. He had gone to see the Belgian Ambassador, who had said it was impossible. The stones he turned built themselves into a rock wall against which he could only beat and fling himself.

Now this notice on the bulletin board had brought it all back to him. This was war! The individual was wiped out. What one wished, what one was in the habit of doing, what it was necessary for one to do, had no weight. All the matter-of-fact, every-day things that made life comfortable and convenient and safe, not to say beautiful and fine, were withdrawn by someone who assumed the right to withdraw them. And two unprotected women who had nothing whatever to do with any of this would not now be able to purchase a railroad ticket and be taken over a few miles of ground — and no one cared. All their finer sensibilities could avail nothing. All amounted precisely to nothing when the



THE KRUPP WORKS AT ESSEN

EMPLOYING UPWARD OF 100,000 OPERATIVES DURING THE WAR, THE GREAT ESSEN GUNMAKERS WERE SECOND ONLY TO THE GERMAN ARMIES IN THE FIELD IN THE TEUTON DRIVE FOR WORLD DOMINATION. THE WORKS WERE ESTABLISHED, WITH A FORCE OF THREE WORKMEN, EARLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

movement of pawns and pieces began in the great game of war.

He vented his anxiety, resentment and rebellion on his friends. "This is what you have been spending all your life learning to do!" he flared, turning on Volney, all trussed up in his Sam Browne straps; though why Volney he had not the least idea.

"It makes a chap feel rather glad he knows, times like this," Volney returned. "Somebody has to bother about it as long as it's allowed to go on."

They treated him like a tired, unhappy boy — which he was — allowing for everything with a deep, well-bred understanding. "Not so bad as it looks," Volney reassured him. It did not seem to occur to any of them that it was Mildred's sister and aunt that all the disturbance was about. "Railroads busy, no doubt, but used for helping people out, too, of course. They'll show up soon." "You'll have to join up, Teddy, and go over and have a fling at them yourself," Brooke chipped in. "You lock your women in jail because they want to help keep you out of muddles like this," Teddy Jr. fired at them.

The train from Portsmouth was so late that Cecil Langworthy's two free hours for Elizabeth were reduced to a scant thirty minutes. But it did not seem to matter. Cecil was engrossed in aspects too big to permit his personal concerns to prompt any self-pity. Most of his talk was with the brothers. Teddy saw that things were pretty well understood between him and Elizabeth. Nothing had been said about it in the Stephens home. "We'll go in," said Langworthy. "More I can't say. . . . Surprised to see you about, Volney!" Volney grunted. "You'll have to wait, I suppose," Cecil went on, addressing Brooke. "Deuced convenient just now to have something in line to do." He had nothing to say about the fleet, even when Elizabeth herself asked him,

excepting that it was "always fit." "The German mine-layers are out, we 've heard," he reported. "They 've been sowing our coasts for days, no doubt, under peaceful guise, just the way they 've been sowing the whole nation with spies and traitors for years, and we took no notice of it. Well, it 's time to wipe them out. . . . Two weeks ago we were at Kiel hobnobbing with the officers of their fleet, and a fine lot of chaps they are. Not much like your friends in the army, Volney; worse luck for you. What do the people think? I haven 't been among them for a fortnight."

"Look at them and see," Mildred replied. "You English are wonderful!" She was enormously impressed with the uniform calmness and quiet of the groups of citizens whom they saw all about them, gathering to hear the opinions of someone or a bit of news from another, and dispersing to form other groups and talk it over quietly among themselves.



BAVARIAN TROOPS "GOOSE-STEPPING" BEFORE THE KAISER AND THE
KING OF BAVARIA

They were in the attitude of people, strong, self-disciplined, facing the necessity of doing a disagreeable duty. They showed no anger, no rancor, no hatred, no excitement. Regret and reluctance were in their bearing, but no sign of shirking. They seemed trying to pretend that this was an every-day affair.

"Good lot, all right," laughed Cecil. "Never want you to find out how they are taking things. Shy as a boy. When they can't cover up any other way, they bluster it out. Have they been behaving like this right along? Heartens a chap up, this does."

The visit came to a close. "When shall we see you again?" asked Elizabeth. Cecil turned the question off with a laugh. "Don't pry into Admiralty secrets," he said.

They stopped in at the Savoy to hunt up Samuel Stevens. American relief headquarters had been opened up there and he had gone over from the Embassy. It was a task to find him in the crowd. He had no word from Hugh Gibson, either about Teddy's going over — "That's out of the question now" — or the travellers. "Hugh's looking out for them, though. They'll be all right. They've got to be."

Sunday was an uneasy day. Belgium had not answered yet. Everyone knew what the answer would be. What would Germany do? Upon that question depended what England would do.

Sunday afternoon London heard of the irruption into Luxemburg.

Teddy spent most of the day at the Savoy and about the bulletin boards.

On Monday Germany declared war on France.

And Belgium returned her answer.

That night Grey made his speech in Parliament; the speech that England had been awaiting for days — years, it now seemed.

Quietly, without passion or rhetoric, he recounted the events leading to the present situation, and told how England had met them. Now, he said, Germany had demanded of Belgium, upon pain of being attacked, a free passage of her troops into France. England was bound by sacred treaty to



THE ROYAL GALLERY, BERLIN

protect the neutrality of Belgium, and the Belgian King had appealed to her that very afternoon. England was not bound to France by an offensive or defensive alliance, but the Government had given France assurances that if Germany attacked French shipping or undertook operations with her fleet against the French coast, the British fleet would come to her assistance.

The speech was received with almost unanimous approval by the House of Commons — the Opposition had handed over its support the day before — and a sigh of relief went up from the tight little island. The suspense was over. The die was cast. Now they knew.

On the following day Sir Edward Goschen was instructed by Sir Edward Grey to request of Germany a final and definite reply before midnight, concerning her intentions

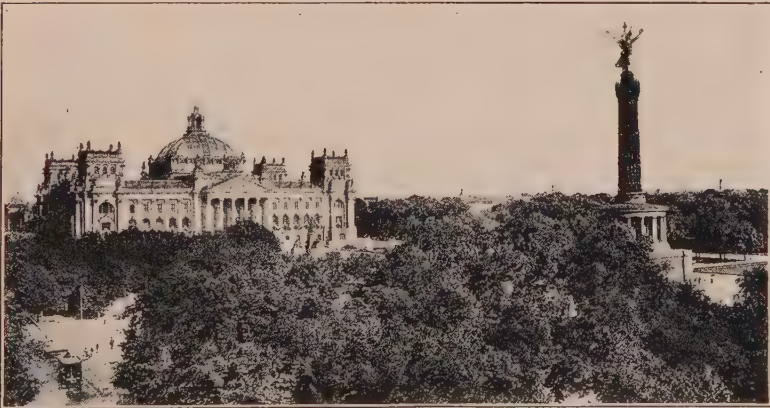
toward Belgium, and, failing to get it, to ask for his passports and return home.

At the moment when the wire was received German troops were already on Belgian soil, and the Imperial Chancellor was making a speech in the Reichstag, in which he was saying:

“We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. We were compelled to override the just protest of the Luxemburg and Belgian Governments. The wrong — I speak openly — that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as the military goal is reached. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought — how he is to hack his way through.”

He was told, when he left the chamber, that the British Ambassador was waiting to see him.

Von Bethmann-Holweg was deeply overwrought in the interview. “What!” he cried. “Just for a word — ‘neutrality’ — a word which in war time has been so often disregarded — just for a scrap of paper, Great Britain is going to make war on a kindred nation!”



THE REICHSTAG, BERLIN

"Unfortunately, sir," said Sir Edward Goschen, "that scrap of paper contains our signature as well as yours."

Two hours before midnight he received his passports.

It was a quiet evening at the Stephens home following Sir Edward Grey's speech. Mr. Stephens had not returned; Parliamentary matters kept him away. Volney had disappeared since noon. Brooke was thoroughly thoughtful and silent. Elizabeth, who had been with Mildred in the women's gallery to hear the Foreign Secretary's statement to the house, had gone off to her room. Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and Dorothy were about the house, while Teddy had quite vanished. No one tried to keep track of him now.

Mildred could not keep her thoughts from her sister and aunt. Sir Edward Grey's announcement of the German demands for a passage through Belgium echoed in her ears. She was full of grief and anxiety for them.

Her thoughts cleared, however, before she retired for the night. When she recalled what was in prospect for the innocent, helpless people of Belgium — women, old men, children, young girls — who, with all that they possessed, were rooted in the track of the German Army, her selfish fears for these two foot-free women, resourceful and intelligent, and American citizens as well, seemed selfish and unworthy.

Volney did not return until late the following afternoon. He gave no account of his absence, and none was asked of him. Mildred had taken a book off to a favorite quaint nook she had discovered behind the staircase of the old house — a Tudor nook, with great panels and little windows, where the light came in, but whence one could scarcely see out, and where there was a huge seat just right for reading quietly and in solitude.

Volney found her there. "No news from the travellers?" he inquired.

She had no news; but was sure that they would come

through all right. "I have stopped worrying about them. There are so many others in a worse fix, it seems rather self-important and petty to think so exclusively of one's own troubles, does n't it?"

"Right you are," said Volney. "May I sit down?"

She said that he ought not to have waited to be asked.

"Good of you," he returned, taking a seat and pulling at his mustache. "Jolly to be with you."

Mildred, noting the page of the book, closed it



THE ROYAL PALACE, BERLIN

and put it down. "You 'll be going soon, I suppose?" she ventured.

"No doubt. I 'm not at all keen for this row. Beastly mess it will be. And somehow you get tired of that sort of thing. Much nicer to be sitting about."

"If you could only do something with a raging beast like Germany, without having to go to the bother of killing it," Mildred returned. "Think of any people being able to compel the whole world of decent folk to go out and fight like this!"

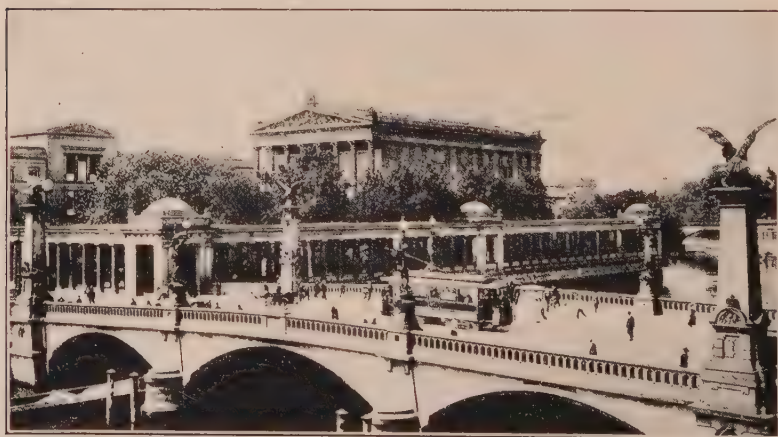
"Precisely," said Volney. . . . "I say, Miss Mildred,

I've knocked about the world all my years without paying much attention to anything in particular and I have never had occasion to say anything like this," he went on. "But I want you to know how much I've come to think of you in these few weeks that you have been here with us. There's something about you that gives me a queer sort of a feeling when I am around, and when I am not, that I suppose a chap would call love if he knew how. But I don't know how." He laughed a little.

"You hardly expect me to tell you how, do you?" laughed Mildred. It was not the wisest remark to make, she realized the moment it was too late; but the bewildering surprise of the man's announcement as well as his method had cut her mind adrift for a moment.

"No, of course," Volney replied. "Stupid to have mentioned it at all. There's the mater. . . ." He jumped up and stalked off, Mildred hearing his mother for the first time calling his name as his heels clanked down the oaken floor of the great hall.

Mildred picked up her book without opening it. She



THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND FREDERICKSBRIDGE

rather expected him back. She did not actually wait for him to return. Presently it occurred to her that he was not going to return. She got up and left the nook, thinking she would go and dress for dinner. No one was in the hall. She laughed



GUN SHOP OF THE KRUPP WORKS

a little. Brooke, she reflected, would at least have made it more interesting. She felt ashamed of her amusement at once.

A newsboy was crying his wares in the street. Mildred stopped mechanically to listen. The newsboys here, and the newspapers, were as bad as at home, with their sensational, irresponsible headlines and printed rumors. Nevertheless, she stopped to listen; for it was never safe to assume that the papers would always print nothing at such a time as this.

"War declared! War declared!" the boy was shouting. "England declares war on Germany!"

"Why, he won't be back — for a long time," said Mildred, suddenly.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST SHOTS

“**I** WISH I had n’t said quite so much about Lieutenant Bopp.”

Peggy Birmingham, standing at an open window of a vast bedchamber in a Belgian chateau, gazed out pensively, and a bit forlornly, upon the River Meuse, swinging underneath the moon through its woods and fields and among its hills, and the little town of Liége, two miles away.

Aunt Patricia, busy in the depths of a trunk in the distant corner of the room, was slow in answering. “He was hardly worth writing about, was he?” she observed, at last.

“That really was n’t why I wrote about him,” Peggy returned, with the little laugh that always made Teddy want to take her by the ears. “Teddy was so ridiculous about my finding a duke or something over here, when I left home. . . . There go some more soldiers.”



ONE OF THE 100-TON GERMAN SIEGE GUNS THAT SHATTERED BELGIUM

There was a muffled thump of marching feet in the highway that ran within sight of the chateau windows, now beaten solid by the many feet that had passed by within the last few days. Not the regular tramp of parade, but the weary, broken scuffle of men that have come far and have far to go. Peggy watched them in silence, shadows passing continuously in the moonlight. Now and then a tired voice, raised in an exchange of comment, a command, a word of courage, drifted through the open window.

The sound of marching troops was dying out down the road when Aunt Patricia joined her niece, and the teeming silence of the night once more enfolded the two Americans.

Nothing could have seemed more placid and serene than the scene which lay faint and far-off in the moonlight before their eyes — the gentle Meuse, coiling in cumbrous leisure across the flat bottoms between the steep banks that rose abruptly to the higher ground on the country behind; the black, spectral chimneys of the factories lining the river, smokeless and dark now for days; the little farms sprinkled close together, with cottages and outbuildings like the toy houses Aunt Patricia had sent her nieces from this very Belgium years ago; the town itself, a mere waste of black clumps of buildings, with only here and there a sputter of light blurring through the hot summer haze; over it all the hush of the midsummer evening, deepened by the silent noises of the night.

"I can't believe it yet," mused Peggy.

"It was all very fine for a man to be a soldier when Lieutenant Bopp was making love to you at Aix-la-Chapelle two weeks ago, was n't it, dear?" Patricia observed, softly, putting an arm about the girl's slender shoulders and drawing her cheek to cheek for a moment. "But this is what he was a soldier for."

"I did n't suppose he really meant it."

"What? His love-making? They seldom do, dear."

"No. His war-making."

"That they always mean," laughed Aunt Patricia.

"Who 's that?"

A dark figure was moving through the garden toward the gates. They watched it open the little iron wicket, in the great gates, and pass outside, stand there for a space looking down the road, and then turn back.

"It 's Marie, the gardener's wife," said Patricia. "She can't sleep, poor thing, and no wonder. Her husband could hardly toddle about among his flowers. Now he 's out there, somewhere, in the night, fighting. (The old fellow had come in his uniform, early on Sunday morning, to bid them goodbye, standing as straight as he could, with pride in his feeble eyes.) Poor little Belgium! This is her answer to Lieutenant Bopp!" said Aunt Patricia.

"It is n't the same world any more, where Teddy and Daddy and Mummy live. . . . Why does n't somebody laugh? . . . It 's so absurd. . . . What 's that?"

A sharp clap, smothered by distance, and a short rumble came out of the south, followed by others.

"The Germans, I guess," said Patricia. "They 've begun."

They had. For days the German armies had been massing along the avenues leading into Belgium, only waiting for her answer to know what the nature of their own advance would be; whether peaceable, through a passive country, or warlike, against resistance.

That answer had been given the day before. At seven o'clock in the evening of Monday, August third, M. Davignon, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, had refused passage to the German troops. Already the Germans were pounding at her gates. At four in the afternoon of the fourth the German advance had engaged Belgian outposts, and

now, at 11:30, her field guns were barking at the rim of forts surrounding Liège.

The two women, watching from the chateau window, awed, fixed to the spot with amazement and wonder, saw flashes of light over the Fort de Bonnelles and heard the reports of guns and bursting shells. Forts Fléron, Embourg and Chaudfontaine were soon under fire. They stood there until they began to hear the crackle of rifle fire; then withdrew hastily. There seemed to be danger in that. That they could understand. The thunder of the guns seemed of another — a wholly detached — world.

“Why does n’t somebody stop them!” cried Peggy.

She and her aunt had been in Berlin at the time of the assassinations in Serajevo; had seen the story in the newspapers, heard it discussed casually among German acquaintances and associates whom Mrs. von der Goltz had known



BOUCHOT CASTLE IN BELGIUM, WHERE THE EX-EMPRESS CHARLOTTE, WIDOW OF MAXIMILIAN, LIVED UNDISTURBED THROUGH THE WORLD WAR

before or whom they had met on this journey; but the whole affair had been dismissed from mind as just one more incident in the chronic Balkan turmoil. Peggy, especially, had other preoccupations in Lieutenant Bopp, who amused her very much with his heel-clicking and his solemn Teutonic postures.

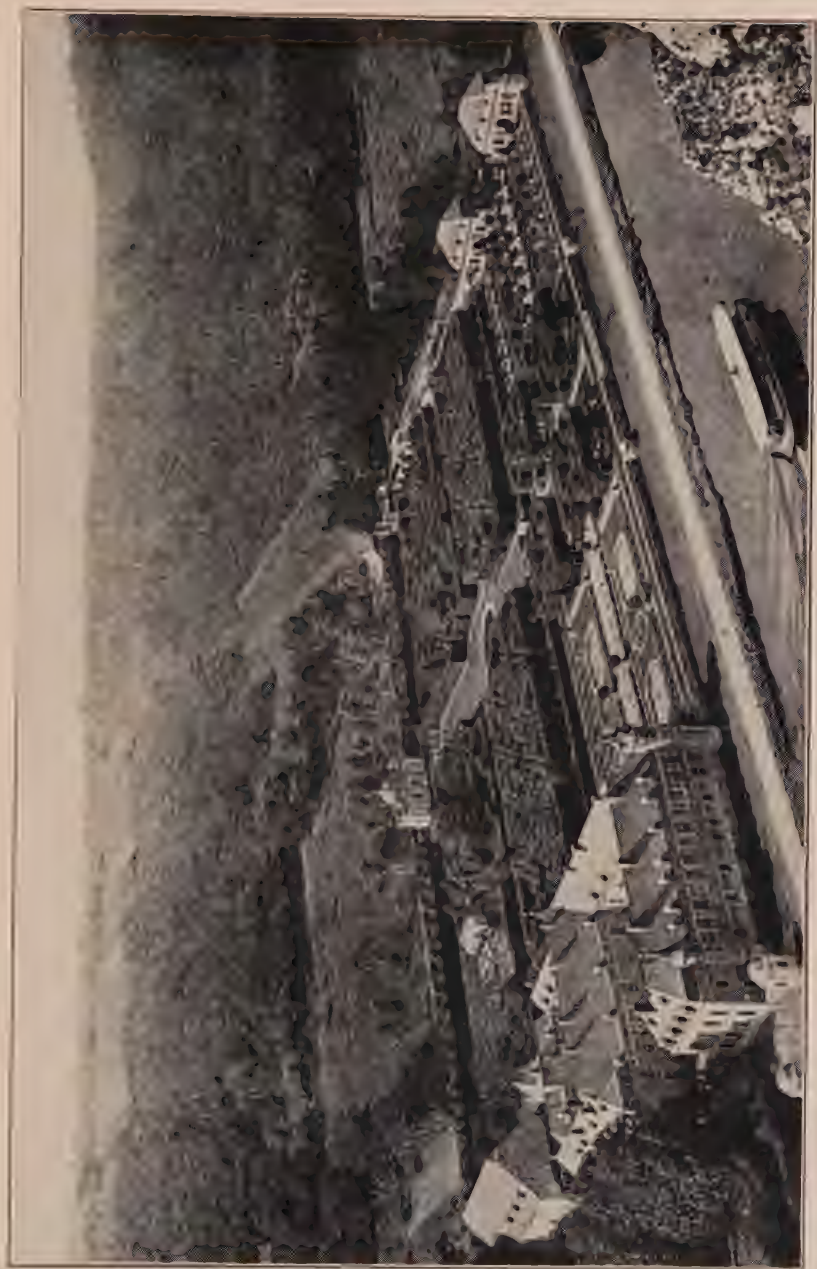
They had gone on to Cologne when Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia, Mildred leaving them when they departed from Berlin. There was a stir over the new development, and Aunt Patricia wanted to talk about it, but Peggy paid no more attention than she had before to international matters, beyond Lieutenant Bopp, who had followed them to Cologne on leave, and was more amusing than ever. So amusing that Peggy thought it was about time to tell Teddy Jr. all about his absurdities.

One night he suddenly ceased to be amusing. It was at a dinner. Many officers were present. The drinking was unusually free. Most of the officers were quite boisterous. Peggy was thoroughly uncomfortable. Aunt Patricia, she could see, was ill at ease. The talk was all in German; Peggy caught only scraps of it. What she understood alarmed and outraged her. It was all about war, boylike boasting. Lieutenant Bopp, at her side, turned to her now and then, putting into English for her some bit that seemed particularly noble to him. He seemed under an infatuation that was not all due to wine. . . . "You will see great things if you stay," he told her. "It will make you want to be a German."

"It will have to be very different from anything I have seen yet," she assured him; which was not strictly true, for her first few days in Berlin had been enraptured ones.

"It *will* be very different," he replied; and roared in a hoarse laugh, as though he had hit upon a great joke.

"What was the matter with those German officers tonight?" Peggy inquired of Patricia on the way home.



A BELGIAN CHATEAU THAT SURVIVED THE WAR



LIÉGE, BELGIUM, BEFORE THE WAR

"The mask is coming off, my dear. . . . It was almost like being married to one," she added, reminiscently.

Early in the morning Peggy had a ridiculous note from the lieutenant, taking a farewell of her, and hinting at dark things. "I advise you to remain and take part in great events," he concluded.

Peggy and Patricia had left at once, reaching Liège only after many trying experiences and vexatious delays, passing through a country rapidly becoming feverish with the excitement of eager preparation. Their arrival was on Saturday, August first. M. Lenoir, with whose family they were to stop in the château on the outskirts of Liège, was at the station to meet them, full of indignation and apologies. The government had requisitioned his last automobile that very morning, and there was not a vehicle to be had in the city, he explained profusely, with many well-bred imprecations upon the Germans, whose behavior had interfered with his offices as host to the fair Americans. "But we are not wholly losers," he added, gallantly. "We shall have you with us surely for a period until this blows over. It is out

of the question to go on now. Such discomforts. Such annoyances. Only our brave soldiers everywhere, and cannon filling the roads."

Peggy's heart sank with a new sense of something impending. Thus far she had seen only the pompous bustling of the German soldiers, and nothing they could do was convincing to her. But she saw people in another sort of earnest now. The streets were already filling up with soldiers. Little groups of citizens — clerks, merchants, working men, hands from the factories, hastily thrown together and equipped as well as possible — were dribbling out to the open spaces between the ring of forts to throw up intrenchments for the infantry gathering from all over Belgium. The *Garde Civique*, in their foolish derby hats, were thronging



THE MEUSE RIVER IN BELGIUM

about; the anxious faces of women peered out from windows; half grown girls and boys clung to each other in doorways; little children played lackadaisically in the street, puzzled because there was no fun in anything — not even in the soldiers.

They had to walk to the *château*. M. Lenoir told them

again of the motor car which had been requisitioned by the government that morning; the son Felix had reached Liège in it the night before from Paris, after a trying run through two armies — the French and the Belgian.

He had come to join the colors, and had left at ten the same night for his regiment. He was a reserve officer.

Lucian, gardener emeritus, trundled their luggage behind them in a barrow. He, too, had sons in the army — four of them, even now in the fighting, perhaps. . . . And the present gardener — Marie's husband — would be off by night.

M. Lenoir gave the news brought from France by his son. There was a vast silence upon the nation. "The braves!" cried M. Lenoir. "They know that the hour has come for *révanche* and the lost provinces. But what a pity they have squabbled so! See how those Germans have done nothing for forty years but prepare; and now, in forty minutes, the French would overtake the forty years. . . . But they have courage; the grand spirit. Swine and dogs cannot conquer this dash, fire, spirit, *élan*."

Eloise, the daughter of the family, was at home with her parents. Her husband also was with the colors. Their little four-year-old son was at her knee. Madame Lenoir was pale and calm; mistress of herself and of the situation, so far as it touched her household. An uncle was there, a red, choleric man, denouncing everything. Now and then neighbors came in with fresh rumors, or with old ones revised. The Germans were massing against the valley of the Meuse; that much was clear enough. France was preparing; Russia would resist the destruction of Serbia. But what would England do? How did England stand? That was the universal question. Would she help?

Late that same night — Saturday, August first — the police came knocking at the doors with mobilization sum-

mons. Already the summons had been anticipated. Sunday came on hot, dry, still. There was a sense of waiting in the household — waiting to wake up out of the dream, Peggy Birmingham could not help feeling. Things went on as usual, to all outward appearances. But there was a baffling sense of hollowness about it all — a sense of pettiness and futility and irrelevancy in eating and talking and even sitting about in the face of the events that were accumulating. It was all a mask. But there was nothing else to do. What



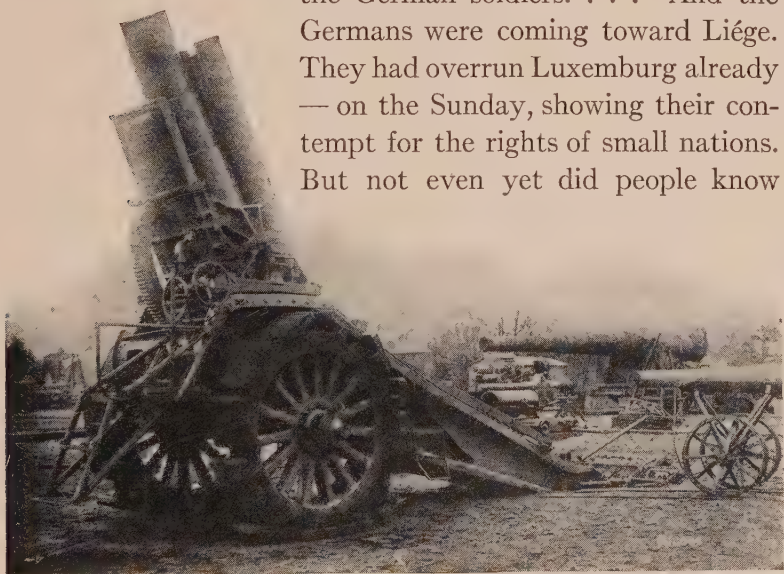
BRIDGE OVER THE MEUSE, USED AND DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS IN
THEIR DRIVE THROUGH BELGIUM

could one do, with the world tumbling about one's ears, nation by nation, habit by habit, thought by thought?

The choleric uncle, returning from the town shortly before noon, after an expedition for news, informed them of Germany's ultimatum to Belgium, demanding free passage for the German armies. Stories were running about the streets that the Germans had already crossed the frontier near Vise, in patrols. There was much discussion of the defences of

Liège. Her forts were considered impregnable. They were the famous Briallamont forts — a great ring of them surrounding the city. Now everyone was busy helping to make trenches between the forts, to prevent the Germans from sweeping past them into the city. This had been neglected always, until now. Surely, the forts would hold until the French came. . . . The English, people were saying, were already disembarking in Dunkirk, in Ostend, in Calais, and would soon be up. . . . Peggy kept expecting the curtain to ring down, at every succeeding dramatic moment, and give her time for discussing something else with her companion at the play.

Monday Vise was overwhelmed. The Germans had killed 1500 Belgians, rumor had it. Later, said rumor, the Germans had, instead, been decisively driven back. Then it became known that they had taken the town, and hostages with it to guarantee the good behavior of the citizens toward the German soldiers. . . . And the Germans were coming toward Liège. They had overrun Luxemburg already — on the Sunday, showing their contempt for the rights of small nations. But not even yet did people know



GERMAN SIEGE GUN — TYPE USED TO REDUCE THE FORTS OF LIÉGE

what the German idea meant, what Lieutenant Bopp was really for. It was too far outside the mental scope of people whose concept of life entertained moral values.

And then, after another day of trying quietude, broken by rumors one could not credit or discredit, by crushing climaxes which one could only mentally gaze upon, powerless



REMAINS OF A LIÈGE FORT AFTER THE GERMAN ASSAULT

to alter them; by the coming and going of other natives equally impotent; by the breaking down of houses, churches, orchards, the loving work of years, to make way for the fire from the forts — a particularly grotesque and insane proceeding in the eyes of the American girl — after another day of this, came the firing the two had heard from their bedroom window.

They descended to the drawing room. The entire family was there, including the choleric uncle. M. Lenoir was highly excited. Little Victoire, Eloise's son, stared wide-eyed from one to another at each reverberation of the distant guns. No one could explain it to the innocent mind of a child. Why had his father been hurried away? What was coming that made everyone so afraid? Why was it coming?

All night long it kept up. And all night long it seemed to Peggy that the very next moment it would all come to a stop, like a play, and they would take up something else. The members of the household came and went, sometimes trying to snatch a little sleep, sometimes lingering together to discuss and conjecture. Toward morning Aunt Patricia decided that they would proceed at once to Brussels — Peggy and herself — and thence to Antwerp and England.

But in the morning a storm of infantry firing broke beyond Liège, and they began to bring wounded Belgians to the château. They could not go to the town. They remained with their friends to help with the wounded.

The men told stories of how the Germans had attacked in solid formation between the forts, and had been driven back. "No doubt, they will come again," said one of them to Patricia, "and again, until at last they break through; but every hour of delay is an hour of victory." Others told how one of the forts had been crushed by huge guns the Germans had brought up.

Peggy was at first unnerved by the sight of the wounded, who continued to arrive in increasing numbers. For the first time in her life she saw a man die. He was little more than a lad. He had been shot in the lungs; his breath made red froth on his lips. For a time he cried like a child for his mother, being out of his head. Later he became quiet. He tried to talk to Peggy in French. He smiled at last — a queer, resigned smile, as much as to say that it did not matter, sighed heavily, and was gone. Most of the wounds were not severe. The heavy cases were not brought so far from the scene of battle.

Thursday the uncle, who was now reduced to a very meek state of mind, ventured to the town to see what might be done to provide the American travellers with passports. He came posting back much sooner than he was expected, in

the greatest state of excitement. He had seen German horsemen in the street! A party of Hussars, pushing past the forts, had made their way thus far. General Leman himself, in charge of the defence, had been surprised at luncheon in a cafe, and narrowly escaped capture.

He brought word, too, that the Germans were wreaking a hideous vengeance on Vise, shooting men and women and even children, it was told, on the pretext that German soldiers had been fired upon by citizens. Notable citizens



THE BELGIAN GARDE CIVIQUE WHICH DISPUTED THE PROGRESS OF THE
GERMAN WAR MACHINE

were held as hostages to guard against further "outbreaks" . . . Patricia alone of those who heard was able to credit the report, which was only the first of many more, and of more horrible tales.

While the uncle was still recounting what he had seen and heard — he had failed to come near the officials who might have helped with proper papers, or the American consul, whom he especially sought — there was a rumble of wheels and the beat of hoofs on the road in front of the house,

and a battery of Belgian artillery went past, withdrawing from the defences before Liège to the line of the Ourcq, where the Belgian Army was massing for further resistance. Regiments of soldiers soon followed, stolid, patient, tenacious.

"It is the end," said the choleric uncle, spreading his hands in despair.

"*C'est la guerre,*" retorted Lenoir, shrugging his shoulders, and hurrying off to help in the evacuation of the wounded, who were being carried in ambulances, trucks, motor cars, and anything that moved, to the nearest railroad point to be placed on trains for Brussels.

That day the German infantry began to trickle between the forts into Liège.

And that night the war became a reality to Peggy Birmingham.

The household was aroused an hour or two after midnight by an uproar in the courtyard of the château. Peggy, awakening slowly, became aware by degrees that the voices which she heard outside the window were not voices she had heard previously about the château. In another moment she realized that they were German voices, and leaped out of bed.

Patricia was already at the window, looking down upon the scene. "Well, here they are," she said.

The enclosure was swarming with dusky figures, bustling about in a businesslike way. A group of officers were emerging from the *melée* and coming toward the house.

"What shall we do?" asked Peggy.

"Get dressed," Princess Pat returned.

The sound of voices was quickly heard in various parts of the building. Peggy tried to account for each new clatter. She heard groups talking at intervals in the upper corridors.

Finally there was a peremptory thumping on their own door. By this time the two were fully dressed.

Princess Pat, looking more a princess than Peggy had ever seen her look, opened the door promptly.

Peggy gave a muffled little shriek. Over two or three shoulders she saw the face of Lieutenant Bopp.

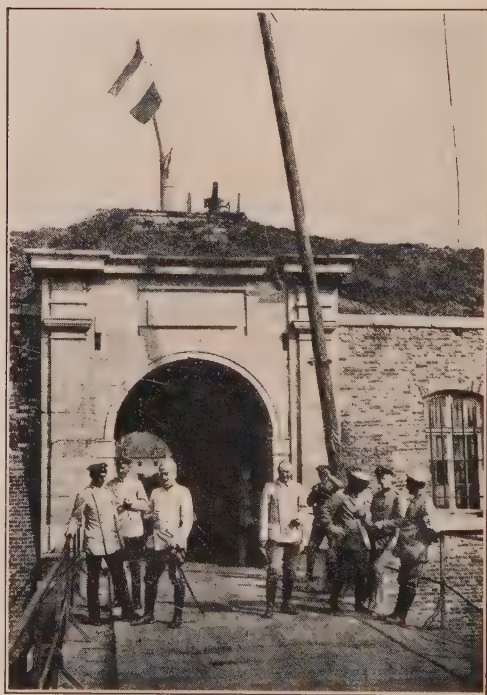
Patricia also saw him at once. She merely stood looking at him.

He clicked his heels and bowed, expressing his surprise and pleasure at finding them there. "Der 'Tag is here," he said.

He looked past her to bestow a nod and a grin upon Peggy, who glared at him. One of the officers guffawed a witticism alluding to the encounter, from which Peggy was spared by her imperfect knowledge of the German language.

"I could hardly expect you to understand, perhaps, that circumstances make you very unwelcome here," Patricia went on, "and it will be necessary for us to ask you to excuse us." With which she shut the door.

S o m e o n e thumped on it, and there was a rattling of the knob; no doubt in a playful spirit of German humor, for there was much laughter and a rumble of talk. In a moment



ENTRANCE TO THE CITADEL OF LIÈGE



GENERAL LEMAN, DEFENDER OF LIÉGE

they moved off down the corridor, and were heard thumping at other doors.

"The little beast!" exclaimed Peggy.

"Not the little beast," Patricia amended. "*The* beast. The great red dragon, ripe for slaughter."

The two American women sat down—waiting for what? Noise and uproar below became louder and louder. The thought that they were protected from these men, now further inflaming themselves with M. Lenoir's wines, only by the inhibitions of the men themselves, sent chilling waves of apprehension through Peggy Birmingham, and a mighty desire to be back in America once more.

In the course of half an hour Madame Lenoir crept into the room with her grandson in her arms, whitefaced and thoroughly frightened. The boy was again in one of his wide-eyed, incredulous, questioning states. "What has happened to everybody?" he seemed to be asking. And no one present could have given him an answer which would have satisfied the logic of his childish mind.

"They have taken possession of the house," Madame Lenoir whispered. "They are making Eloise and M. Lenoir wait on them. Eloise must cook. They have raided the wine cellars. If they drink all they have taken! . . . And they are making frightful jests about you two," she added, in a lowered voice, with the light of a new terror in her eyes.

"And Eloise?" Patricia returned, with a pitying look at her friend's child. The little one's father had not been able to save it from this. She thought of his torment.

Madame Lenoir shook her head with widening horror.

"We ought all to leave at once. Is there anything left to travel in?" Patricia pursued. Peggy had taken the little fellow from his grandmother and was reciting Mother Goose to him in English, to his complete fascination.

There was no conveyance at all. The last had been pressed into service to remove the wounded soldiers.

"How near are the trains coming now?" Patricia asked.

Madame Lenoir did not know; five kilometers. Ten.

"You must bring Eloise and her father up here," said Patricia. "We must set out at once. Where is your brother?" referring to the fiery uncle.

Madame Lenoir would not listen to that. She would remain where she was. She would perish in the flames of her own house, if need be.

"A very good idea," remarked Patricia, with irony relieved by her tone and manner of speech. "That would not only save your daughter and her child, but would rescue

the country from the invaders. I am so glad you thought of that."

Madame Lenoir gave her a quick look, and crumpled up in her chair. "But what shall we do? Where shall we go? And how is it to be done?"

"We shall see," replied Princess Patricia, and walked out of the room.

CHAPTER V

RUMORS AND REVERBERATIONS

HUGH Stevens, sophomore at Harvard — “by the skin of his teeth,” he let it be known — and friend extraordinary to Teddy Stevens Jr. of Oak Forest, Illinois, was hurrying down to Washington from the Adirondacks on

a day in early August Anno Domini nineteen hundred and fourteen.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Hugh Stevens was one of the “New Jersey Stevenses,” as Teddy’s father designated them. The New Jersey Stevenses were a southern branch of the family. The Chicago Stevenses knew of them and had interchanged visits with them in past years, but it was not until Teddy and Hugh had met in their freshman year at Harvard that the families became intimate. A great friendship had sprung up be-

tween the two young men at once, which suffered nothing when Teddy packed Hugh home for the Christmas holidays and Hugh discovered at first hand what sort of a sister Teddy had.



SECTION OF THE STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING

No doubt it was Dorothy, quite as much as a desire for further companionship with Teddy Jr. after a year of him at college, that induced Hugh to run out again in June, on the eve of burying himself in the Adirondacks for the summer, for another visit before Dorothy and her family set out for Europe. And no doubt it was the thought of Dorothy, at the moment somewhere in Europe, which brought him post haste out of the mountains and down to Washington to see what it was all about when news of the war began to filter in to his retreat.

The New Jersey Stevens family consisted of Waldo Stevens and his wife; Hugh, and an older brother, Kenneth. They were now residing in Washington, Mr. Stevens being connected with the State Department. He was a skilful lawyer and a forward-looking man. He and Woodrow Wilson had attracted each other's attention through a mutual interest in history and the theory of government while Wilson was still president of Princeton, and Hugh's

choice of Harvard over Princeton was due partly to the fight that had been made in Princeton against his father's friend — and partly to considerations of football. Mr. Stevens had been one of the first to hold up the hands of the "schoolmaster in politics" when Wilson, as governor of New Jersey was testing out the application of principles and policies which later, as President, he was to put into practice in a larger way in the nation. So it was natural that Waldo Stevens should have been asked to come to Washington to help. His grasp of international affairs in their background of history and his world view of international comity would prove useful, it was thought, in knocking down the card house of "dollar diplomacy." That's the way Democratic Congressmen and Senators characterized the achievements of the preceding Secretary of State under President Taft. His services were wanted too in handling the complicated Mexican situation which the Administration had inherited. He had an intimate personal acquaintance with Mexico and Mexicans, having spent his early years there, representing American interests. When he found himself unable to carry out instructions from home without a violence to his enlarging views he came home. But he still had a wide circle of influential and sympathetic friends in Mexico. This placed him in a position to give much needed advice to the new Administration on important matters concerning the sister Republic south of the Rio Grande.

Now Hugh had an older brother, Kenneth, a young man close to his father in habits of thought and point of view, who had been preparing himself for the diplomatic service since his high school years. In 1912, at the close of post graduate work in history, economics and finance, he had taken an active part in the campaign for Woodrow Wilson, and when his father joined the State Department, Kenneth took up work as his private secretary.

The father and son had had their hands full from the first. There were loose ends of Central American affairs which had to be tied up; there was the work on the Colombian Treaty, which fell through and was followed by the treaty with Panama preliminary to the digging of the "Big Ditch"; there was the row over the Panama Canal Tolls exemption, to which England objected; there were Cuba and Haiti and Porto Rico; there were all the treaties of arbitration with dozens of other nations which Secretary Bryan worked out; and above all there was the neighbor Mexico.

Kenneth and his father felt the pressure brought to bear on the Government in the Mexican situation. Most of it opposed the governmental policy of non-intervention. Those



GENERALS HUERTA, PENA AND GELDAGO, OF MEXICO

who approved, were, as usual, almost inarticulate. Even the American Minister in Mexico, Henry L. Wilson, had urged the recognition of Huerta as the only one who could restore order in Mexico, and had resigned when his recommendation



AMERICAN MACHINE-GUN CREW IN ACTION AT VERA CRUZ

was rejected, believing with so many Americans that order, no matter how it was maintained, was the essential thing.

The Administration's warning of August, 1913, to all Americans to leave Mexico had raised a violent storm of indignation and protest; and the phrase "watchful waiting" applied by the President to his policy in the annual address to Congress, in December, was held up to taunts and sneers by many well-meaning Americans, as well as by those whose financial interests in Mexico either so blinded their judgment that they could not see what the President meant, or so warped their motives that they would not, and were ready to drag their country into a war with a weaker neighbor to avoid financial loss to themselves.

The situation was complicated by the attitude of the European nations, constantly growing more impatient over the threats of loss and danger to their citizens residing in Mexico. When an Englishman was murdered, in March 1914, by the Mexicans, open trouble was averted only by the good-will of England in accepting the offices of the United States in bringing the murderers to justice.

Then came the Tampico affair, when some Mexican soldiers arrested American blue jackets who had landed to purchase gasoline. They were quickly released, and regrets were tendered, in which Huerta joined; but Admiral Mayo, commanding the American fleet in Mexican waters, felt that this was only the final outrage to the dignity of the United States, and demanded further apology in the salute of the American flag. This demand was reiterated by President Wilson. Eight days later, after much palaver, an ultimatum was delivered to Huerta, which failed on a technicality; but the Administration was persuaded that, having gone so far, it had to go farther, and word was flashed to the fleet by wireless to occupy Vera Cruz; and by night the entire city was in the hands of American sailors and marines.

They remained there long enough to clean it up and put it in better social order. Opportunity to withdraw gracefully was promised by the mediation of the A. B. C. powers Argentina, Brazil, Chile. A protocol providing for the establishment, by agreement between Huerta and Carranza, of a provisional Mexican government which the United



U. S. ARMY TAKING OVER VERA CRUZ, MAY 1, 1914

States could recognize, was repudiated by Carranza, with whom things were going too well just at that time in the revolution which he had been conducting for two years.

Kenneth Stevens found himself naturally enough in hearty accord with the Wilson Administration in the entire Mexican policy and the theory of which it was the logical outcome, which made it especially trying at times to observe the discreet reticence of a member of the State Department. Kenneth was not a bellicose person, in any sense of the word, even disliking an open give-and-take argument; but injustice, lack of fair play, malicious distortion of facts, stirred his sense of righteousness to the point where he found silence difficult. A young man with less appreciation of the responsibilities of men engaged in the foreign service of a government, would have exploded many times under the stress to which he was subjected in view of all the propaganda, misrepresentation, distortion, ignorance and malice provoked by the Mexican situation. Even in his own home there was constant discord with his younger brother, who, as a member of the New Jersey militia and an officer of that body, had to maintain the doctrine of enforced order.

This thorn in the flesh, emerging from the mountains upon the alarm of war, was now on his way to Washington, enormously excited over the event itself, and singularly stirred over the prospects of war by the personal circumstance of Dorothy's presence in Europe.

The first daily papers Hugh could obtain were of Saturday, August first. Some of them still held out hope for peace. The Czar, the Kaiser and the King of England were exchanging telegrams. Others held out no hope according to the individual temperament of the publishers, or their several theories as to which presentation of the facts — a sensationally cheering or a gloomily sensational one — would sell more papers.



NATIONAL PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO

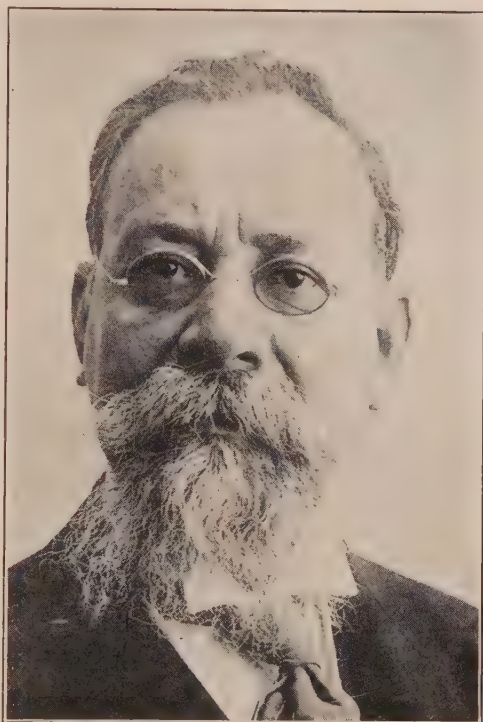
A Sunday morning issue which Hugh picked up at the Union Station on his arrival at Washington announced, in a "flash" caught off the wires just before the paper had gone to press, that the Germans were overrunning Luxemburg, in defiance of all treaty obligations and neutral rights.

It was early when Hugh reached home. The family was not yet astir. He went up to Kenneth's room to rout him out of bed for inside information.

"Is there going to be a war?" he demanded, stalking in and addressing Kenneth in his capacity as a member of the State Department, much as one might address a theatrical producer in whose hands rests the production of a play.

Kenneth rolled over, rubbed his eyes, and sat up in bed. "I think there will be," he replied.

"I think you're crazy, Ken," Hugh returned. "There can't be another war. People know too much now. How about all those arbitration treaties you and Bryan have been so busy drawing up?"



VENUSTIANO CARRANZA

"There have been ten wars in the last twenty years," Kenneth informed him, quietly.

"Aw, little rows that did n't amount to anything."

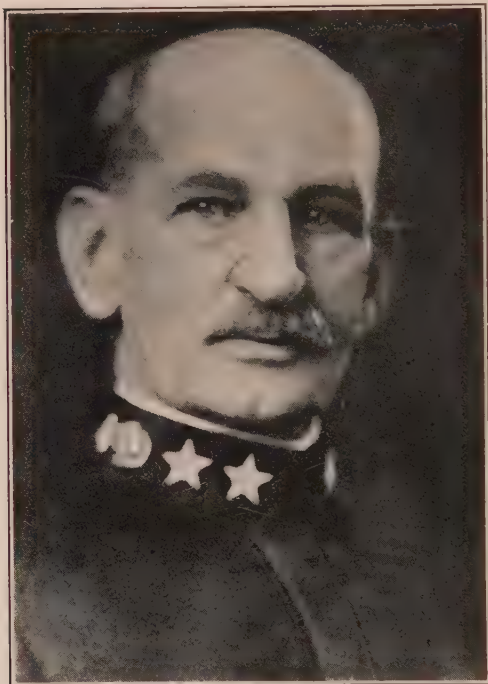
"No. Ten great wars, involving twenty-three important States and affecting every quarter of the globe."

"You can't name half that number," responded Teddy.

"Well, the Spanish War, for one, and the Turkish War, for another, and the two Balkan Wars, and the Russo-Japanese War. . . ."

"What has that got to do with this war?"

"Nothing, except that it shows that nations still think it necessary to



REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY T. MAYO

fight. . . . You've wanted all along to go down and fight Mexico."

"A good job, too," observed Hugh. "They ought to be wiped up. But these were piker wars, all of them. The big powers can't go to it! Why, there would n't be any men left in a month, the way they kill 'em off now."

"What do you imagine they have been piling up armaments for, all these years. these big powers?" Kenneth rejoined.

"So that there would n't be any war," said Hugh. "To make it so horrible that they could n't fight," he amplified. "To bluff each other out."

"Don't fool yourself, Hugh. Germany has been preparing for this war for forty years. They've been toasting 'der Tag' for years in army and navy."

"Dorothy's over there," Hugh announced, abruptly. "And Peggy." He knew all about Peggy, of course; and that summer he had met her and Mildred and their aunt on his brief visit with Teddy's people.

Kenneth gave him a sharp look. "Where?"

"The last I heard she was in Norway. There ought to be a letter here for me now. Is there?"

Kenneth had not seen one. "Where are the others?"

"I have n't any idea," said Hugh. "They were going to take in Germany, I know, and meet Teddy in Paris."



MARINES DISEMBARKING FROM THE U.S.S. "FLORIDA"

"They 'd better come home," Kenneth declared.

"I suppose there 'll be about a million Americans wanting to get home all at once," Hugh echoed.

Kenneth, climbing out of bed, gave him some idea of what was going on in that respect, as he shaved himself at the mirror in the bathroom adjoining. "There is n't anything left to come home on," he said. "Bookings were taken up days ago, they tell us. Good American citizens are asking the State Department to get them out of Europe, and the State Department has nothing to do it with; as quickly as they want it done, at least. We are working out arrangements now."

"Cheerful!" observed Hugh.

"Everybody is safe enough; but there is likely to be some inconvenience." Kenneth went on to air his views about war as an abstract proposition, and this war as a concrete example. "It will be the most stupendous thing in history," he prophesied. "The world will be torn into shreds."

"Will England get into it, do you think?" Hugh wanted to be told.

Kenneth thought it impossible for her to keep out. "If it lasts long enough it may drag us in, too," he went on.

"How long will it last?" asked Hugh.

"Months," said Kenneth.

"Will Germany win?"

"The State Department has n't been informed," replied Kenneth drily.

The talk at the breakfast table was naturally all of the war. Mr. Stevens retailed some facts about German foreign business methods, and the German activities in South America. "One section of Brazil is virtually a German province," he said. "German is the language of business and society. The customs of the people and their point of view is wholly Teutonic. Germany has sown her people

like seeds all along the Southern continent, and when they strike root they grow up Germans — as German as they were at home. Who knows what she expects of them at a time like this, when the ‘fatherland’ is being attacked!”

“But it is n’t being attacked,” Hugh maintained.

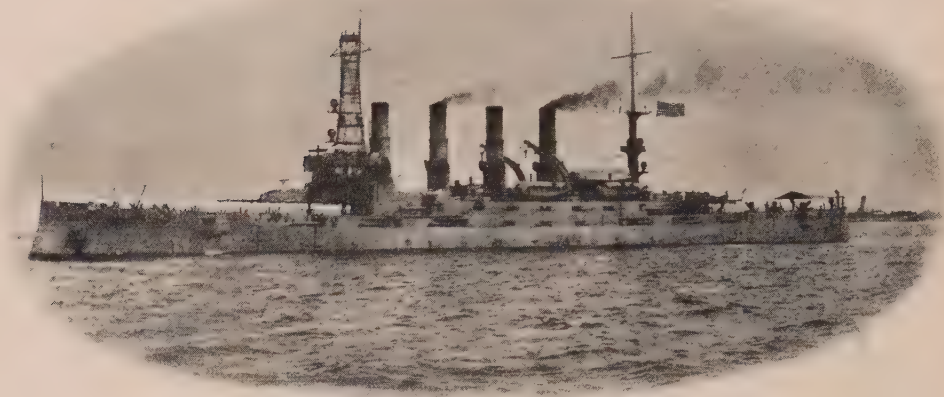
“That’s not the point. It is only necessary, so the authorities seem to think, to keep up a pious pretence that they are being pounced upon by a ring of enemies in order to



MEXICAN “SNIPERS” HARRYING AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS IN VERA CRUZ

hoodwink their own people and get the sympathy of the neutral nations. . . . They have a strange mental make-up. They think that a thing becomes so when it is officially stated by the Government. There is no such thing as Truth; there is only the gracious announcement of the German State. . . . We must be technically neutral, of course, and strictly so; it is going to take some close steering. But we cannot help coming to private conclusions.”

Monday’s papers announced that German Armies were



U.S.S. "MONTANA" HOMEWARD BOUND WITH THE MARINES FROM
VERA CRUZ

already in France; one moving across Luxemburg, where the French frontier defences, depending upon the inviolable neutrality of the small state, were not so strong, and the other farther south, in the direction of Longwy. The principal excitement in the Stevens household was over the question of getting the Americans back who were straying about Europe. Kenneth and his father were being drawn into the task of providing means of rescuing them, and Hugh was growing more and more restless over the possibility of developments engulfing Dorothy and the Birminghams.

The next day news came of the invasion of Belgium. Reports of German ruthlessness came from Visé and Liège, followed by most amazing accounts of the defence of the Belgians, who refused to permit the Germans to cross. Admiration of heroism raised their achievements to exaggerated miracles of prowess. Men were found saying that little Belgium herself would hold up the German flood; they had already turned it back at Liège. They were more than a match. Look at their forts!

On the sixth there were new stories of decisive repulses to the Germans sweeping up to Liége. The day before England had declared war, and would soon be on hand with troops, no doubt. France was mustering fast, fired with vision of revenge and the recovery of the lost provinces. Already they were beginning to overrun Lorraine, it was told. Meanwhile the American tourists were beginning to hold mass meetings in foreign cities, demanding that their Government send transports for them; that it compel the belligerents to declare a truce at sea until all were safely home; that the war be postponed for a few days. . . . And no word from Dorothy, or from Peggy and her aunt, or about them from the American Legation, where inquiries had been made by cable, officially and personally.

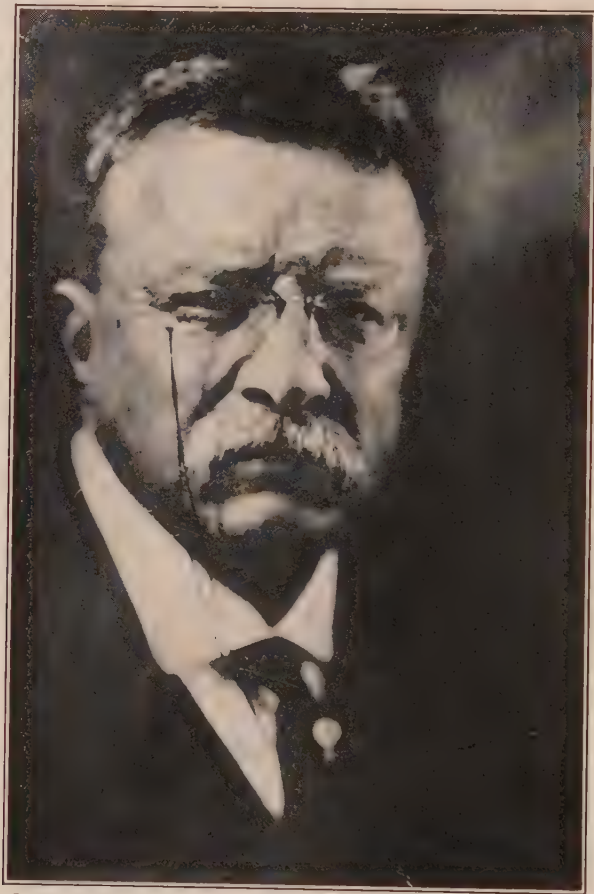
The invasion of Belgium created an intense effect in America. Indignation ran high against Germany. Some were for an immediate intervention. Among them Hugh, who had reasons lacking to many others. "I'll bet Roosevelt never would have stood for it if he had been on the job!" was a favorite expression with him. "All Wilson does is to tell us to 'be calm.' 'Sit still, please, and let this gentle-



UNITED STATES FORCES OCCUPYING VERA CRUZ

man beat up this sweet little child. We really must n't think anything about it at all.' ”

Then, on Friday, came more news from Liège. The forts were beginning to fall. The Germans had brought up some



© Pirie MacDonald

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

super-calibered guns which crushed the forts to atoms from a safe distance. Two or three had already tumbled to pieces.

Hugh read the news on a bulletin board, as he was on his way to the cable office to file another message. “Why

does n't somebody stop them!" he said to himself, as he stood scanning the board.

Some one clapped him on the shoulder. He looked around. It was Fullerton, a young Canadian whom Hugh knew, but not well enough to remember his first name.

"Well, old man, I 'm off," said Fullerton.

"Off where?"

"Off to stop the Huns." The word, as applied to the Germans, had just gotten into the American papers. "I 'm taking a train for Canada tonight. They 'll be sending troops over soon. If not, there are other ways of getting over. I 'm a Canadian, but I 'm a Britisher too, and I 'm going to have a hand in it."

Hugh walked down toward the station with him. "So long," he said, and returned to the cable office.

There was a message for him, at last. It was from Dorothy. "Sailing tomorrow," it said.

And that was all.

CHAPTER VI

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

WHEN Princess Patricia marched off down the hall at three o'clock in the morning to confront the German officers revelling in the dining room of the Belgian château where the two Americans had been caught by the sudden flood of war, and to bring off M. Lenoir and Eloise, Peggy Birmingham was not particularly apprehensive. She had never yet seen a situation which her aunt was unable to meet. Nevertheless, she was relieved and grateful when

Patricia came back, bringing with her M. Lenoir, undone with indignation, outrage, chagrin and a sense of helplessness, and Eloise, unstrung by the repulsive and terrifying scenes which she had witnessed.

The din below continued unabated. Patricia said nothing more about leaving at once, although she was alert to every



BRAND WHITLOCK

sound. Half an hour after she had returned, bringing the others to the room, Lieutenant Bopp appeared once more. Patricia took him out into the hall. Peggy heard them talking for a few minutes. When Patricia opened the door again Peggy saw the lieutenant ricocheting down the hall



GERMAN 42-CM. GUN IN ACTION

toward the back of the building. It puzzled her; but Patricia evidently knew what he was about, and was satisfied, so she gave the incident no further thought.

Just as the first hint of dawn was creeping into the sky, there was once more the sound of feet shuffling in the hall



GUNS ABANDONED BY THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM

without and the sound of voices. Those passing stopped in front of their door, and once more there was knocking. Peggy drew Eloise's little child closer to her, with an odd sense of protection, against she knew not what, in anything so sweetly innocent. Eloise, who had fallen asleep, or into a stupor of fatigue, in a chair, awoke enough to stare fixedly at the panels between her and those who came with their knocking. M. Lenoir flared and bristled like a wounded animal brought to bay at last. Madame Lenoir laid a hand of comfort and restraint upon his hand.

But Patricia walked straightway to the door, opened it, and rang out a welcome, in English, to the American Consul, from Liège, standing in the aperture with several German officers grouped behind him. He turned out to be a man whom Patricia had met, casually, years before, in San Francisco. They were both surprised.

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he exclaimed, looking about the room upon the little scene, now serio-comic. He nodded at M. Lenoir and bowed respectfully to

his wife. "The last time I saw you was in San Francisco, just after the big fire. I was coming home from the Philippines. How 's Mr. von der Goltz? Where 's he now?"

"I don't think of anyone who really knows," Patricia returned. . . . "I was sorry to have to disturb you. . . ."

The Consul laughed. "About the only thing that would disturb me now would be a little rest. These gentlemen certainly have kicked up a fuss around here. Americans running through in a stream for a week, German civilians trying to go one way, and Belgian refugees another."

"Do you think you can manage it for us?" Patricia interrupted.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Brussels, Antwerp, and England; then home."

"For all of you?" He looked around at the Lenoirs once more, puzzling over Peggy.

Patricia identified her to him as her niece.

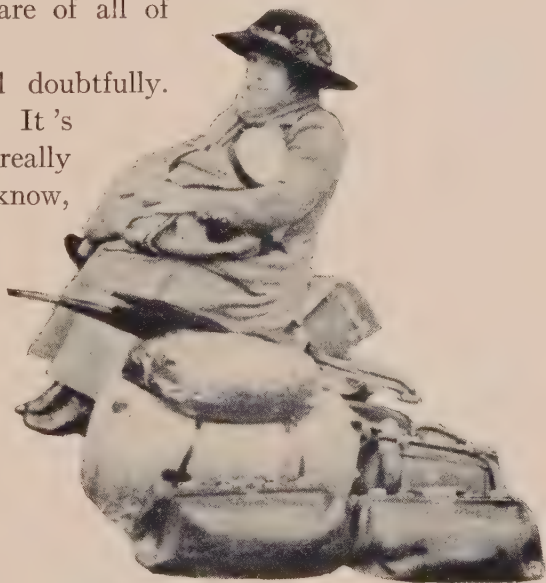
"Could you take care of all of us?" she asked.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"They 're pretty strict. It 's a little late. You 're really inside the lines, you know, and they 're chary of letting the natives through, of course."

"We would not go in any case, M'sieur," protested Madame Lenoir. "We place ourselves under your protection here, instead."

"I think that 's much better," the



BELGIAN REFUGEE MOTHER AND CHILD

Consul agreed. He turned to one of the officers; the ranking one, apparently. Bopp had gravitated to the edge of the group. "See here, Colonel," he continued, in German, "give me your assurance that these people won't be molested. Just go easy on 'em, will you? They are friends of mine — and American citizens. I am asking this as the American Consul. Now, don't tie us all up in red tape; don't make us waste time taking it up with the Embassy. . . . When do you want to get out?" to Patricia.

Patricia said they would like to start early in the morning.

There was much talk among the officers, and between them and the American; many assurances that the thing could not be done without reference to Headquarters, and many rather stormy protests against such delay. "They'll be swamped here in twenty-four hours, and never get away," the Consul said.

Something was said about "military secrets" and danger of communications.

The Consul laughed outright. "Why, these women don't know the first thing about military secrets. And there's no secret about your being in Liège, on the way to Brussels."

The Prussian stiffened and bristled.

The upshot of it was that Patricia and Peggy were provided with the proper papers, and the Consul's own car and chauffeur at the door to carry them to the nearest railway point in the direction of Brussels. It would prove necessary to leave the Lenoirs or stay there with them permanently, for they neither would nor could go on to Brussels at the present time. So the two bundled what they could into two bags, and climbed into the waiting car, just as the sun was breaking through the edge of the sky. They bade adieu to the Lenoirs with a sense of sadness and of guilt in leaving them; but there was no alternative.

Lieutenant Bopp had disappeared in the midst of the

argument over the papers. "Did he get the Consul for you?" Peggy asked. Patricia smiled and nodded. They had a glimpse of the dining room in passing to their car. It was strewn with the wreckage of many bottles, dishes, broken food and dragged napery. Most of the officers had vanished.

That ride was weird. It was so early when they struck out that the deserted aspects of the country seemed natural. But as day deepened, and no one was astir, the weirdness



GERMAN TROOPS QUARTERED ON THE BELGIANS

began. Here and there some peasant looked around the corner of his low-gabled house to see who was charging past this time in an automobile. Dogs, cats, barnyard fowl, even cattle of various sorts, strayed about or stood wistfully behind fences or enclosures, waiting for their accustomed human service; although most of the larger animals had been driven away.

For a time all the people they met were Belgian soldiers — patrols, scouting parties, outposts, cavalry squadrons,

bicycle squads, scurrying about in feverish sensitiveness, looking for the approach of the enemy. Many times their papers were closely scrutinized, and challenged more and more sharply. The name "von der Goltz," which perforce had to be placed on Princess Patricia's papers, since she



BELGIAN REFUGEES FLEEING TO HOLLAND FROM ANTWERP

had once married a man of that name, was looked upon askance. But by good luck, rather early on their trip, they met a young officer who knew her, through the Lenoirs, and who placed an orderly in their car to go with them and help them through.

They soon began to come up with groups of refugees; little knots of peasants trudging along with carts drawn by horses or sometimes by oxen, piled high with pathetic treasures in a heap; things endeared by years, or hundreds of years, of habit and usage and sentiment. Before and behind and alongside were women, young and old, and amazed and silent children; boys and girls, and an old gaffer. Exhausted and hopeless women were seen sitting in ditches with babes in their laps or at their breasts; little toddlers clung wide-eyed to their skirts. Some of the oldest and most helpless

had been lifted to the tops of their loads. Some rode in little wagons, drawn by dogs. All crept toward Brussels. There was scarcely one sound man among them all; these had gone to war.

Soldiers appeared in greater numbers, going here and there in apparent confusion. Peggy wondered if anyone knew what they were doing. The low boom of guns followed more and more faintly from the Liège forts. They were told by groups who stopped them to examine their papers that the Germans were still coming into the city, and pounding away at the forts encircling it. "Mais les forts tiennent toujours!" they always added.

Confusion increased as they neared the point where wounded soldiers were being taken on trains to be carried to Brussels. The mingling of refugees became more



A RELIC OF THE GERMAN MARCH THROUGH BELGIUM

heartbreaking to the young American girl. The peasants seemed as stolid as the oxen some of them drove. They sat or stood and stared. Some wept. Few spoke. She wondered if they really felt; surely not as she would have felt, she thought.

There was little chance of their being able to find room on any train going to Brussels, for many hours, at least. The orderly brought back that report, when he left them for

a few minutes to make inquiries of the military authorities. Military cars were going frequently; perhaps room could be found in one of them. The car they were in could carry them no farther. The prospect of joining the caravan of fugitives on foot was not pleasing; but it might prove a lesser evil than to wait for some other mode of transportation.

They were extricated from their dilemma in a manner which threatened for a time to prove not at all agreeable. Although Patricia's German name had proved more than once a stumbling block, the endorsement of the American Consul which her papers had, and the personal presence and endorsement of the young orderly, had so far helped them through.

But at their destination they found a man of a different temper. The moment his eye fell on "Mrs. von der Goltz" written in the papers he called several officers to him, in turn, consulted with them aside, and finally sent someone off post haste, while he sat down without a word at his little executive table in the court yard of an inn where they had gotten out of the car, and occupied himself with other duties. At this point the two American women realized that they were under guard.

A bad half hour followed. Officers of higher rank kept appearing, each one apparently infected by the poison of suspicion which had stricken the first. And naturally enough. The country was known to be infested with German spies, who adopted all sorts of subterfuges: often depending upon the audacity of their conduct to pull them through.

Patricia kept calm. Peggy, who could only half follow the proceedings, because of linguistic limitations, passed through stages of frank American indignation to lively dismay, when she saw that they were making moves actually to restrain her aunt and herself, and bring them to some sort of a tribunal. Then Patricia did something very wise. She



Drawing from the New York "Herald"

HOMELESS RESIDENTS DRIVEN FROM BURNING LOUVAIN

told the Belgian officers that she understood their precautions and approved of them; was glad to see them so careful. But she reminded them that they were actually dealing with American citizens, which made the case a delicate one. Would n't it be much better, she proposed, to refer it to the higher authorities in Brussels? They wished to go there, and would be very happy to be conducted there by soldiers, even under guard, if that satisfied the officers best. Mr. Gibson, secretary of Legation, was acquainted with her; the matter could be cleaned up quickly and satisfactorily.

Their inquisitors would have been willing to release them at once, it seemed to Peggy, after her aunt had

delivered herself in such wise and patient words; but Patricia herself tactfully pressed for a complete clearing up of the situation, for all time, by an adjournment to Brussels.

By night they found themselves there, in touch with the American Ambassador, and fortified against any repetition of the incident by papers from the Belgian state and high military authorities.

The ride over, in a military automobile, had been one of thrilling interest. An officer accompanied them, a dynamic



ALBERT, THE "KING WITHOUT A COUNTRY"

young man, whom they learned later had some sort of royal or noble blood in his veins. He was full of talk about the war; remarkably full, for one escorting two women technically under suspicion of being spies. The soldiers, he said, and many of the officers, were in jubilant mood. General Leman was holding the Germans still at Fort Loncin, north of Liège. As long as that held, the enemy could not have a free swing through the Liège railroad into Belgium.

Some actually thought of ultimate victory over the German hordes. They held to the belief that only a few cavalry divisions had crossed the frontiers, and that these could be turned back; in fact, were being turned back almost everywhere. But the Germans were coming in vast masses, he was sure. Armies of infantry already were on Belgian soil, no doubt, and sheer momentum would sweep away the little Belgian forces like froth.

But every hour it took was a victory for liberty, he said. That was his only thought. Annihilation, personal, national, racial, counted for nothing against that. That was the unconscious instinct of Belgium, which the world came to know and admire. That was the spirit of her great king — a true monarch, serving his people.

The French, he told them, were in Alsace. Great stories were coming from there. The Alsatians were wild; Paris was wild. Many hoped that the movement would turn the German flood away from Belgium. He could not think so. . . . But it might retard it. And every hour was victory! "Les forts tiennent toujours!" he would say, every little while, knowing that the forts of Liège would fall, and many more with them; but it was the spirit of Belgium to say that, and think, as he thought, of every hour as victory. General Leman was his great hero, doggedly clinging on to Fort Loncin, with the whole structure rattling down about his ears, perhaps, at that very moment.

They passed through Tirlemont and Louvain. "Will they get this far?" said Peggy, involuntarily, when she saw that beautiful city. The officer smiled and shrugged his shoulders. . . . All the way they were passing through groups of refugees, and meeting streams of soldiers, lorries, artillery. At Tirlemont the intention to make a stand for another hour of victory was apparent even to the untrained eye of Peggy.

At Brussels they found word from Teddy Jr., through Uncle Sam at the one end and the American Legation at the other. Patricia went to the Legation at once, when she had left Peggy with the cousins of the Lenoirs. Peggy was not feeling up to going any farther. She was not coming through the strain as well as her more seasoned aunt.

Patricia went to the Legation for advice on the next move; to see whether to try to get to Paris or to start for home without trying to meet the others. Her friend, Hugh Gibson, secretary to the Legation, delivered Sam's message. The message, however, was more in the nature of a query. "I've



GERMAN TROOPS IN ANTWERP

been keeping an eye out for you," said Gibson. "Where 's the young lady?"

Patricia told him that Peggy was not feeling quite well. "We 'd better get on to London, I suppose," she said.

There was no question about that. "With Sam Stevens there," commented Gibson; meaning merely that Sam would be a great help to them. He said that he would get word through to Stevens as fast as he could — "communication is badly demoralized, you know" — and would see what could be arranged about passage to England. "I 'll let you know," he said.

Patricia went home to tell Peggy that Teddy Jr. was in London, with his family and Sam, and that they would join them there as soon as they could get passage.

"Oh, dear," said Peggy. "I hope it won't be long. I 'd like to get out of this."

"I 'll be glad, too, dear. Well, we 'll soon be in Uncle Sam's hands."

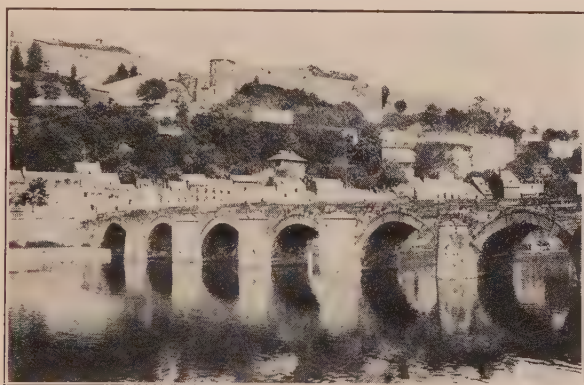
"Won't it be wonderful," mused Peggy, "to all be going back together on the steamer! My, I 'd love that!"

There were a number of Americans still in Brussels. They had organized a committee amongst themselves to stand together when the Germans should come through. Princess Patricia found acquaintances among them. The two women stayed at the house of cousins of the Lenoirs, at their urgent request, being hungry for any possible touch with their kinsfolk. But they spent much time among their American friends, helping more or less with Red Cross work which had been set afoot until passage could be arranged for them, and Patricia was soon one of the mainstays of the little American colony. Peggy, however, had n't much heart for it.

Before they knew it the Germans were at the gates. Their onrush had been resistless, implacable.

On the fifteenth Fort Loncin fell; General Leman himself was picked up unconscious, under a timber, in danger of asphyxiation by noxious fumes from the bombardment and fort explosions. "I ask you to bear witness that you found me unconscious," he said to the German General von Emmich, who congratulated him and handed back his sword of surrender.

Immediately the German hordes began to press up the Meuse toward Namur on the way to France. Tirlemont fell



NAMUR — SHOWING BRIDGE AND FORTIFICATIONS

on the seventeenth. A slight check was given at Louvain. But by the nineteenth the Belgian field army had discreetly withdrawn within the girdle of the Antwerp forts, to keep itself intact, fighting some stinging rear guard actions on the way, and Brussels lay open to the enemy.

The question came up of the defence of the city. The decision to permit the Germans to enter without resistance was reached as a part of wisdom. Nothing was left but the *Garde Civique*, an insignificant body, to oppose the German hordes. There was doubt whether the Germans would not consider them as civilian combatants, and execute them outright on that score, as they were doing by this time all



NAMUR AND THE MEUSE RIVER

over occupied Belgium. And there was no doubt but that Germany would destroy the beautiful city upon the pretext which would be afforded by resistance. So Burgomaster Max was empowered to arrange a peaceful occupation, which he did, and on Thursday, August twentieth, the Germans began their march through the streets of the Belgian capital — hour after hour, gray-green streams.

But Peggy and Patricia did not see them. On August seventeenth, the Belgian Government moved to Antwerp. M. Lenoir's cousin, with whom they were staying, was attached to the Government in an official capacity. They accompanied the family when it withdrew. Mr. Gibson advised it. "You'll be on hand for the steamer," he said.

Their stay in Brussels had been unforgettable. The dogged courage of this little people in defiance of the German war machine was a revelation. Peggy saw their magnanimity when the German citizens of Brussels were starting for their own country; saw the people of the city silently lined along the way watching them go to the railroad station,

pitying them and their state, while the very relatives and friends, perhaps, of many of them, in the German Army, were at the moment lining defenceless Belgian citizens of note against walls in little villages where they had lived and grown to importance, and shooting them down.

The mystery of the hour was the whereabouts of the British Army. Stories flew about concerning it. Some said it was landing at Calais and other Channel ports. Others that it had long since landed, and was even now getting into the fight at Namur. The French Army had appeared in Belgium; Peggy saw some French cavalry marching through the streets of Brussels; men fagged to exhaustion,



BURGOMASTER MAX, OF BRUSSELS

fêted by citizens as they rode through on horses equally weary; crying out in return, in tired voices; "Vive la Belgique!"; taking chocolate and cigarettes and beer from young girls who ran alongside the column. She had to turn away and leave. It seemed to her as though she could not stand anything more.

Rumors were plentiful. Great reports came of the irruption of the Russians in East Prussia. The victory of Gumbinnen came the day before the Belgian Government



GERMAN CAVALRY RIDING INTO BRUSSELS

moved to Antwerp. The Serbians, it was said, aided by the Montenegrins, who had promptly joined in, were invading Bosnia, which Austria had torn from Serbia, and were administering a sound drubbing to their ancient enemy, according to accounts. Austria was now officially at war. Italy, regarded technically as one of the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria, was still holding off, with little chance of her coming in at present. German submarines had sunk the British ship *Amphion*, and the Germans had bombarded Libau, on the Baltic. The seas were swept of German ships, merchant and naval, and the crossing of the channel was

rendered as safe from German interference by the British navy as it was in piping times of peace. No one would believe that the German military machine would not be stopped. The only questions were: When and where?

Peggy was feeling ill when they arrived at Antwerp. Events and emotions were proving too much for her. They were not able to take the boat for England which Mr. Gibson had arranged for.

Patricia would not stay with those whom they had accompanied; the family was quartered with another in a house never too large. So she found rooms, with much difficulty, in a little house two or three streets away.

In a day or two, Peggy was frankly sick. Their Belgian friends insisted upon calling in a physician. He shook his head. It was a great pity, he said. She needed care and attention. But the hospitals were overrun. And it was too late to make the journey with her to England. "She has typhoid fever," he announced. "Very well," said Patricia, "I will take care of her!"

CHAPTER VII

MONS

VOLNEY STEPHENS knew where the British Army was, all this time. Knew how it was trickling down through England to ports of embarkation throughout those busy, secret nights in early August, when the British Government, taking over the railroads, was mustering its forces at the seaboard, waiting for Admiral Jellicoe to give the word that the channel passage was safe. He knew where it was



FIELD MARSHAL, SIR JOHN FRENCH

on that thrilling morning at Boulogne, on Sunday, August ninth, when the Boulognese, skeptical and scoffing, assuring each other that the English would never come, saw the smoke of their first two transports smudging the horizon. He knew where it was in the heart-trying days when they were gathering together again on French soil, after the channel journey, preparing for the spring at the

German monster which Prussian militarism had let loose upon a startled world. He knew where it had been for years, seasoning and hardening for such a baptism of fire and fighting as was now ahead of it — India, South Africa, Egypt. Likewise he knew where it was today, Saturday, the twenty-second of August, digging itself in on twenty-five miles of front, from Condé through Mons to Binche, three thousand men to the mile. They had been in France a week, and the foe was upon them.

To the right was the French 5th Army, holding the Sambre crossings at Charleroi, swinging into a salient near Namur, which was believed to be very strong in Belgian hands, and thence to the south behind the Meuse to Dinant. General Joffre, in supreme command of the French forces, had pushed this army into Belgium believing that Namur would hold longer than Liége had held. The British Army, coöperating under Sir John French, was assigned the defence of the left of this line.



GENERALS JOFFRE AND NIVELLE VISITING A FRENCH AERODROME

The first British troops reached their position on Friday, August twenty-first. All day Saturday they kept coming up, and were set to work in the trenches as fast as they arrived. The French plan, of which this British Army was a part, was to break the first attack of the invading armies at Charleroi and Mons, and then swing up through Belgium, with Namur as a pivot, and join the Belgian Army, intact in Antwerp, for the final cleaning out of the Germans.



THE BRITISH ENCAMPMENT NEAR CALAIS

Lieutenant Volney Stephens was stationed at Mons, which formed a slight salient thrust out into a typical coal mining country, full of waste heaps and interlacing railroads and mine rigs. His men were building trenches. He had arrived the day before. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he had seen the deep ditch go down which was to protect them from the Germans, some day, soon; yard by yard, rod by rod, he had seen it uncurl along the line toward Binche, on the one hand, and the Condé Canal, on the left. Across their front, stretching for mile on mile parallel with their lines, was a heavy wood. What was in the wood, what was behind

it, were fascinating questions for the British soldiers. Through the hot, still day, came the sound of guns, like a distant thunderstorm, in the east.

"Namur," the officers told one another. "Pounding hard."

All Snokes had to say about it was that "somebody was havin' a shindy somewhere," and he "'oped there 'd be some left for the rest of 'em. It 's a roarin' rumpus these fellows are puttin' on," he observed listening, between shovelfuls, to the rumble.

What no one in the British forces knew at the time, not even Sir John French himself, and what no one learned until long after they should have been informed of it, was that the "shindy" was an attack in front and on the flank of the French 5th Army which was turning the entire position, driving the 5th Army out of Charleroi and away from the Meuse, stripping away the support from the British right,



BRITISH TROOPS LANDING AT BOULOGNE

and leaving the British Army suspended in the air, without even the knowledge that they were suspended.

The morning of August twenty-third broke clear and warm. It was Sunday; the mines were shut down for a day of rest. The British soldiers, who had no day of rest, although many would be resting forever before that day came to an end, could see the peasants and the miners, dressed in their Sunday best, come trailing out of their homes and plodding off to mass.

Not one sign of an enemy could the eye detect. A more peaceful scene it would have been hard to find that day, save for the khaki-covered men toiling in the trenches of Mons. Now and then, to be sure, a German airplane flew over and was chased away by a British airman.

These encounters, soon to become a commonplace scarcely worth a glance, were watched with eager attention by the men below, especially by the officers. The airplane was a weapon untried in major warfare. Professional interest in its performances was at a keen edge. Theories, hopes and expectations had been built up about this new arm of the service now being put to the test.

Up to the time of the war France had led in preparations in the air, with Germany close behind. England had an air service younger than the others, but in many respects better equipped. The Germans seemed already to excel in reconnaissance work and in the direction of artillery fire from the air. French reconnaissance had been faulty in the first days in Lorraine, and British reconnaissance failed at Mons.

Doubtless it was expecting too much of the airmen, new to practical warfare, to depend upon them to know, in that woodsy country beyond the British lines, that von Kluck and von Bülow, released by the breaking in of the French 5th Army were both stretching out in full strength, preparing the blow for the hated English.

Forty minutes after noon there were a few crackling shots. With appalling swiftness the clatter rose into a noise the like of which no British soldier there — and many veterans of many wars among them — had ever heard, or dreamt of hearing. The whole woods was shouting with guns; the air was torn into flapping shreds by shells, big and little. There seemed to be one solid whistle of rifle bullets, as far as they could hear.

The Germans had not yet spotted the British lines; they fired at points where they thought defensive lines would be likely to be; and that included Mons, where Bill Snokes was. Lieutenant Volney Stephens walked up and down, tapping his puttees with a riding crop.

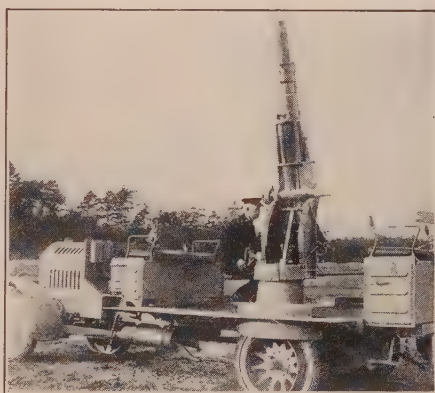
Snokes, looking over the parapet, popped back with an oath.

"The whole blime world is empty," he reported. "There ain't hide nor hair of 'em to be seen."

It was perfectly true. All the way to the belt of woods was an amazing emptiness; not a sign of martial life. Even the guns which were pouring their shells in upon the British could not be detected, excepting now and then when the flash of some huge piece tore a little spot of flame in the air.

"You'll see plenty of them presently," said Volney Stephens.

At that very moment the Germans were approaching in swarms, hidden in part by the conformation of the ground,



KRUPP ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN

of which they took every advantage, and in part by their uniforms of grayish green, which blended into the background of Belgian fields.

It was hard, even for seasoned troops like these, to sit still and take a pounding, as they had to do until the infantry advance came on. Every little while some pal of weeks or months or years would give a grunt, curl up and roll over, still, with a round wet red place growing in his clothes or under his hair. "Next!" Bill Snokes would say, when this happened near him.

"Now, men, do you see them, over there?" said Lieutenant Stephens, presently, pointing with his crop. "Let 'em have it now."

The firing was methodical, precise. It brisked up as the Germans, approaching, became more visible. The British were astonished to see them marching forward in close order, rank on rank — a most enticing target. "Suicide parade!" cried Snokes, with unction, as he pumped his machine gun into the deep, rich ranks. "Cannon fodder," commented Volney.

He joined a couple of other officers for a little chat about it. They all kept a watchful eye up and down the lines of their men. "Rotten rifle fire, those Germans are showing," said one of the trio. "Rattled, no doubt," added Stephens. "Small wonder. Our men are shooting as though they were on Salisbury Plain; every shot aimed."

"I hate to do this; it don't seem right," said Snokes.

"Gawd, look at 'em comin' now!" he cried out, a moment later.

"Hot work, boys," said Lieutenant Stephens, going from one to another and shouting to make himself heard. The British were shooting steadily, ploddingly, in a very business-like fashion.

Some ranks drew close. Apparently they would pour over

the trenches. At the last moment the British, leaping out, gave them the bayonet and drove them back.

In wave after wave, the Germans came. It was so all along the British line — for twenty-five miles. On the Condé Canal the British were beginning to blow up the bridges, which they had preserved until this time, thinking that they would want them later in their expected swing into Belgium to join up with the Belgian Army. But they saw that the Germans were too many for them for the present.

To the east, toward Binche, von Kluck's Army, with the French out of the way, pressed back the British lines, forcing Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the 1st corps, to take high ground in his rear, and leaving Mons more of a salient in the German lines than ever. General Hubert Hamilton, commanding Stephen's division, was directed not to hold his men too long in their precarious position.

The fight was growing thicker every minute. The British now saw that they were outnumbered two to one, at least, along the whole line. For a week the British troops had had little rest, hurrying up to the front from their debarkation points. The day was hot;



GENERAL VON KLUCK

the attacks incessant. A little soldier next to Snokes expressed it. "Gawd, but I 'm tired," he said, as a comment, not a complaint. "When will the bally row be over?" That is one of the distresses of war; you cannot stop when you want to.

Some Germans pressed into the western suburbs of Mons. The fire on the town itself was incredibly severe. The Germans were delivering blow after blow against the town. It seemed more than flesh and blood could stand. Men fought on sheer nerve, in a daze. To be knocked over, like the companions who were falling about them, seemed to those left to be a great relief.

The afternoon wore away. Still the Germans came on. Stephens and his men were clinging to a trench, fagged out, ready to drop, but with nothing for it but to stay it out. As dusk descended, a vast swarm of gray-green uniforms appeared before them, coming toward them. It seemed impossible to withstand this new rush. Volney breathed deeply and gritted his teeth. He heard a funny little sob escape the throat of Snokes, who, with a handkerchief bound around a scalp wound, was grime and gore from head to foot, and whose face looked like a mask. The men worked their rifles and machine guns like automatons. Ammunition communications were not of the best at the moment. The whole machine was lumbering heavily.

Suddenly Snokes, a Godless man in all affairs of ordinary life, stood up with gaze fixed overhead. "Look there!" he cried, and pointed.

There was a very strange appearance. The air above seemed filled with a light. A form took shape; a horseman on a white charger. Stephens saw it clearly. The men thought they heard voices. Out in front the Germans seemed to have paused. The British in the trench leaped out with a shout: "St. George for England!" They fell



SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

upon the gray-green horde, Stephens at their head, shouting with them: "St. George for England!" He saw German soldiers blench, tremble and turn. Sudden death appeared among them. In a moment they were gone whence they had come; their officers could not restrain their flight.

When the little band of British, to become known as the Angels of Mons, elated by their high experience, returned to their trench, the order had come to withdraw. Sir John



FRENCH REFUGEES FLEEING BEFORE THE GREAT GERMAN DRIVE TOWARD
PARIS

French, late in the afternoon, received the despatch which he should have had the night before, telling that the French line had been cracked and that the British were in the air, and had prepared for a withdrawal as soon as night came.

The British for the most part were holding the line they had held in the morning; they had inflicted an enormous loss upon the enemy; the men, excepting for fatigue, were in good spirits and morale, ready to renew the fight in the morning after a little rest, even thinking of pushing it home to the Germans and starting the back-pressure which should drive them at length out of Belgium and into their own Rhenish

country, where the main war, they thought, would really begin.

But they were disappointed.

There came that horrible retreat from Mons to the Marne; one of the great retreats of history in view of the hardships endured, the difficulties overcome and the successful extrication of a small, exhausted force from a superior and fresher one. The beginning of the retreat was planned for the following morning. General French expected to make a stand with his right resting on the fortress of Maubeuge. But that night some regiments were on their way, the transport, and the ambulances with such of the wounded as could be accommodated, preceding them. Men who had gone to sleep in their tracks, expecting to renew the fight in the morning, by midnight were ordered to rouse up and move.

The sight of the French natives was too pitiful for Stephens to endure. These very people had seen the British coming up two or three days before, and expected the war to be carried into the enemy's country by them. But their withdrawal meant that the Uhlans were coming, which was the dread expectation of all French peasants. And worse tales flew; tales of utter disaster to the Allied arms.

In the morning the right wing made a counter-attack, to cover the withdrawal, while the British under Smith-Dorrien, on the left, fell back five miles from the Condé Canal. The Germans were held off for that day. But the plan to stand at Maubeuge had to be abandoned. The French had been swept so far beyond that the position was isolated. The next day, August 25th, the British retired once more.

That night the Germans hurled themselves upon the First Corps — the British right, in the village of Landrecies. The British had just arrived from their day's retreat; they were bivouacking at the time, or going to their billets in the

village. The picket line was swept in; by the time the British had come to arms the Germans were in the village. But they were held. It was a weird, haunting night. Rain poured down upon them. There was pitch darkness. The bursting of shells, the flashing of guns, gave the only light. There were massed encounters in street and by-street as the Germans tried to press through and around. The heavier artillery opened up. Soon the flare of burning houses gave them a light to fight by. The Germans were on flank and front. But the British would not yield. At midnight the fight slacked off, and the First Corps, utterly exhausted, was able to draw off unmolested in the morning.

But the Second Corps, under Smith-Dorrien, had a worse mauling the next morning at Le Cateau. Sir John French had ordered a retirement at dawn. But when dawn broke, with a clear sky after the rain, and a bright sun climbing up from the mists, promising a hot day, the Germans attacked in enormous force, and Smith-Dorrien could not shake them off. The British were outgunned by four to one, and outmanned by three to one. At 3:30 it became absolutely necessary to withdraw, to escape annihilation; and the movement began; a masterpiece of tactic, coolness and courage on the part of officers and men. There were no reserves to throw in; nothing but this little force of wearied



A FRENCH POILU

men. retiring and fighting as they went, to save themselves, the army, and civilization.

The night was worse than the day. It was pitch dark. Guns drawn by exhausted horses, ambulances filled with the wounded, transports and exhausted men struggled through the dark against fatigue, thirst, hunger and distance. Stephens, astride his horse, nodded in the saddle. He was dazed; he was like a man moving through a trance. Only the tramp, tramp, tramp of listless feet, the rumble of wagons, guns and transports; and dragging sleepiness. At last he could stand it no longer. He dismounted, sat down on the edge of the ditch, and slept for two hours.

At midnight he reached Estrees, a little village where his command had been ordered to encamp. He inquired for it; where was it camped, he asked a staff officer. "Camped! Nobody camps here. Orders are changed, and there must be no halt," came the answer.

On September fifth he found himself with the British Army behind the Marne River — the last of the rivers which intervenes between Paris and an enemy advancing from the frontiers. It was all a dream to him — long day marches in intense heat, short rests at night, and early resumption. At every stop the hope of the men was that the retreat was at an end



A FRENCH DRAGOON

and that they were going to turn and "get a bit of theirs back" from the Germans.

Snokes was full of growls. "'Ang it all!" he would say. "If we can do thirty miles a day in retreat, we can do fifty in advance. When are we goin' to do it?"

He could not be told, for no one knew; not even Joffre, who had the thing in hand. For the French Army, too, was being thrust from one point to another, all along the line, and could not find its feet. The stand was expected on the heights of Champagne, but the armies still moved backward. Every day bore new hopes that they would turn and strike, only to be wiped out by new orders to fall back.

Now they found themselves quietly behind the Marne, a few miles only from Paris, waiting and wondering.

Lieutenant Volney Stephens, for the first time, had a chance to sit down and write a letter home. He wrote two.

One of them was addressed to Mildred Birmingham. "I have never thought much about God," he said, in closing. "But something saved the Army at Mons, and after. It means to me that the Germans are not intended to win."

CHAPTER VIII

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

TEDDY JR. got word from Peggy two days before his family was booked to sail for America. Sam called up from the Savoy to relay the message to him. "They 're all right," he said. "They 're in Brussels. Gibson has seen them. They 'll be over soon."

At first Teddy was all for waiting until they showed up and going back to the United States with them later. But reasons began to present themselves against such a course. Taking ship and making the voyage was not an off-hand matter. He had a chance to go now, his passage had been obtained with difficulty and he might not get another so easily. His remaining could do no good beyond indulging a sentiment, and it might complicate things for Peggy and the others to have him included in the party when the time came for them to go. Furthermore, there was the college year to be considered. Finally, it was no particular kindness to anyone to be cluttering up life in London without doing anything toward it. So Teddy, with many misgivings and self-condemnation, and no little reluctance, sailed with the other members of the family when they returned to America.

Leaving England was in itself hard enough. The atmosphere of heroic war times was stimulating. Every moment teemed with exciting possibilities and every day brought forth momentous events. Life was brimming, and London seemed the center of it. Newspapers, people in the street, the men he met, were full of the most vital human news, and Mr. Stephens brought home knowledge of it from behind the scenes that added a particular zest to it all.

The women had already taken up Red Cross work; preparing lint and bandages, getting delicacies together for the departing troops. Brooke had grown very sober. The dam had broken for him, and he was swirling about a bit, getting his bearings.

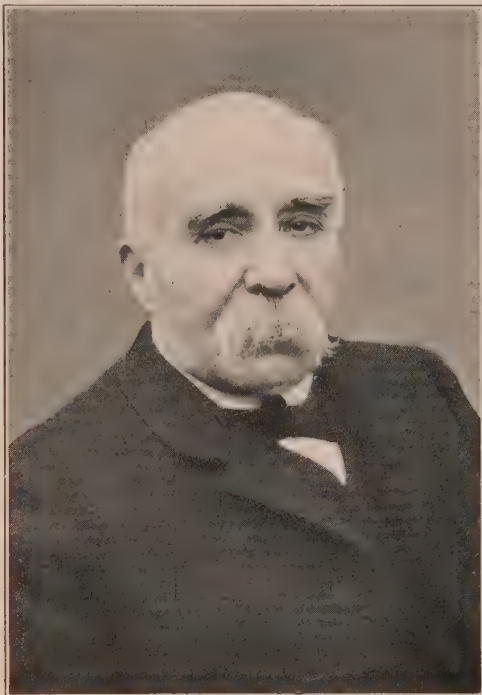
"I'll be going in, I suppose," he confided to Teddy Jr. "It's damnable!"

As for Uncle Sam, he had worn out London. His brother's wife, who had had previous experience in reading signs in him, informed her husband that he would not be in London long. "He'll be getting into it," she prophesied.

Two days after the Stevens family had sailed for

America Sam justified her prophecy. He got a chance to get over to Paris, nominally on a volunteer errand between the refugee committees that were active in the two capitals, and took it, arriving there the day of the Battle of Mons.

At the moment nobody knew what was happening. If the Government was aware that the Fifth Army had cracked the day before and that the British Army was on the verge of extermination, it had not taken the people into its confidence.



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

France had gone into the war soberly, regrettably, but with a sense that it had to be done, sooner or later. "Like a man facing a major operation," Uncle Sam expressed it, when he had caught the feeling of the people.

There had been a period of elation when the French advanced into Alsace and entered Altkirch and Mulhouse. As always, many sanguine citizens expected immediate miraculous results from French valor and *élan*. And, as always, some, speaking of neglect and selfish partisanship and even of corruption which had undermined the French army, foresaw only prompt disaster.

But for the most part the people faced the war from the first, and braced themselves for a gruelling national experience, with a soberness which was amazing to those who had only a superficial understanding of the French character.

No voice of authority was raised against it. M. Jaurés, Socialist, and leader of the Pacifists, was assassinated on the



FRENCH ARTILLERY REGIMENT EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT

last day of July, when war was seen to be imminent; but even he had recognized its necessity and given his approval. The politicians gave up their accustomed turmoil of petty partisan concerns, and



A WINTER SCENE IN THE VOSGES

settled down promptly to a patriotic basis of nationalism. M. Poincaré was President. Clemenceau, "The Tiger," the destroyer of Cabinets, assumed the rôle of a friendly opposition. Gustav Hervé, a Socialist of extreme international type, abandoned Internationalism and supported the war when he saw the German Internationalists rise shouting to fall upon their fellow Socialists in France.

But there was none of the flippant enthusiasm and gala-day attitude of 1870. Paris grew serious in a day, even before mobilization was ordered. Paris was composed and quiet when the men began to pour out, and stream through her streets, on the way to join the colors. Friends later described the early scenes to Uncle Sam. Workmen, clerks, young merchants, mechanics, artisans, attorneys, marched off with wife and children tugging at their hands and the skirts of their coats; all very quiet, all very earnest, all very brave and very sad.

Confidence grew as the soldiers marched out. Nothing could resist such dauntlessness. First accounts were rosy. Germany would be swept away. Brave Belgium — even little Belgium — was holding the Germans deadlocked at Liège. The French meanwhile were overrunning Alsace. And the weighty impact of Russia's millions would soon be

crushing in the exposed eastern ribs of the enemy. East Prussia was even then being invaded.

The visits of the German *Zeppelins*, dropping bombs on Paris, were turned to account by the inhabitants as holiday occasions. The sound of one over the city was the signal for all neighbors to come running out into the



U-TRAINEE RACONTEES LEAVING PARIS

street to watch it, and guess where its bombs would fall. Afternoons when none appeared were counted dull and uneventful.

Then came the shock of the news that the forts at Liège were giving way. . . . Never mind! There was Namur. And the French would soon be on hand. . . . Next Belgium was being overrun. Next, whispers of what had happened at Charleroi, on the upper Meuse, at Dinant, when the French first met the enemy, ran like an autumn wind through chattering, shaking leaves.

Soon official reports stated that the Allied Armies were everywhere in retreat. Out of East Prussia came word that von Hindenburg was sweeping the Russians back. Prodi-

gious accounts of his prowess were bruited about. He became a bugaboo.

Day after day disquieting rumors grew. The Armies were still in retreat. People began to ask why. Why did they not stand? What did it mean? . . . A trap, no doubt. "Papa" Joffre, that greatest of all strategists, was waiting for the stroke that meant destruction. At Champagne surely he would deliver it. . . . The answer to that hope and prophecy was Rethel, where an attempt to cling on amounted to nothing. . . . Would nothing stop them, those Germans?

Meanwhile, the enemy was swinging through the northern provinces on holiday parade. A few territorials melted before them. Bapaume was not even a serious interruption. Uhlands, German patrols, were reported from the most dis-



FRENCH TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH PARIS

concerting places, far toward the coasts north of Paris; even northwest.

One morning Paris heard guns growling in the northeast. Later, the sound of explosions in the suburbs. They soon knew that bridges were being blown up, and houses blown down, to clear the field of fire. Wounded soldiers, and soldiers lost and strayed from their commands, began to be

seen about the streets, each with his own account of what was happening.

The enemy was at Soissons. He was on the Marne. He was across the Marne. Parisians began to remember 1870, as a tradition or an old experience. Consternation seized the populace. The impossible had come to pass: Paris was in danger of a present enemy. Paris turned appealingly to the Government. The Government replied with a nationalist Cabinet, formed by Viviani as Premier, combining all parties—even Socialists. Gallieni was made military governor. When he set about strengthening the defences of the city, people discovered that they had been allowed to run down shamefully. Gallieni had the work of years to do in days. . . . And day by day, hour by hour, the mutter of guns came closer.

Then came the counter-stroke: that spectacular gesture of a nation at bay which is one of the dramatic moments of all history, and which will ever prove dear to the heart of the French.

Uncle Sam reached Paris on the evening of Sunday, August twenty-third. It was the never-to-be-forgotten day of Mons. Everybody was in the street, watching soldiers, discussing events, actual and conjectural. Stevens was free to go wherever seemed most promising. His speed had stripped him of all baggage save what he could carry conveniently by hand. He had come through from London any way he could: the last hundred miles as chauffeur for an American whom he had found bereft by the mobilization of his French chauffeur and stranded on the coast with a car which he could not drive and urgent reasons for reaching his bankers in Paris with the least possible delay. Uncle Sam satisfied him amply on that score, and left him gasping, in his car, in front of a hotel, while he himself scurried off at



FRENCH TROOPS HURRYING TO THE DEFENCE OF PARIS

once among cafés and restaurants and lesser hotels in search of friends and news.

Shortly before midnight, in a boulevard café, he came upon Will Meachem, a friend from New York, with a group of other Americans of his acquaintance, a British attaché snatching a moment for rest from his duties, two or three Frenchmen, one of them a wounded officer, a South American, a Spaniard whom he had once encountered in Algiers, and a Swedish newspaper man.

Meachem hailed him before he caught sight of them. "Steve," he shouted. "Where 'd you hail from? It 's about time you were showing up," he went on, after an introduction all around. "The war 's been on three weeks. Where 've you been all this while?"

Sam told them, very sketchily. "What are you doing here? Why are n't you out at the front?"

"By the time you get into it now the show will be over," Meachem replied.

The British officer challenged that stoutly. "Kitchener gives us three years of it, old man," he said.

"Kitchener 's crazy," replied the American. "The Germans have lost the war already. Belgium held them up too long. Now when the French and English get out there they 'll wipe 'em up in no time. A day or two now will see things going to pot for the Kaiser. Russia is on his back, remember. No war can last long now. It 's too destructive and too expensive."

The views of the American raised a storm of discussion. Uncle Sam broke it off with a question. "Where are the English?" he asked.

"Everybody 's asking that," said the British officer. "They 'll give an account of themselves in due time no doubt."

"Any chance of an American getting in with them?"



GENERAL JOSEPH GALLIENI

"Not a chance. They'll be accepting volunteers in England presently."

"That'll take too long."

"Come and join us, Monsieur," put in the French officer. "La Legion Étrangère — the Foreign Legion."

"How do you go about it?" asked Uncle Sam.

The Frenchman told him. The Swedish newspaper

correspondent reminded them all that the Germans refused to recognize the members of the Foreign Legion as combatants. They were not citizens of France. They would not be accorded the rights of combatants if captured.

"The Germans don't seem to be able to recognize much of anything," returned Sam, with a piercing glance at the correspondent. It was not the first remark the man had made with a German tincture. "If you have any friends in the German Army that you are worried about I won't join," he went on, with unmistakable sarcasm in his tone.

The Swede flushed, and stirred uncomfortably.

"Meachem, are you with me?" He turned to his friend from New York.

Meachem had n't thought of it before.

But in the morning he presented himself with Stevens and the South American, who had been carried away with

the idea the night before, at the recruiting office of the Foreign Legion, and made application for enlistment.

They were told to return the following day, as the Legion never accepted anyone the same day he applied. They wanted everyone to have a good chance to think it over for the last time before committing himself.

Deliberately Meachem thought it over. The first thing Stevens heard from him on the day they were to complete their enlistment — Meachem had taken Stevens home with him — was a deep groan of regret.

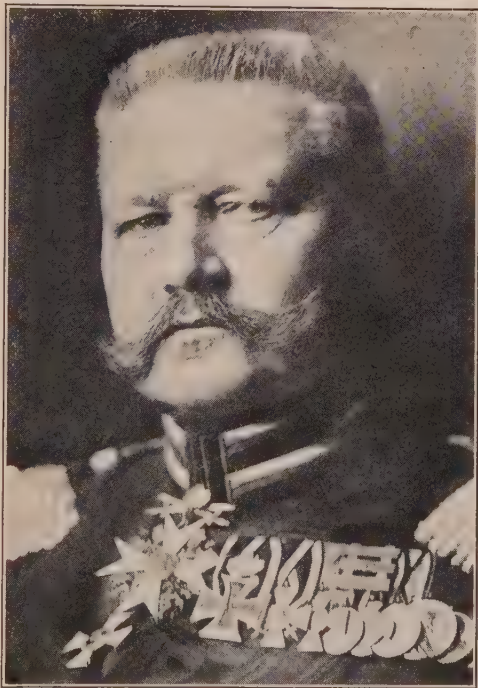
"What the deuce should I go and get my head shot off for?" he asked, propping himself up in bed on an elbow.

"It 'd be the best thing you ever did with it," Sam rejoined.

"It would be the last thing I ever did with it, at least." Meachem went on piling up reasons why he should n't join the Foreign Legion.

"You 'd better stay here and watch the Swede," Stevens said, jumping out of bed and preparing to dress.

"It's all your fault," Meachem went on. "You talked me into it."



FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG

"It's not my fault if you haven't the guts to go," Stevens rejoined. "I'm not going to talk you out of it."

"You could n't talk me out of it. I made the break, and I'll go through with it. But, good Lord, what was I thinking of!"

"Not of yourself, as you usually are," Sam rejoined.

But Meachem was rescued from the fate of a soldier. The searching physical examination which all applicants were put through eliminated him. "What do you suppose they found the matter with me?" he said to Stevens, when he came out, looking rather white and worried over the sorry spectacle his physical condition seemed to cut with the medical officers.

"Something the matter with your heart?" Stevens suggested, with mock apprehension. "Or just plain cold feet?"

Two days later Samuel Stevens was on the way to a little town near Toulouse, accompanied by the South American, and several others who had just joined, to enroll themselves in the regiment



RENÉ VIVIANI

to which they had been assigned and receive their training.

The work was grilling; from five in the morning to five at night, with a light march now and then. The officers were all Frenchmen, speaking French only. This left many of the recruits in frequent doubt as to what was expected of them. Samuel Stevens's knowledge of the tongue was sufficient.



A FRENCH WAR LOAN POSTER

Men of all sorts from all over the world were in the volunteer company. His own squad contained an Arab, two Italians, a Portuguese, and half a dozen other nationalities, besides two other Americans. Uncle Sam revelled in this mixed companionship from the first. He entered into a camaraderie with them based upon his own roving experiences which matched that of most of his comrades in arms. They got down to the quick of each other forthwith, and left all the superficials for others to bother with. Some of the men no doubt were hard characters in ordinary life; the soldiers of the Legion were an especially rough lot in peace times. But now a better class was being attracted to the service as the most convenient opportunity to help France; although not all came in pulsating with an ideal. The sheer passion for fighting animated many.

News, more or less definite, of what was happening to the French and British Army during that week after Mons —

the week which saw the anniversary of Sedan, when the Germans, in 1870, swept away the last obstacle between them and Paris by compelling the surrender of MacMahon and his Army — reached the soldiers in training near Toulouse. Uncle Sam was all impatience with what he regarded as too long a delay in their training, when he heard how the Allies were staggering back against Paris. He himself felt fit to be off at once.

Then came the Battle of the Marne, where the fortunes of Germany came to a sudden and epic turn. The French were



PROTECTING THE DOORS OF NOTRE DAME

at bay behind the river, the last defence of Paris beyond the ring of fortresses themselves. The British were crouched and panting south of the Marne. The Germans, everywhere victorious, were

pressing down upon them, Army after Army, from Nancy to within a few miles of Paris, sweeping down over Verdun — the Bavarians, the Crown Prince, Wurtemberg, von Bülow, von Hausen; hundreds and hundreds of thousands that had been pouring through Metz, and the Vosges, and the Ardennes, and along the roads which they had opened for themselves by their sweep through Belgium. And von Kluck was swinging down toward Paris from the northeast, brushing everything aside. Everywhere victorious; everywhere apparently invincible in their gigantic proportions. The French Government had retired to Bordeaux September third; one third of the population of Paris had fled to the provinces to escape what seemed an inevitable siege.



MARSHAL JOFFRE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMIES, 1915-17

Then two things happened. "Papa" Joffre was ready to strike, and the German staff guessed wrong.

Von Kluck was advancing virtually unopposed. It was assumed that the British Army was broken and finally accounted for. The French Armies had been undergoing fearful pressure for days. It seemed that the time had come to finish them off. With the Armies definitely out of the way, Paris would be a ripe plum, theirs for the shaking. The plan was to strike a deadly blow at the center of the far-flung and exhausted Allied line, break through, roll one remnant back upon Verdun and bottle them up, and the other upon Paris. So von Kluck swung southeastward to bring his forces to bear upon the French where they seemed already



A RELIC OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH TAXICAB ARMY

cracking under the strain of the pressure from the Crown Prince, the Saxons, Wurtemberg, and von Bülow. This took him directly across the front of the Allied left, exposing his flanks to a foe that he thought was squeezed lifeless.

The fateful hour for the French had come.

Saturday, September fifth, Sir John French met Joffre. The British commander was informed that the moment for the counter-offensive had arrived. The French reserve, the 6th Army, was ready, drawn back on Paris for a spring on the flanks of the hideous monster which for a fortnight had been laying waste the land, and which was now passing southeast, along their front. They knew that. And they struck.

Sunday, the sixth, saw the beginning of the Battle of the Marne. Saw thousands of soldiers, piled in taxicabs and motor cars, whizzing eastward out of Paris. Saw the British, rising from behind the Crecy woods, for their day of revenge. Saw a wakening quiver run down the line all the way to the Army resting its right on Verdun; the whisper through the trees that presages the storm.

Never had Army moved with such deadly swiftness against a vital spot as that Sixth Army of General Joffre, piled into the trucks and cars and taxicabs of Paris. It whirled out along the fine roads of France like a great swarm of swift-winged wasps. And it stung like them, as well. At their side were the English who had caught their breath and turned with fury on the enemy. Von Kluck, fighting frantically, was able barely to save his army. He struggled back to the second line of defence on the Aisne, carrying with him the hard pressed wreckage of the entire German Army.

There they stopped. Paris was safe. The French Army was intact and victorious. The British Army was unshaken and full of vigor. The losses had been beyond anything men had ever dreamed of. Two million men or more were

engaged for days, with all the destructive inventions of the modern mind at hand.

It was the end of the first phase of the war in the West — the first round. It left Germany in possession of iron and coal mines of enormous value in Belgium and northeastern France, but it found her facing a rising tide in the East, and with her plans for a quick accounting wrecked. It found French resources gathering together, and England slowly rolling up her sleeves for the war.

It found the Austrians, losing Lemberg to the Russians, calling for help in Galicia and getting it, from sheer necessity. It found the Russians creeping up into the Carpathian passes, threatening a descent upon the plains of Hungary beyond. It found Serbia driving her hated enemy, Austria, from her borders.

And it found Sam Stevens, in red breeches, coat with tails tucked back, and a red cap, a soldier of four weeks in the Foreign Legion of France, getting up at five in the morning, working until five at night, digging make-believe trenches, fighting make-believe battles, stabbing make-believe Germans, for one sou a day, waiting impatiently for the day to come when he, too, could get into the thick of it.

CHAPTER IX

INTO THE FIRE

PEGGY BIRMINGHAM'S illness in Antwerp proved slight. Her improvement was so rapid that the attending physician was doubtful after the first night about the correctness of his original diagnosis. In a week she was virtually well, whereupon the physician was certain that she had been suffering in the first instance merely from nervous strain and shock.

The two were making preparations to go to England within a day or so, and thence to America at the first opportunity, when something happened which had a marked effect on the immediate course of both, and upon the entire life of one of them.

The family where they had rooms was a simple Belgian family of five, the mother and the father, two children, a boy of nine and a girl of eleven, and the grandmother — the father's mother, a withered and bent little old woman, whose body had much to do to keep up with the thrust and drive of her still active mind. Peggy became especially attached to the little boy, Albert.

Every day the mother went off to help in the hospitals which had been established throughout the city. She cooked for the soldiers. Theoretically, the grandmother was left in charge to provide for the children, but the work fell by assumption upon Princess Pat. There were no servants.

The father was a soldier in the ranks. One day they brought him in to one of the hospitals, desperately wounded.

The grandmother — his mother — marched off to the hospital to nurse him when she heard of it, and was turned back only at the very doors of the mansion which was serving the purpose at the time.

That was on August 24, the day the Belgians went out against the approaching German Army and checked them seriously at Malines. The entire Belgian Army had been



WINSTON CHURCHILL

drawn into Antwerp, which was a fortified city of the first class. It was surrounded by an inner ring of forts, built sometime before, and an outer ring which had been added when the development of long range guns and explosives had shown that the inner forts were too close to the city to protect it from an enemy's fire. There were auxiliary works, and a well-worked-out system of entrenched defences for infantry; a thing lacking in the other Belgian cities which had been smashed into by the Germans.

It seemed that the city must be able to hold out. The defending forces were over 100,000 strong. They were tired and bruised, but undaunted. With Antwerp as a base and a support, they were holding the Germans at arm's length, apparently, until the British should be able to press through to join up with them, when, with the French at the right of the mighty Allied forces, the Germans could be driven back upon the Rhine.

August twentieth-third — the day of Mons — the Belgians marched out in force to attack Malines. The sortie was a success. Not only were the Germans held and driven back the following day, but an entire German Army, under von Boehm, which had marched off into west Flanders and was ready to march down and reinforce von Kluck in his swing through France, was compelled to withdraw, because of the threat to its communications. That was the night when the father was brought in seriously wounded; and the next night the event happened which affected the lives of the two American women who had come to Europe a few months previously for a pleasant summer holiday.

They had been up late the night before. Little Albert and his sister, full of concern and bewilderment over their wounded father, had hovered around Princess Patricia for comfort. Their mother was at the hospital, and their grandmother had gone to bed. When Princess Pat finally tucked

them in for the night she came back to read to Peggy for a while. It was nearly midnight before she finally put out the light.

How long they had slept they could not be sure — as a matter of fact, it was probably about an hour — when they were awakened by an explosion close at hand which sounded like the end of the world. Peggy found herself flung out onto the floor. Patricia discovered herself sitting up on the edge of the bed. In a moment, before either could stir, a slow, gentle sinking of one side of the room set in and an outward swaying of the wall, accompanied by the crackling of snapping timbers, and followed swiftly by a crash, a roar, and a great spout of dust; and the two slid out into the street, together with everything that had been in their room, on top of a pile of debris which had once been the house they were staying in.

At the same instant there was a second explosion of the same violence, a short distance away, followed soon by



LOUVAIN AFTER THE GERMAN BOMBARDMENT

others at regular intervals, like a destructive hammer, each blow a little farther away.

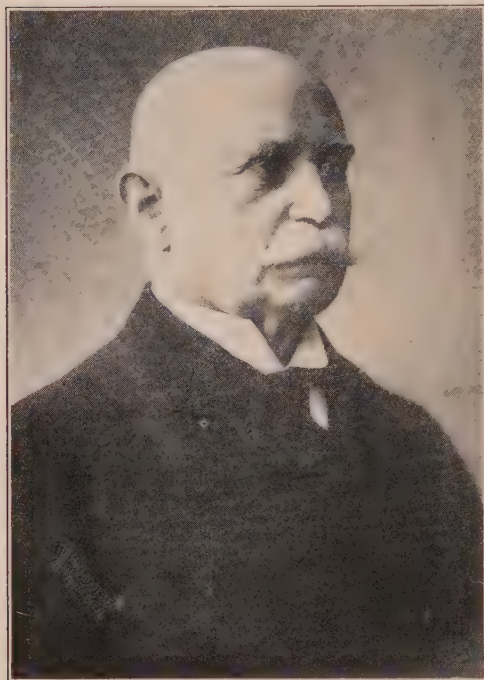
Suddenly a bitter wailing scream of terror and anguish pierced the hearts of both of the women, turning them cold.

Patricia was the first to gain her feet. She saw Peggy lying awkwardly a few feet down the slanting, splintered

mass. Some boards and a broken timber were half across the girl's body. Patricia reached her quickly. "Are you hurt?" she asked. "Peggy!"

All this time the pitiable wailing shriek of a child was increasing.

"Don't bother about me," cried Peggy. "I'm all right. Oh, who is it hurt so? Go and see, Pat! Go and see! I'm all right. Really I am. Oh, I can't stand that cry. Is it Albert?"



COUNT FERDINAND ZEPPELIN

The bed, turned on end, had settled to rest not two feet away. The bed coverings had fallen off in a heap at her feet. Patricia wrapped some of them hastily about herself.

Men and women came running up. The men began tearing frantically at the pile of wreckage to reach the one who was screaming beneath it. Patricia made her way down to them, calling out as she went words of encourage-

ment. Dust seemed still to be rising slowly from the ruins. Then Patricia detected an acrid pungency, the odor of burning wood. "Hurry," she said to the men. It was not all dust.

Some came hurrying with axes. Others with iron bars and saws. A few found ropes.

"What was it?" she heard someone ask; and another answered: "A Zep-pelin," ending with a malediction upon the heads of the Germans, as the wail once more came forth, not so loud now, from the heap of wreckage which was becoming enveloped in smoke. The explosions had ceased. The bur-r-r-r of the airship's engine was dying out in the distance.



PARIS HOUSE SHELLED BY A "BIG BERTHA"

Someone brought Patricia clothing — a cloak, stockings and shoes which she put on, sending off for more for Peggy, whom men were now pulling out of the nest of splintered wood, unhurt.

In another moment she had joined her aunt. Someone had brought buckets. They were turning water on the heap. "I don't know which is worse," said Patricia. She was standing very quiet, watching the men, only calling out now



A BATTLE-BLASTED MARNE FOREST

and then to the one who was still screaming. They could make out now that it was Albert. "Quick. It's all afire," they heard him shriek. "It hurts!" Peggy had to close her eyes and clutch at Aunt Patricia for a moment.

One of the men who had burrowed deep into the debris gave a shout of success. There was some talking between him and those next to him, a few words of direction and caution, and then the boy was being passed out prostrate in the arms of a dozen men. "There are two more in there," Patricia said, as they were bringing the child to her.

He was screaming and writhing. Even in the half light of the midnight street Patricia could see that half of his face was nothing but a bloody pulp. An eye was hideously exposed — white and staring. One arm hung loose. A leg was strangely twisted and motionless. They laid him at her feet. Peggy had to close her eyes again. She went to where the men were still pulling at the timbers. "His sister," she told them. "And his grandmother." She called out to them, but there was no answer.

She glanced up at the tipped-over corner of the upper

room where she had been sleeping. It made her think of an old broken doll house — one of those doll houses without sides that you can reach into — which she had played with when she was a child — like the little girl down under the heap of what had been a house.

The shrieking and screaming had ceased. They were carrying little Albert on a shutter that had been blown off the house. Patricia was going alongside of the gruesome burden. Peggy overtook her quickly. "Is he dead?" she whispered.

"No, Peggy. Just quiet. Have they found anything else?"

Before Peggy could answer their attention was arrested by another figure that had joined their group — a little bent old woman with a shawl about her head. They saw at a glance that it was the grandmother. She had stolen off to the hospital to make another attempt to succor her son. She had been sent home, to find this.

There was a moment of wild ejaculation. Then the grandmother sank abruptly to a seat on a piece of timber that had fallen out of the house. Peggy saw her raise her clenched and withered hand and shake it at the empty sky.



IN THE WAKE OF THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE

At the God she had been taught was up there, or at the departed Zeppelin?

She said nothing more. But now and then she lifted her hand again in the same gesture, and the wrinkled and shriveled jaw was seen to be moving, close beneath the bright and staring eyes.

They would have carried Albert off to a hospital, had there been a place for him there. But a neighbor opened his doors, and he was taken into the parlor, next the street. The very physician who had attended Peggy appeared shortly, having heard that a bomb had fallen in the vicinity of his patient's house. When he saw Peggy busying herself in the room, he ordered her at once to bed, prescribing precautions and frightened warnings, but she dismissed him on the spot. "It's no time to be sick," she said to him.

It was a pitiful case. There was much bandaging to be done, and much headshaking over the exposed eye. "Let us wait and see," said Patricia. Then there was talk of some heroic treatment. Both an arm and a leg were broken. There were no internal injuries.

No one was permitted to see the sister when they brought her out of the ruined house. There was nothing left which anyone ought to have seen. The fire in the débris had been quenched.

The mother came in an hour or two, looked at her boy, gathered in the grandmother from her seat on the broken timber, out under the empty sky, and established herself in the room behind the parlor where Albert lay. "You can do better than I; much better," she said to Patricia, when that one would have resigned her nursing in favor of the mother.

Peggy looked across the cot that held the little victim and gazed at her aunt. When they were at last alone with him she spoke. "Princess Pat," she said.

"What is it, Peggy?"

"There's nothing that makes it imperative for us to go to England, is there?"

"No."

"Or to America?"

"No."

"Until this hideous thing is over? If we can help?" She looked down at little Albert. "Think of anybody that could do a thing like this!"



RUINS OF A MARNE CHURCH AND VILLAGE

The Germans clearly supposed

Antwerp would be impressed with this deed, and others like it achieved that night. It was intended that Antwerp should be made to see that it was very unpleasant to be an enemy of Germany. And Antwerp was impressed, incensed, outraged.

But within the week this deed had paled into insignificance beside others which were visited upon the city. The German teachers and disciples of frightfulness, of ruthless war, were having their day to put their theory to proof. "They are trying to make themselves so hideous as enemies that other peoples will be willing to accept them as friends," said Princess Pat to Peggy when they had heard one especially vicious act reported. "The fault with the plan is that

other peoples are not like that. It works only with Germans, and the German mind apparently is the only mind they can comprehend, or care to."

The climax came in the destruction of Louvain, one of the most beautiful cities in Belgium, full of the charm and wonder of the Belgian Renaissance. September 26th there was a fusillade of rifle shots in the streets of the town. The Ger-



SAFEGUARDING THE BASTILLE COLUMN

mans occupying the city said that citizens had fired upon them from rooftops and windows. The evidence is that drunken soldiers collided with a detachment of their own comrades returning from Malines, and mistook them for Belgians.

Then began a systematic looting and burning and killing which lasted for days. The orders were to leave nothing standing.

House after house, street after street, was destroyed. Men, women and children, smoked out of their hiding places in their own houses, were, it was repeated, shot down as they fled. The Germans came to the University of Louvain, with its library stored with priceless books and manuscripts which could not be replaced; many of which had never even been examined as yet to see what treasures

they contained, there were so many of them. This the Germans burned utterly.

It was not until they saw that the world, which they were intending to impress with German honor and grandeur and the inviolability of the German will, was consumed in horror and loathing of them instead, that the Germans desisted, just in time to save the Hotel de Ville, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. With their accustomed psychology, which was in the habit of thinking that it was merely necessary for the General Staff to state a thing as a fact to have it become a fact and be accepted as such, the Germans informed an amazed world that they had contrived to save it from fires for which the citizens were responsible, and waited for the applause which should greet so noble an act.



PARIS HOUSE DESTROYED BY AN AERO TORPEDO

All this came to the ears of the two American women, staying in Antwerp, and kept them there to do what they could to help. They lived in the house where they had taken refuge with the small patient on the night of the raid. The grandmother and the mother remained quartered in the back

parlor, as at first. The mother still attended at the hospital, to cook — what there was to cook — leaving her child in the hands of Patricia. The little fellow's recovery progressed favorably. The face healed beyond all expectation; the torn eye-socket gradually closed until it became almost normal; the broken bones set and knitted without mishap. For the first few days one of them was with him constantly. Later it became possible for them to leave him to his grandmother for an hour or two during the day while they went to do other things. Patricia was permitted to do some hospital work. They sent word to Mildred and Teddy, to Uncle Sam Stevens and the Birminghams, that they were remaining, and why.

The Belgians were fighting heroically. Their King, Albert, was proving himself the great national figure and hero of the war, keeping the field, directing his Army, leading his people in courage and steadfastness, like a king of romance; while his queen and the royal family remained in Antwerp, despite Zeppelin raids which were directed against them, despite growing shortages of food, despite the threat of a German bombardment at no distant day.

One day they brought the soldier-father home to the little house beside his own old shattered home. He had succumbed at last to his wounds. Services were conducted in the nearest church, and they carried him off to lie beside his little girl, whom he had last seen in the freshness of perfect childhood. The mother continued to serve at the hospitals.

Although the Belgians were being slowly pressed back upon their fortresses, Antwerp hoped for the best. There were many chances. Early in September they learned of the defeat of the Germans at the Marne. For a time stories of a complete Teuton rout were about the streets. At all times there was the chance that the British would land at Ostend and Calais and Zeebrugge and come marching in. At one

time such an expedition, made in sufficient force, would have turned the Germans out of Belgium, perhaps; but where were the men for it to come from?

The war was still like a dream to Peggy — the first act of some play which she was witnessing. The quaint little house with its kindly hosts; the little front parlor, with the boy lying there; the two women in the room behind; wounded soldiers passing through the streets; she herself going upon the strangest errands in the most accustomed manner as



A "BIG BERTHA" SHELL STRUCK HERE IN PARIS ON MAY 28, 1918

though she had been there always; everyone brave and cheery, with an air of human fellowship and brotherhood which Peggy had noticed, young as she was at the time, in the San Francisco earthquake and fire — or which she had heard mentioned until it seemed like her own impression; the streets darkened at night, to prevent more Zeppelin raids; the far-off mutter of guns, like surf heard at times; the drastic and cruel foe, out there, pressing in, who could murder women and children as a weapon of war and drop destruction upon innocent people as they slept. It was hard

to believe that it was not like a game of tag, where you can give up when you are caught, or are tired of running, can have a good laugh, and begin again; but a hideous game of death in which the captor was always relentless to the last.



A DESTROYED MARNE CASTLE

She kept thinking of San Francisco; of the freedom to drive out to the Cliff House at any time; or to go to Mill Valley, or Burlingame, or tour off to Monterey or Los Angeles or into the lower Sierras. She kept thinking of those black tubes sticking out of the hills around San Francisco. She was beginning to understand what they

meant and stood for, those great guns which now and then the people turned out to watch at target practice, firing at floating marks towed up the Golden Gate, or out at sea.

Even when the outer forts began to crumble under the German guns, September twenty-eighth, Peggy could not quite get herself to believe what was going on; or when it became clear that the Germans had made up their minds to leave a hostile Army hanging on their flanks no longer; or when the Belgians, feeling the added pressure of new forces brought up, slowly, doggedly withdrew behind the Nethe and within the ring of forts. Only when she looked at the patient little fellow gratefully trying to smile with his face all stiff from healing wounds; or grieving for the little sister that had been lying beside him that night, with her little hand tossed across his neck; or for his father, whom he now knew had been killed, did it become real to her. His little boyish

hatred of those who had done all this, and his solemn vows of vengeance, were perhaps the most horrifying things she had seen or heard in all this horrifying experience.

One day — a day or two after the bombardment of the outer forts had begun, and when the guns were creeping closer every hour, it seemed — Albert asked her for a drink of water, which she went to the tap to fetch for him. When she turned it on there was a little spurt, a spitting spray for an instant, then that hollow, receding sound that comes from a tap when no water is there. She waited for a moment, turning the tap back and forth. She went back to the front room. "Just a minute," she said.

She ran in next door. There was no water. She saw two excited men hurrying along the street. When she reached her patient again, Patricia was there. He was asking her for a drink. "You will have to wait a little while, Albert," Patricia told him.



A STREET IN LOUVAIN FOLLOWING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

"They have broken the reservoir," she told Peggy. "With their shell fire."

In an hour the water was running again. Meanwhile Peggy had found him a drink at a neighbor's house, and he fell asleep.

"It is n't going to last much longer, Peggy," Princess Pat remarked, when she was sure that the boy was asleep.

"What is n't? The war?"

"Antwerp. The forts are falling. The broken reservoir has turned a lot of our soldiers out of their trenches."

"How do you know?"

"I met the American Consul. He advises us to leave."

"Can we take him now?" Peggy looked at Albert.

"We could, if we had to. But we can wait a few days. There are rumors that the English are coming. If they get through we can stay longer."



HARBOR AND SHIPPING SCENE, ANTWERP, BELGIUM



AMONG THE RUINS OF LOUVAIN

Peggy clenched her hands. "This poor little chap. Just see what they do."

The authorities thought it best to keep the stern facts from the citizens of Antwerp, who were still in good spirits. Quantities of wounded men were brought in under cover of darkness. Albert's mother came home with reports of new arrivals. In the evenings the cafés were filled with officers, in from the lines for a respite, or recovering from hurts.

When the Belgian government, without premonition, on October third, prepared to leave the city, and citizens were informed that they might depart if they wished to, there was great consternation and confusion. No one knew just what it meant, just what to do. Many left in boats for England, or for France. The road was still open to Ostend. Many took it. "Shall we go?" said Peggy.

"Not yet. I have made all arrangements, if the time comes, for Mrs. Pondover's car." Mrs. Pondover was a friend of Patricia's, a member of the English colony in Antwerp. "They are going. But we'll wait. Every day will make it easier."

The grandmother was breaking mentally. They saw her

going out into the street to shake a withered, empty fist at the sky. She paid no attention to the airplanes floating about. Her quarrel was with the sky itself.

The next evening Patricia came in with news — Winston Churchill was in town.

“Who ’s he?” Peggy asked.

“First Lord of the British Admiralty.”

“What is he here for?”

“I suppose it means that English forces are coming. Though I don’t see what the navy can do. They cannot get ships here. Holland could n’t let them bring them up the Scheldt.”

She had not thought of the marines, attached to the navy. They began to appear Monday, October fifth; hastily improvised levies, for the most part, thrown into the breach, many of them without having had any experience with a rifle in their entire lives, even after enlistment. There was



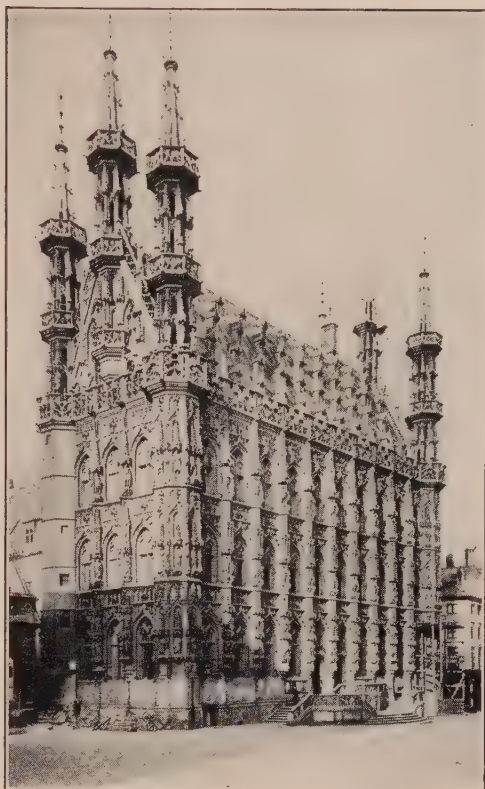
GERMAN INVADERS IN LOUVAIN

a skeleton and backbone of older units, but the bulk of them were raw recruits, poorly equipped.

The people of Antwerp, however, did not observe this as they went marching through to go out to the rescue. They thought they were the first of an English vanguard of assistance, especially when London motor busses began to show up in the streets. But only 6000 arrived in all. They had marched

in from Ostend, the Germans still leaving that road open, although they might easily have cut it, both hemming in the defenders and cutting off aid from outside. Why this was not done is at present one of the mysteries of German strategy.

The end was swift and tremendous. For the next few days fugitives came streaming into the city from that pleasant land of rich fields and poplar lanes lying outside of Antwerp, which was now being turned into desolation by the fire of the opposing forces. Whole villages were knocked down by the Belgians to make way for their gun fire; others



HOTEL DE VILLE (CITY HALL), LOUVAIN

were burned by German shells. These lighted up the sky at night.

Wednesday, October seventh, Peggy Birmingham was awakened by a stifling odor of something burning; something faintly familiar, but which she could not identify in the first moments of consciousness. She hurried to the window, calling to her aunt as she went.

The sky was filled with a vast canopy of black smoke. She recognized now the odor of burning petroleum; she had been near an oil tank fire in California. She was on the street as soon as possible. People were hurrying up and down in a panic. The inevitable was suddenly foreseen as imminent. The British had come too late; they were too few. People whispered that the Germans had crossed the Nethe; that the Belgians were withdrawing to the inner forts, too antiquated to withstand for a moment the huge shells that had crushed in the cupolas at Liège and Namur. Proclamations announced that the bombardment might begin at any time. The morning newspapers informed the people that steamboat service had been provided, and would begin at midday, to take away those who wished to go. Another proclamation instructed people in precautions to be taken against the bombardment, in case they remained.

Patricia was in the streets all morning, going around among the hospitals to see what was being planned. There were thousands of wounded soldiers to be taken away. She returned at noon. Peggy was cooking. Albert was hobbling about in front of the door, wistfully looking across to where his home had been — his wistful expression made more touching by the lines of scars which still showed only too clearly what he had been through. The grandmother had disappeared; doubtless wandered off to the hospitals again, forgetting that her son was beyond her help; carrying only the impression, borne in upon her with the first knowledge of

his deep hurt, that he was lying off there somewhere, in other hands. The mother was busy hunting for her.

"As soon as they come back, we will go," said Patricia.

Twice during the afternoon the mother returned to see whether the grandmother had come home, and went out again. The sound of firing out near the inner line of forts was distinct.

The last time she came back she told the two to take the boy to Epernay, a little town near Paris, where she had kins-



NEW LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN

people, if she did not come back in time to leave with them. They must go, but she must find her husband's mother. She wrote down the name and address on a slip of paper which she gave to Patricia. All this time the pall of black smoke was unfolding, spreading through the sky.

All day long people were hurrying through the streets, going toward the quays, where they could take ship for Holland or the coast of France; or toward the bridge of

boats which crossed the Scheldt behind the town to the railroad terminus at Waes, whence they could make their way to Ghent, or to Bergen, in Holland. Some carried packs; some were without them. Some had carts; now and then a family would go trundling along with a wheelbarrow; perhaps some of them taking turns riding in it.

Toward nightfall Patricia decided to wait no longer. She started out to get the vehicle for which she had arranged. Peggy made Albert go to sleep. He was becoming frightened — lonesome for his mother and his grandmother. He cried, as he went to sleep, for the little sister.



CLOTH HALL (LIBRARY), LOUVAIN, BEFORE THE GERMANS CAME

Peggy sat watching, waiting for Patricia. The black pall was lighted with flames from the oil tanks, and gleamed with a dozen fires in the country round about. It was like some movie spectacle, arranged for amusement. The whole thing seemed like a silly movie which would soon be over, and she would get up and go home.

Midnight, and still Patricia did not return. Peggy, waiting, watching the people still streaming past, heard an explosion nearer than any before. Then more of them. Each produced a little concussion at her heart. She knew the bombardment had begun. Almost immediately new lights flared up; a suburb was on fire. Now and then an incendiary bomb would burst high in the black smoke, showing a rosy little cavern among its folded billows.

Thus the night passed. Early in the morning, when light would have been breaking but for the hideous pungent blackness of the smoke, the people in the house, who had gone out during the night, came back with a carriage which they had obtained, and a decrepit old beast which no doubt had been assigned to pasturage before the war began. Peggy commandeered it for Albert and herself.

She was not alarmed about Patricia, knowing that her aunt was capable of taking care of herself, and that she had in abundance the quality of not permitting herself to be distressed. She herself felt that nothing mattered now, but the sheer fact of being alive, and of being able to help the lad.

Thus they started, under the pall of smoke, with the crash of bombardment in the suburbs, and the lurid light of many burning villages flickering in the edges of the sky.

Where was Teddy tonight, she wondered. What was he doing? She wished for him; wished for him with tears in her eyes. It was beginning to be a bit lonely in the crowd which was already beginning to surge around them, as they approached the bridge of boats crossing the Scheldt.

CHAPTER X

"WE ARE ALL ONE"

PATRICIA VON DER GOLTZ returned for Peggy and Albert and the two Belgian women at four o'clock in the morning, and without Mrs. Pondover's car. Mrs.



BELGIAN REFUGEES EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND

Pondover, departing with the English colony on the third, had left definite instructions and a written order in Patricia's hands, to the effect that Mrs. von der Goltz was to have the use of the car in any emergency; but Mrs. Pondover having only high social rank and no military authority, her wishes had no force or validity in

the face of events. The car had been commandeered long since.

Patricia continued her efforts to retrieve the car or to obtain another one until she felt that she could remain away from Albert and Peggy no longer. The walk back through the streets surging with panic-stricken people was long and trying. She was tired and, for the first time, disheartened.

She had walked fast and far throughout the night running down hopes of some sort of transport, lack of sleep was sapping her strength, and she was in growing distress over Albert, who must be conveyed in some way, or remain behind through the bombardment and occupation. In that case, of course, she and Peggy would remain, and the prospect was not pleasant.

When she found that her niece had gone, and learned whither, and in what manner, from the note Peggy had left, she set out at once, tired as she was, for the bridge of boats over the Scheldt, hoping possibly to come up with Peggy there, or overtake her on the way to Ostend.

It took hours to get across the Scheldt. Hundreds of thousands of people from the city, which had been swollen above its usual numbers by fugitives from the country about, were choking that one little funnel of egress. There was no order, no one to maintain order. Each one pushed and crowded for himself. Women, children, old men, few young ones — they were at war — wagons loaded with wounded



ANTWERP REFUGEES FORM A BREAD-LINE IN OSTEND, BELGIUM

men, piled in like beeves, with blood dripping through the boards of the wagons: nondescript vehicles by hundreds, churned along in an inextricable mass. There was sheer panic. These people, with Aerschot, with Louvain, with a hundred other atrocities in their minds, saw shells bursting



FRENCH ARMY ENGINEERS CONSTRUCTING A RAILROAD IN THE AISNE DISTRICT

already within their city, and the sound of gun fire seemed closer every torturing minute. Little children were separated from parents: old people were in limp heaps at the street side, unable to proceed farther even at that first stage of the journey. Patricia gave up expectation of finding Peggy short of Ostend.

Conditions among those seeking flight on boats by river to the sea were no better. Patricia saw them crowding into vessels of all kinds until the decks were nearly awash; saw the loaded vessels standing at their docks hour after hour, just as she was standing waiting to complete the passage of the bridge of boats.

But the fullest horrors of the day were reserved for the other side of the river. Hundreds of thousands of people

were strung out along the roads on the way to Ghent and Bergen, and over the fields for miles on either side, plodding toward they knew not what, but away from something of which they were very certain. She saw fallen people trampled on by those pressing on from behind; trampled on and at last kicked aside. She saw old women wheeled in barrows; saw men carried on the shoulders of their sons for a few paces, set down, and picked up again. Saw women of fashion in fur coats and high-heeled boots, clinging to the sides of wagons for what help that gave and gnawing at raw carrots pulled from the ground. Even the carrots were soon exhausted, and she saw people fainting with hunger. A woman in childbirth moaned in a ditch, while her husband, bending dumbly above her, watched in helpless silence the



AN IMPROVISED MILITARY RAILROAD IN NORTHERN FRANCE

event for which they had planned so long and happily and to which they had looked forward so eagerly.

And all the time, beneath the creaking of wheels, the cracking of whips, the chugging and grinding of motors, the calls and cries and sobs and curses of the fugitives, was the ceaseless rustle of thousands of shuffling feet along the road.

By noon Patricia had progressed scarcely five miles. She had brought some food, but had given the last of it away. Foolishly, as she now realized. She had a duty to herself and to others to get through this in the best condition possible. Anything short of doing the best she could for herself in the circumstances without directly injuring others



FARMHOUSE IN THE MARNE COUNTRY

was selfish sentimentality. In that way only could she serve others best. It was a grim, austere conclusion to come to, but she reached it and made her resolve. After all, was not this mutual human experience

through which she was going with these others like life itself, in which one must love one's neighbor best by working out one's own salvation first with fear and trembling? A microcosm, an epitome, a condensation into a few brief, poignant hours, of universal world experience?

She set forth once more, not rested, but able to go on, with her new resolve strong within her; and half an hour later found herself lifting into her arms an infant whose mother, carrying another still smaller, was no longer able to stagger under both.

A mile further she was hailed by a voice from a motor that was ploughing its way through the mass of people in the road, with a ceaseless honking of its horn. It was a car belonging to a member of the American Consulate; Patricia had appealed to him not twelve hours before in the matter of Mrs. Pondover's car. Without stopping his snail's pace he bade her get in; insisted upon it. "This is no place for you,"

he said, with a convincing finality. The car was full, but he made one of the passengers get out; an old man, half-blind, with a cane. "I've carried you for an hour," he told him.

All this went on with her trudging beside the creeping car. She handed the child back to its mother, who gave her a haunting look against which Patricia had to close her eyes and her heart, opened the door, mounted the running board, and sank into the cushions. In the very moment that she let go all her strength seemed to rush out of her and she fell asleep.

Once a man, whose wife had borne a child an hour before, driven desperate by the need in which his wife was, tried to seize the car and dispossess the driver. There was a wild *mêlée* about it for a few minutes, many coming to his rescue, others taking the man's part, until a Belgian officer with a revolver in his hand clambered down from his horse, where he had been riding asleep, and drove the man away. The



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS PATRONIZE A FRENCH TOWN PUMP

driver took the woman in, but the man had to trudge on behind. The disturbance awoke Patricia for a moment, but she went to sleep again while it was still quieting down. Peggy must watch out for her; she could not watch out for Peggy. An hour later the woman became aware that her husband was missing, separated from the car in the crowd, and nothing would do but she must get out to find him. That awoke Patricia again, partially restored to consciousness and partially refreshed in strength.

And so she came at last to Ostend, seventy weary miles in fourteen weary hours, the way opening up as they got farther from the doomed city. Patricia believed it would not be difficult to find Peggy. But no one had anything to tell her about her niece, or anyone who might be her niece, excepting that it would prove impossible for her to have gotten through to France by way of Ostend, or for anyone to do so now. Only a small number of the fugitives had come so far, she learned. There was a great deal of mystery; over something to do, no doubt, with military movements.

At last Patricia found some British officers who would talk. There was nothing for it, they told her, but to go on to England: which seemed wise, in the circumstances. If Peggy had come through, she had doubtless done the same thing, and would make her way to the Stephensens in London. Paris was out of the question, and there was no point in remaining at Ostend. If Peggy had not yet arrived, she would leave word for her to follow with officials who would be sure to see her.

Patricia had to wait a night and a day before she could board a steamer and cross the Channel. By that time she was certain that Peggy had gone on before, and was comparatively at ease about her: still anxious and eager to see her, but not acutely worried. She learned, while she was waiting, what had been happening at Antwerp while she

was too much in the midst of things to be able to observe them. The fighting had resolved itself into a field engagement in which the Belgians, exhausted as they were, and outnumbered in men and guns, clung nevertheless to rivers and roads and towns until their Army and most of the British forces, which had only come up in time to get themselves into difficulties, were brought off free. There had been especially heavy and heroic fighting at Zele, according



HERBERT ASQUITH

to reports, where a Belgian force which had been sent west on the sixth of September prevented the Germans from cutting the line of retreat to Ostend, holding the enemy off for two days, until all danger was passed. On the ninth, when the Germans entered Antwerp, they had found it a deserted city. Never since the days of Babylon, some one remarked, had there been such an exodus of population from



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HELIGOLAND

a threatened city; a fine commentary on the Germans who compelled it by the reputation their behavior had won for them in advance.

Patricia, landing at Dover, reached London on October tenth, rolling up in front of the Stephens home late in the afternoon, garbed as she was in the clothes in which she had left Antwerp "ages" before.

Mr. Stephens was home alone. Both his wife and his daughter were out on Red Cross and relief work which even then was beginning to absorb the attention of the women of England. Miss Mildred, he thought, was at the Savoy. There was still some work to be done, he believed, at the American headquarters there. "She has been going over there since Mr. Sam Stevens left."

"Oh, is he gone?"



HILLGOLAND RISES GERM AND FORBIDDING OUT OF THE NORTH SEA — A NATURAL IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS

Mr. Stephens laughed. "Yes. He could n't keep out of it. He went over to Paris and joined the Foreign Legion, I understand. . . . Well, you have been having your own experiences, haven't you?"

She said that she had. "And where is Peggy? Is n't Peggy here?"

"I don't know!" cried Mr. Stephens, recalling that the two had been together in Belgium and realizing for the first time that the other was not with her aunt. "Where is she? Is n't she with you?"

It was a shock to Patricia to find that Peggy was not there. She was glad that she had a chance to get herself together and brace herself for the time when she should have to explain to Mildred that Peggy was missing.

She explained sketchily and as casually as she could to Mr. Stephens. "I was n't sure," she said. "I thought she might have come on. And where is the Stevens family? Is Teddy gone?"

Mr. Stephens laughed again. "The young man left in a wretched state of mind," he said. "He felt quite as though he was leaving Miss Peggy to her fate. But he saw, of course, that there was nothing he could do."

Brooke, he informed her, had enlisted. "Poor chap! It was quite a struggle. He hates it all so, and feels that there should have been another way out. There was never any doubt, of course, in his own mind, about what he would do. He suffered from the necessity of its having to be done rather than from the doing of it."

"Where is he now?"

"Aldershot."

"And Lieutenant Stephens?"

"Captain Stephens," corrected his father, with another little laugh. "Captain Stephens now. We have just had letters from him written after the Aisne battles. He has had

some terrible experiences." The father's face clouded for a passing moment with anxiety. Volney was at Mons, and in the retreat, he told her. "He went all through the Marne, and the Aisne. And the end is not in sight. Not anywhere in sight. We are very glad to have him able to do it, of course, but it gives us some heavy moments. The losses have been incredible, appalling. We have no conception. Every day I hear of friends whose boys have gone out —



STREET SCENE IN TSING-TAU DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

killed, you know. It seems as though the flower of the land had already been plucked up."

Patricia pressed for more information about the Western Front. What was developing. Was it a stalemate, as so many were beginning to say? Why had they failed to push the Germans back, after the Marne?

"Exhaustion, largely," said Mr. Stephens. "And too many Germans," he added, with a smile. "It was a fagged Army that went into the Marne fighting; that went into Mons, for the matter of that. Right off the trains, most of them with no time to look about and get their breath, but

thrown in immediately. It 's all a part of war, of course. Then came that hideous week. Then the stand at the Marne. Flesh and blood can go just so far. It went much farther this time, as a matter of fact. But when the Germans reached positions on the Aisne which they had carefully and thoroughly prepared, it had to come to an end for the time. We fought on, to be sure, for six days; deadly fighting. It was assumed at first that the Germans were merely making a rearguard action, to hold back the Allies, who were worrying them a great deal. But it was soon seen that they were in their prepared positions, which they had made ready after they swept through that country on the way to the Marne.

“Our boy is over there somewhere now. It has been rather wretched for all of them. It has rained for the last two weeks, and the chalky soil has turned to paste. The British have dug in, too. Their trenches are very deep affairs, as I understand them; not breastworks thrown up on top of the ground, such as in former wars, but deep, vertical ditches. You can see for yourself what happens when it rains. But he is well, and glad to be there. Now Brooke is going over.”

Mrs. Stephens came in upon them, and Patricia went off with her.

She was getting into some of Mildred's clothes — rather scant for her — after a most luxurious bath, when her niece appeared.

Mildred had learned downstairs that her aunt had arrived. Something in the content or manner of the announcement had sent her flying up with her heart in her mouth and a consuming desire to be alone with Princess Pat when she asked the question she had not dared to ask below.

“Where 's Peggy?” she cried.

"She went on to a little town near Paris," Patricia answered, quietly. "Gracious, I don't know how I am ever going to get into these things. Why are n't you just a little stouter, Mildred? . . . We had a dreadful time getting out of Antwerp, and she went on ahead. You see, we had a little boy in our charge." She told Mildred briefly about Albert. "So Peggy went to take him to the only people he has left by this time, perhaps, in a little town near Paris. And I ran over here to see how things were. We'll join her soon."

"Oh, Aunt Patricia! Why did you let her go alone?"

"She is all right," said Patricia, firmly. "She will do the right thing and be in the right place. Peggy, my dear, is

no longer the girl you knew. You will be surprised to see how much she has changed."

Mildred was far from reassured, but forebore to say more. "She has some letters here. Several from Teddy. Had we better forward them?"

"Perhaps I had better take them to her."

"Teddy has enlisted with the Canadians.



HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER

Does Peggy know? He wrote me a perfectly frantic letter, blaming himself for leaving her. I had cabled him that you and Peggy were not here yet. I had promised him that I would. He scarcely waited to get home. He is in training now, somewhere in Canada."

"I am glad," said Princess Pat. "Peggy will be so happy. . . . Don't think she doesn't know what it means!"

"I know too," said Mildred.

Her aunt gave her a quick look. "Volney?" she said.

"Yes. . . . Are we going home?"

"Why should we, if we can help here? If we find we are in the way it will be time enough to go."

"Uncle Sam has joined the Foreign Legion, in France."

"I know."

There were solid hours of talk about the war during dinner and afterward. Mr. Stephen had kept his poise and freedom from idle prejudices and theories better than most, perhaps; although he was beginning to feel impatient toward Prime Minister Asquith, for what seemed to him needless bungling. "We don't mind doing our bit, all of us," he remarked, "but we don't like to see it wasted."



WAR-WRECKED WATERFRONT OF OSTEND

There had been big events in the eastern theater of war of which Patricia had heard only broken and meager reports. Mr. Stephen made them clear to her. "The Russians got as far as the lower Vistula, in East Prussia, on the day that our boys were struggling out of the trap at Maubeuge in that horrible week after Mons," he began. "It was necessary for the Germans to drive them out. The Germans, frightened, of course, by the very things they use to terrify others, saw in this irruption the beginning of the Russian invasion. It had to be stopped. Also, it rendered Posen useless, as it left a foe on the flanks of any advance which might be made from there. Besides which, it was the ancient domain of the Hohenzollerns. Königsberg had been a capital when Berlin was an unknown fishing village in the swamps of the Spree. So the Russians had to go; and the Germans had a man that could drive them out — von Hindenburg. We must be very careful not to permit ourselves to fall victims to the belief in his prowess which the Germans are so assiduously cultivating, but there is no question that he is an able commander. He had fought maneuvers over that country until he knew every inch of it, and had all his plans perfected for meeting the Russian invasion, if it ever came. The country is full of lakes and swamps. Hindenburg, behind a front almost impassable, let the Russians under Samsonov burn themselves out, made a feint with his right, and fell upon their right with crushing force. Samsonov went in with five Army Corps, and came out with barely more than one. And all the time reports kept coming into London that the Cossacks would be in Berlin in three weeks. A great many of them were, with their arms and trophies, but not as victors."

Patricia wanted to know what Russia might be expected to do. Mr. Stephens was noncommittal. The country was clumsy, he said. "But Russia has progressed, and someone

has made the Russian think it is a holy war. He has a religious nature, the moujik. They have achieved notable results in Poland," he went on. "They captured Lemberg after a brilliant series of movements, and later virtually obliterated as an organized force the Austrian armies marshalled against them. One army got into the Carpathians. Another moved well on toward Cracow, a vital point. The Russian gesture was to come to the Poles as a deliverer of their country. The Czar issued a proclamation promising



TRENCHES AND GUNS DEFENDING OSTEND

it to them. Just now the Russians are making progress into Galicia and are threatening Silesia, which is one of the richest provinces of the enemy, and quite important to them. They hold some of the biggest oil fields in the Carpathian foothills, upon which Germany depends for petrol. She has immense petrol transport, and her consumption of it is prodigious. It is as important as powder. They have enveloped Przemysl. Every day or two we hear that it is captured. Now we are beginning to hear of advances into Poland by a reorganized German and Austrian Army under von Hindenburg. If it is true, the Germans are not going to



A FORT BUILT BY THE GERMANS AT OSTEND

wait for the Russians to come any farther. Their advances are spectacular and imposing, but they seem in some queer way to be soft. They stop off before they are driven home."

The talk swung back to England and political aspects. "England must wake up," he said. "We must see that this is no ordinary war we have on hand, but a fight of extermination. Our people go about much as they always do, reading reports from the front much as they read cricket scores. 'Business as usual,' they say, to cover up their own mental lethargy and to provide themselves with excuses for letting others take up the burden of this war. We are united enough in thought and intentions. The Opposition has behaved splendidly. The Irish situation has tempered down like a teapot when you take it off the fire. People are subscribing liberally to all sorts of funds. The aristocrats and idle folk have given up their amusements and pitched in to see what they can do — perhaps, for the time, as another form of amusement. Lord Kitchener tells us, when he asks for recruits, that it will take us three years of hard fighting. They called him in immediately, you know. Everybody

feels that everybody else should join up at once, and does his best to get him to do so. We all have a sort of off-handed way of leaving it to the experts, while we go about our ‘business as usual.’ But our young men are proving fine; the young Englishman of family and station. Oxford is being depleted. Cambridge, too, of course. Brooke joined up with all his radical friends, went into the officers’ training camp. We shall pull through all right; we always do. But we shall have to know that there is a real war at hand, and not be quite so academic about it. Germany stops at nothing this time. We can’t understand how she hates us. Have you heard her Hymn of Hate?

“ ‘Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of our millions choking down.
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe, and one alone —
England!’ ”

“Incredible, is n’t it? You see, we have spoiled her game for her. We have kept her off the ocean. Her fleet is



GERMANS CROSSING A BRIDGE OF BOATS OVER THE SCHELDT

bottled up in Heligoland now. There has been scarcely a brush at sea. One little affair in the Bight of Heligoland, last month. And a few of our ships sunk by their submarines. Three — the *Cressy*, *Aboukir* and *Hogue* — were torpedoed by one submarine — the *Ug* — on the twenty-second. A most unfortunate affair. Boats of no great moment, but full of fine lads. Our Mr. Langworthy had just been transferred from the *Aboukir*. The first one of the three had been sunk, and the other two went to the succor of her crew. The Germans took them three in a row — a skilful feat, of course. Now an admiralty order has gone out that there are to be no more attempts at rescue. Ships are more valuable than men. War shows how cruel it is; how absurd. . . . Japan, you know, is with us. She has taken a hand in it at Kiao-Chau. Turkey will be dragged in with Germany no doubt. Germany will see to that. We have let that country slip into Teuton hands during the past few years —



VIEW OF CRACOW, POLAND

much to our glory, I say. The *Goeben* and *Breslau*, two German cruisers which eluded us, have sought sanctuary in Constantinople in circumstances which violate every law of neutrality. Now they are trying to instigate among the Moslems a holy war of extermination of all Christians. I imagine they will find that the Mohammedan religion has little more hold on its devotees, when it comes to a collision with selfish interests, than the Christian religion has. . . .

“The world is in a great turmoil, which affects every corner. Neutral States near here and at the ends of the earth must suffer. Your United States is suffering already commercially. It is necessary to restrict the importation into Germany of many things that come from you. Some of your merchants have resorted to the device of consigning their goods to countries contiguous to Germany, whence they will be sent over to the enemy. With the control of the sea, we should be foolish and derelict in our duty if we did not take cognizance of this. Hence our doctrine of ‘ultimate destination.’ They must prove that what is consigned to a neutral country is for bonafide use in that country. Precisely the doctrine set forth against some of our merchants by the Federal Government during your Civil War. But your people have forgotten that, and are raising the same sort of vigorous objection that our people raised fifty-five years ago. . . . Well, we shall see what will come of it all. A better world, let us hope, and one in which this sort of thing will be forever impossible. . . . When you are ready, you will no doubt join us. The future liberty and freedom of the world rests now in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race; and we are all one.”

CHAPTER XI

CAFÉ FOR TWO

SAMUEL STEVENS really had no business to be in Paris that night, according to the regulations. He was a Legionnaire, and Legionnaires had something better to do than to run around the streets of the capital with cap acock and an eye for pleasure. But the captain of his company



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AT THE
OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

turned out to be an old acquaintance whom he had known well for a few days in Algiers when he was passing that way a few years before, and the captain had certain things to say at headquarters in Paris, which he wanted said right and which he could not find an opportunity to say in person. So what more natural than that he should select a circumspect American with a gift of expression whom he had known and trusted in Algiers, and send him up to Paris with his messages?

Samuel Stevens, having attended to his mission to the complete satisfaction of himself, at least, if not to that of the others concerned, and finding that he had several hours on his hands before he need think of rejoining his command, set out upon some important business of his own; that of finding a congenial spirit with whom to pass those few hours.

Swinging around a corner in the darkened streets, he narrowly escaped colliding with a woman who was rounding the corner at the same time from the opposite direction. Sam stepped aside to let her pass. She stepped to the same



GERMAN WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS

side for the same purpose. Sam stepped to the other side. She stepped in front of him again. The performance was repeated.

"If she 'd only stand still for a minute I 'd do a leapfrog," Sam said to himself, in perfectly safe English.

A delightful voice broke out in the darkness: "I thought you were a Frenchman."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Sam. "Where 'd you come from?"



RUIN WROUGHT BY THE GERMANS ON THE AISNE

They stood peering at each other curiously through the darkness. "It is fine of you to be doing this," the woman said.

"What? Fox-trotting with you here on a Paris street corner?"

He felt the woman smile. "No. Wearing a French uniform. The Foreign Legion, is it not?"

"Yes. Quite an outfit, is n't it? They've issued us overalls to wear over these pink pantaloons. That makes us harder to hit, they tell us. And a veil for the red hat. . . . Where shall we go?"

"I don't quite understand," the woman returned.

"You would n't expect two perfectly strange Americans to meet like this in Paris, in times like these, without having a few words together, would you?"

The woman seemed to be thinking it over. "I don't know of any reason why we should n't," she said. "We might at least see how we get along."

"Of course. . . . I know where we'll go." He started to guide her down one of the streets which intersected where they stood.

"Are you sure you have time?" she submitted. "You seemed to be in a great hurry."

"I was in a hurry to find somebody that I knew, and I seem to have done much better," he replied. "I suppose you could eat a little something, just as a background for a chat?"

"It would be more than a background for me," the woman laughed. "I was just stepping out for a bit of supper. . . . I wonder if we are both thinking of the same place?"

It turned out that they were — a little restaurant around a corner, prosy and respectable, in a quaint, quiet street. "Good!" exclaimed the woman. "It seems too good to be somewhere where you have been before."

They glanced at each other as they entered the lighted place. Sam grinned. "Patricia!" he said.

"Sam!"

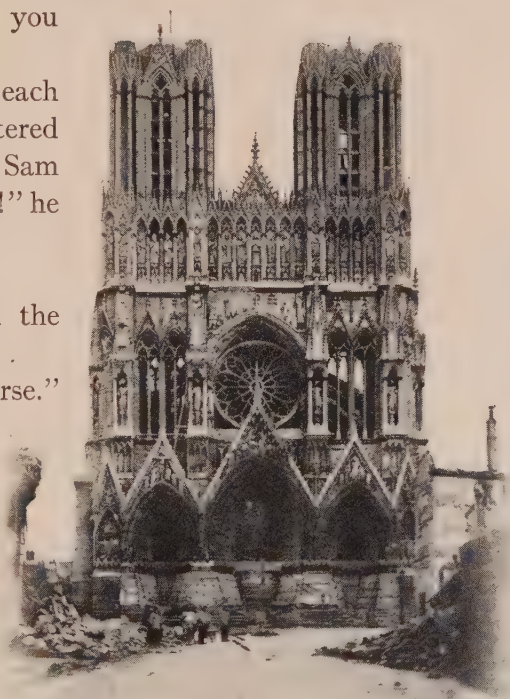
"I knew it all the time."

"So did I, of course."

"Why didn't you say so? . . . Here. Sit here."

"It was such fun to hear you rattle on to a stranger."

Sam drew up opposite her, across the little



FAÇADE OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL



RHEIMS PALACE OF JUSTICE AND CATHEDRAL
AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

table. "Unfortunately for the experiment, you were not a stranger. As a matter of fact, my dear Patricia, life holds no strangers. I am still searching the world for one. Of course, we shut ourselves up from each other, or try to. But it won't work. Once break through your own shell and you find there is no shell on the other fellow either."

"We are always our own difficulties, are n't we?" she queried.

"Are n't we!" echoed Sam. "Well, how 's this?"

He meant: How did she like the restaurant?

She loved it, she said. She had always loved to come there. "But it is so changed. Everyone is away, I suppose."

"*C'est la guerre*," said Stevens. "Old Pierre is cooking for the Army in Verdun. His two sons went out in August. One of them was killed on the Marne. The other is up Albert way, they think. Been pretty savage up there lately, too."

There was n't much to choose from in ordering. Patricia selected a little dinner, without wine. Sam took a salad, to keep her company. "I have eaten four times since noon," he explained. "I should n't like to have our regimental *chef du cuisine* know it. A proud and sensitive man, he is. . . . Well! You have a lot to tell, have n't you?"

She certainly had. "I don't know where to begin," she said.

"Suppose you begin with yourself. Are you all right? And where's Peggy?"

Her lip trembled for an instant, and there was a moment's hint of moisture in her eye. "I don't know where Peggy is," she answered. "I am here to find her. I have n't seen her since Antwerp."

"Antwerp! You were there?"

Then she told him what they had been through, she and Peggy, beginning at the beginning, at Liége, with an excursion back into Germany by way of prologue, and coming down to the bombardment of Antwerp and the flight from it; letting herself go with it for the first time. In London she had felt that she had to keep up courage for the rest of them, but here, with Sam. . . . Sam could take care of himself.

Her narrative was sketchy. Sam helped her out by cutting in with questions. "One night they bombed the city," she concluded. "One of the bombs dropped in the street in front of the house where we were staying. Peggy was with me. Nothing was left of our chamber but two walls and a part of the floor. We slid out into the street. The rest of the house was in ruins. There was a little boy living in the house, with his sister and grandmother. The boy became our charge. He was dreadfully injured. The mother was cooking in the hospitals, where the

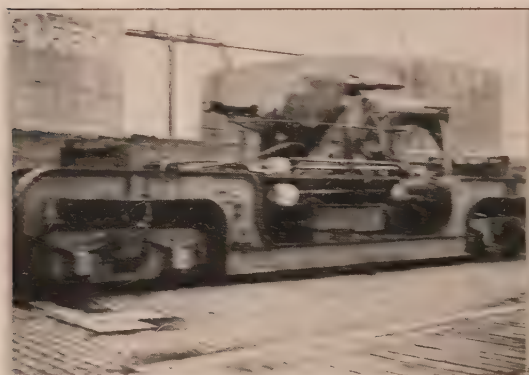


SECTION OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL, SHOWING ITS
EXQUISITE ARCHITECTURE

father was dying of his wounds, while the grandmother pined the streets mumbling and shaking her fists at the sky. Such fists! I would n't like to be her God!"

Uncle Sam kept exclaiming, under his breath: "Gah!" "Humph!" "Heavens!"

"Then the bombardment commenced, and we had to leave. Peggy and I got separated. I left her with the little boy while I went for something to travel in. I had the



A FORD MODEL T IN NEW YORK CITY

promise of a car, but of course it was commandeered. When I got back she had gone on ahead with the boy in another conveyance. I have not seen her since, nor had any word from her. Naturally

I am worried." She managed to smile at Sam.

"Naturally you are. Have n't you any idea where she is, or what has happened to her?"

"Only that the little boy had relatives in Epernay and that the mother wanted us to take him to them, if we could."

"Epernay?" Sam exclaimed. "That's where I'm bound for! That's where our regiment is stationed tonight."

"Really? How wonderful! Then you can see if she is there! I have n't been able to get a *laissez passer* to go so far, and no one seems to have time to hunt her up for me. There is some fighting expected near there, they tell me."

"I'll find her," said Uncle Sam.



RHEIMS AND THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEPTEMBER 19, 1914

"Tell her that you saw me and that everything is all right and that I'll get up there as soon as I can, and to wait. And that Teddy Jr. has enlisted. With the Canadians."

"No!" cried Uncle Sam. "Great! . . . But I would n't try to get down to Epernay, Patricia," he advised. "You



A BIG BRITISH GUN AND CREW

let me find her and send her back to you here. No use of your going out there."

"But we must wait there for the mother — if she ever comes."

Sam persuaded her that that was not necessary. "We can leave word for the mother."

"There have been so many separations and failures to meet."

"And I am afraid it is n't going to be very pleasant down there for a little while, Patricia. Much better to tuck them away here with you for the time being, at least."

Patricia capitulated. "Perhaps you are right," she conceded.

"Finances all right?" ventured Sam. "Times like this, you know."

They were. She thanked him. "You think" . . . she went on, looking across at him in his uniform. "Are you expecting — trouble — where you are?"

"Well, we don't quite know, of course. 'Us privates'." Sam laughed. "But we hardly expect anything else."

"How are things out there, Sam? Everywhere? What do you think?"

"Nobody knows," said Sam. "There's nothing doing on the Aisne. The Germans are burrowed in there to stay. It looks like a stalemate all along the line. Too bad, too. We almost had them toppled over. But we could n't quite seem to manage the final push. Everybody got out of wind at once. The Germans sent the Crown Prince down to try to get through Verdun way, but it did n't work. Now there seems to be a great scramble for the end of the line up north. They began to figure on working around the north end of the line, or getting to the coast, or something of that sort. The Germans, I mean. And we tried the same game at the same time. We began to send out our line to the left, and it is getting to be a race now to see who gets there first. There was a big fight at Albert, and it keeps on burning north, like a fire in a piece of string. The English, I imagine, want to join up with the Belgian Army if they can, and make a line through to the sea. There are some important points up there they all want. Lille, for instance: a great railroad town and a great place for making autos. I guess they are fighting for that by this time. It was in our hands last. Now the Germans are whanging away at it with their guns. Think of it! Just like fighting for Detroit, and standing off and smashing things to pieces. Nothing counts! Nothing counts! Everything goes by the board. I can't get used to it. Fancy what they did to Rheims Cathedral! And little

villages! Homes where people have lived all their lives! Wiped out. Like that!" He made a gesture to illustrate.

"I know," said the woman. "I was in Belgium."

"Of course. . . . Well. We've got to hang on. One thing is sure. Paris was saved by an eyelash."

It was time to go. Sam's leave of absence was not up, but he wanted to get back to Epernay to hunt up Peggy.

Patricia gave him the name and address of the *pension* where she was staying. He walked along with her, and they parted at the door.

"It's fine of you, Sam," she said. "This," lifting the lapel of his private's coat. "But isn't it absurd!"

"Ridiculous, Patricia. Well. . . . You'll hear from Peggy tomorrow."

And he went off down the street, not quite so jaunty, wondering what sort of a woman it was that took things so calmly.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed to himself.

CHAPTER XII

FIRST YPRES

BALKED in the attempt to crush and annihilate the Allied Armies, and held firmly in prepared trenches on the Aisne, the German General Staff made swift plans to pass around or break through the left of the Allied forces and



ARMED FOR TRENCH WARFARE

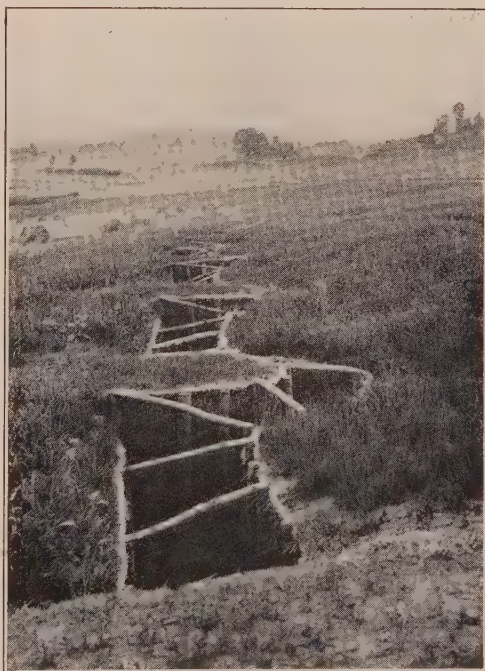
reach the Channel ports — Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne. This would give them a fine field of operations against Paris in the valley of the Seine, would tend to cut the communications between the French and British, and would form a base for eventual invasion of England itself, if all went well.

The movement coincided in point of time with the race northward of the British Armies and of strong French forces, with the end in view of passing around the German right

flank and threatening the German communications through Belgium. The two movements therefore became a race for the sea, as Samuel Stevens had described them to Patricia, and ended in a draw, in that the Allied forces found Germans on hand at points which they especially needed, and the Germans found Allies where their presence was an obstacle.

But there was this difference: The Allied Armies were stretched out to a thin thread for one hundred miles, with no new sources to look to for important additions before the English levies could be expected; while the Germans were not only able to withdraw many men from positions further south and east, but they also had a comparatively fresh Army released from the attack upon Antwerp by the evacuation of that city, and by fresh troops which were constantly crossing Belgium from Germany, so that the weight of men was three to one against the French and British throughout the line, and, at points of pressure, as high as five to one.

The situation at the end of the race was further favorable to the Germans in that the initiative had passed to them through this preponderance of force, and through certain advantages of priority at certain points. The alignment of the two Armies was not reached without much severe fighting, but the real struggle did not begin until both were fairly well in place. The Allied line ran from Albert north through Arras, behind La Bassée, in front of Armentières, included Ypres in a deep salient driven into the German lines, and receded to meet the Belgian forces at Dixmude, whence



A TRENCH IN FLANDERS FIELDS

it passed along the Yser canal to Nieuport. There was a mixture of forces and commands from La Bassée, where the French and British forces joined, to the sea; but the British for the most part held the line from that point to Bixschoote, including the Ypres salient.

There were four things for the Germans to do. One was to smash through at Arras, seize Calais, Dunkirk and Boulogne, fold back the Allies on their right against the sea, and destroy them piecemeal. Another thing was to break through further north at La Bassée, where the British and the French joined hands, and perform the same operation, the only difference being that a smaller part of the enemy's force would in this way be destroyed. A third move was along the coast *via* Nieuport against the Belgians on the line of the Yser, which would turn the Allied flank and provide the coast road to Calais. A fourth operation was to flatten out the Ypres salient, which was full of threats of a flank



A VILLAGE ON THE ROAD TO RHEIMS



ENCAMPMENT OF GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR, ON THE MARNE

movement against the Germans so long as it continued to exist. Full force thrown against any one of these points no doubt would have achieved the purpose. But the Germans attempted all four at once, beginning with Arras on October twentieth, and following with Ypres on the twenty-first, with La Bassée on the twenty-third, and with the Yser on the following day.

Captain Volney Stephens was at Ypres. Since that Sunday at Mons he had fought up and down France in all the big engagements — the Marne, the Aisne, the race to the sea, and now on the narrow peninsula of troops thrust into the German lines. "We have come to the big show," he wrote home, in the middle of October. "We have been just too late all the way, but so have they, so it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. Now they are bound to break through somewhere, or lose every advantage they have won in the first few weeks and fall back on a defensive that will last until we can gather strength enough to push them over. They know this better than we do, and they will do or die in the attempt to get through. It will come any day now. Everywhere we press forward we find them in force, with new units

showing up every day. You need n't expect to hear from me much when the row begins, so don't worry when no word comes."

Snokes put it differently, to his comrades in the trenches. "The blighters are in the 'ell of a 'ole; but we 're in it with 'em; so Gawd 'elp 'is little ones when the shindy comes."

The salient at Ypres was what was left of the British attempt to reach Menin and pivot against the right of the oncoming Germans. It swept in a blunt arc from Hollebeck, where it left the main line of the British, in front of Klein Zillebeke, through Zonnebeke and Langemark to Bixschoote, where it joined with the French lines, continuing north to meet the Belgians. The length was thirty miles.

The battle began on October twenty-first. Three weeks later — on November eleventh — Captain Stephens stood in his trench at the apex of the salient, behind Snokes. It seemed an eternity since they first passed through Ypres and moved into a similar position on what was then the front of the salient. The events of the past twenty days were like the recollection of a delirious dream. Only a pitiful remnant of their original force remained. Barely one-tenth of their officers were left; barely a fifth of their rank and file. Almost without cessation, entirely without adequate rest and recuperation, they had been desperately clinging to a line, all too long, against forces constantly being renewed and replenished, which often reached a proportion of eight to one against them. It was beyond experience and belief that flesh and blood and nerves could stand so much. Out there under a leaden sky, with bleak winds blowing across a bleaker landscape, with rain turning at last to bitter cold and a final blizzard, without rest, with food uncertain, sure only of a relentless and inexhaustible enemy, they had held the line for civilization while the barbarian surges broke time and again upon that thin barrier.

Now here, now there, the pressure had shifted, risen to an unbearable weight, and sunk away, only to be renewed at another point. Behind the bending line the British commander, with his staff about him, shuttled tired troops into desperate breaches; stemmed a tide here that had broken through, hurled fragments of brigades, dismounted cavalry, transport men, cooks, anything that could be gathered together for the emergency, against trenches that had fallen into enemy hands and threatened disaster. Here and there the line was permanently withdrawn to shorten and strengthen it; here and there lodgments were obtained which were not shaken loose again; here and there the threat of piercing the defence was made good for hours at a time, only to be redeemed at hideous cost. But at the end of three weeks the line was intact, and Captain Stephens with his men — or what was left of them — waited in the foremost trenches for the next blow.

They did not look like soldiers, those men. Entombed miners, perhaps, liberated at the last possible moment, they resembled. Or refugees from some overwhelming catastrophe of nature. Gaunt, haggard, staring, silent specters



BRITISH TANKS WAITING FOR ORDERS TO ADVANCE

they were; begrimed and bedraggled from head to toe; clothes soiled, crumpled, torn; faces and hands caked with dirt; many of them spotted or smeared with blood stains from their own wounds or their comrades'. Workmen they were — not soldiers — workmen engaged in the ghoulis occupation of slow, deliberate, persistent, remorseless killing. Some were exhausted to the point of stupor. They were silent, mechanical, unthinking, unfeeling. Others had turned sullen and bitter; they snarled at their fellows, glared at their officers, killed their enemies with uncton and a fiery eye. They were no longer human; they were no longer men; they were just little clumps of animated matter holding back the flood.

There had been three days of comparative quiet, with little going on but artillery fire. All day on the tenth Snokes and his companions had lain out in the trench near Ghelevelt. Shells were thumping in and exploding regularly. They paid no attention; even when some comrade, or some group of comrades, was wiped out. Once somebody's arm flung

itself about Snokes's neck. He unwrapped it, taking the hand in his, and threw it out in front of the trenches.

They took turns standing watch. A hundred yards away were trenches which they had once held. Most of them were obliterated. Snokes knew that friends of his were lying



ENGLISH INFANTRY MARCHING THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE



THE SHELL-TORN CLOTH HALL AND ADJACENT RUINS IN YPRES



BRITISH SUPPLY TRAIN ON THE MENIN ROAD NEAR THE YSER CANAL

under the débris. Others were lying between him and the old trenches together with many Germans hunched up on the ground. The wind, turning cold and blowing more fiercely, would flap up the skirt of a tunic now and then. One dead soldier's hair was uncommonly long. The wind tossed and fluttered it. Now and then a dash of rain beat upon the skull of the corpse, pasting the hair against it.

Snokes was on watch early in the morning of the eleventh. There had been a storm of shells; they still came incessantly; the roaring rip of the big ones, the crackling of those of smaller caliber, and filtering through it all the sizzling whine of rifle bullets.

Peering out into the semi-dusk, which was just beginning to take on the gray of earliest morning, Snokes thought he saw something which made him look again. He shut his

eyes tight, took a deep breath, settled himself as though for a shot, shook his shoulders, opened his eyes and fixed his gaze down the road to Menin.

He saw serried ranks marching up at the Prussian parade step — the goose step. “’Ere they come,” he announced to Captain Stephens, leaning against the back of the trench at the moment. He had been along the lines for a look, and was on his way back to the shelter which served for his headquarters.

Stephens raised himself up onto the firing step. “Ay,” he said. “The Prussian Guard.”

He hurried out his men, sending the little handful of officers and N. C. O.’s which he had left to rout them out. “Steady all,” he ordered. “This ought to be the last of it. They ’re shooting their last bolt.”

In another minute the entire British line was aflame with rifle and machine gun fire.



BRITISH ARTILLERY AT BOULOGNE

But the Prussian Guard came on, parade step and all. Snokes, firing as fast as he could, saw what big fellows they were. They were dropping to the ground like leaves. Bunches of them would turn soft and descend into a lump at once. But those behind came on.

Snokes began to swear. His rifle was getting too hot to handle. He heard a grunt and saw the man next to him slip into the bottom of the trench. He jumped down, took that rifle, and went on with it. It was just as hot as his, but the change somehow satisfied him.

He saw places where the Prussian Guard was reaching trenches to right and left. He was beginning to have to fire up at a slant in order to hit the bodies of the big hulking fellows coming on. They had given up their parade step now. Each shot was a sure shot. Snokes noticed that the gun he had taken had no bayonet fixed. He stepped back into the trench and recovered his own. Captain Stephens had a rifle, and was firing it.

Suddenly Snokes' shoulder felt as though someone had pushed the end of a lighted cigar against it. Then a little stiff rod seemed to be fastened through it, making it difficult for him to use his arm. In another moment, Prussian Guards were tumbling into the trench; some on their feet, some on their necks. He took a lunge at one as he landed. He felt his steel bayonet grating against bones. It was hard to get it back quickly. He gave it a sharp twist to free it as he withdrew. Something came against his cheek, shooting out sparks from his eyes. It was a glancing blow of a gun-butt. He did n't know where it had come from; but he had a chance to plunge his bayonet into the broad back of another German who, with three others, was pressing Captain Stephens hard. Snokes took time to fire at one of the remaining three, and saw him slide to the ground, under Stephens' struggling heel. He saw Stephens take care of

another of the three. Then he saw Stephens no more; for he had his hands full elsewhere.

The Prussians kept pouring in. Snokes found himself near the head of a communication trench. A couple of Tommies were holding half a dozen at bay about its entrance. He slipped in between them. His arm was getting stiff; he had to do most of his lunging with one arm, and the rifle was becoming like lead. Now and then he whirled it end for end and smashed in a leering face with the butt of it. The corners of his lips were drawn down; he was giving vent to a strange squeaky grunt with each blow. He continually felt new bruises, and stinging contusions of bayonet thrusts. Then he felt himself slumping; and in another moment was being half carried, half pushed along the communicating trench, cursing, and calling the Germans names not often used, even in London.

He had no intention of stopping. When he looked back from the second line trench he saw the Prussian Guard standing about uncertain what to do. Many of them were invisible in the trenches; others were on top of the ground, toppling over rapidly under the fire of British rifles and machine guns, directed from three sides.

There was a rush of feet and some Scottish troops went leaping past toward the Germans out in front. Snokes sat down and went to sleep.

He woke up in a dug-out. Somebody was pawing him, and it was hurting. He saw that it was a doctor, and said nothing. He did n't ask what was going on out in front. He did n't care. If the Germans kept on coming, it was up to these men here to get him out of their way. When they got through pawing him, he would go to sleep again. And he did.

The Germans got no farther. They held some of the trenches they had taken in that last mad attack, but were

dislodged from most of them. For two or three days there were sporadic attempts to continue the assault at various places on the line, but they came to nothing; although to those who met them and turned them back they seemed severe enough; and in any other than this titan of wars they would have ranked in themselves as battles of the first degree.

And so the tide of blood ebbed away. Snokes, hobbling to the rear three days later, looked around upon the wreckage of an army huddled and shivering in a vicious blizzard, driving snow and sleet across the broken, torn, sodden fields.

And that bitter blast bore away with it the last breath of Lord Roberts, beloved of the British soldier, and their greatest fighter of many years, up to that time. He had come over from England to see some of his own pet troops who had been transported from India to defend their foster mother from the wild beast that had run amuck among the sahibs of the West. A fitting accompaniment to one of the greatest deeds of British arms — the stemming of the German tide at Ypres.

CHAPTER XIII

PEGGY

WHEN Uncle Sam reached Epernay he found that the regiment to which he was attached had marched through the place and was at Hautvilliers, a little village on a hilltop beyond.

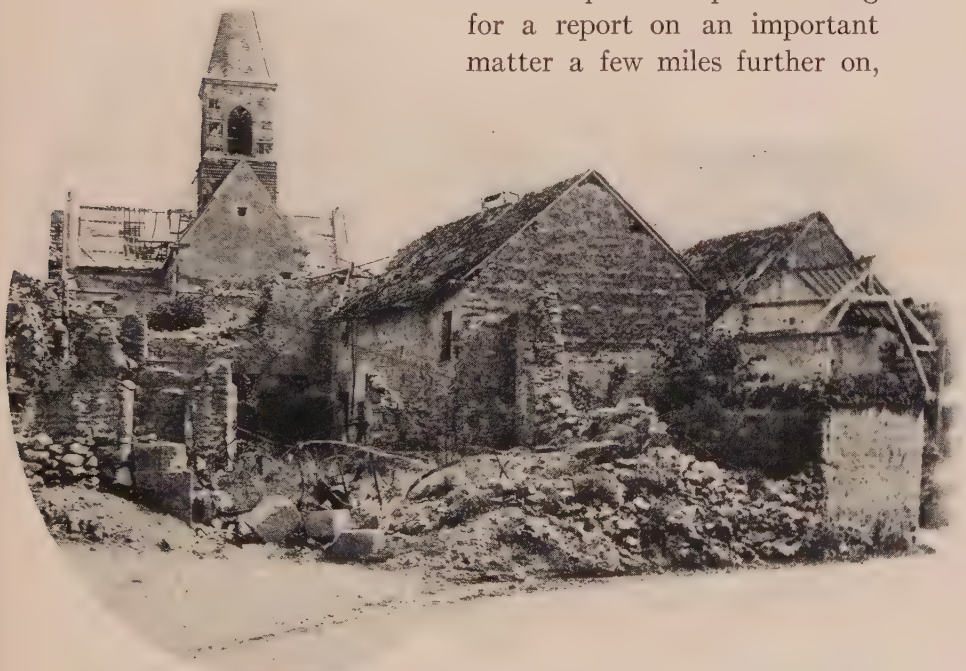
He had come part way in a Paris motor bus, which was being used for transport of troops, and part in a lorry. A portion of the trip was through the Marne battlefields. Evidences of destruction were all about. The world looked as though titanic workmen had gone off and left it unfinished, after a riot. The earth was turned up raw, trees had all their limbs topped off, some large ones were broken through in the middle. Entire villages were wiped out — smashed by shells and burned. Others were scarcely touched. There was little sign of the presence of anyone who had lived there. Only a few numb villagers were left.

He saw one young woman sitting on the stone step in front of her home, from which one gable was knocked off; holes gaped in the walls. He could see a little red stain beneath one of the windows, where blood had trickled down. Evidently someone had met his fate at the window — whether a soldier or a civilian he had no way of knowing. The young woman sat in the doorway and stared in front of her. Now and then she turned her head slowly, if anyone spoke to her. But she made no other response. Uncle Sam asked if he could do anything for her. She did not even shake her head.

The soldiers he fell in with on the lorry had fought over this country when the Germans were turned back. They pointed out to each other places where things had been hot in

those memorable days, and reminded each other of scenes and incidents; how this one had plunged his bayonet into a fat German here, and another had knocked down a Bosche officer with the butt of his gun there; and how they had taken their first batch of prisoners at another point. "Over there is the swamp into which the Prussian Guards were driven," one pointed out to Stevens. "You know? You have heard? Foch drove them there; forty guns were taken; the most up to that time."

Uncle Sam stopped in Epernay to look up Peggy. If the regiment went on while he still had business there, that was its lookout. He was surprised and a bit downcast to find that it had been a town of over 20,000 people before the war. Hunting for a young woman in such a city, even without an impatient captain waiting for a report on an important matter a few miles further on,



REMAINS OF A FRENCH CHURCH AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE MARNE

presented its difficulties. He had an identification of the two in his description of them -- the young woman from America and the Belgian boy with a scarred face. Both would attract attention, interest and sympathy.

Epernay was full of troops. The French and Germans had settled down to watch each other along this front, while the issue was being fought out in Flanders. No one knew quite what was going on. The Belgians had tied up with the French, and were holding the Yser. The Germans were attacking there, and at Arras -- heavily. They were pressing, too, on La Bassée; and news of the most furious struggle of all, against the British at Ypres, was already circulating among the staff officers.

Stevens went first to the mayor of the town, whom he found after some search. It was ten o'clock at night. The man listened with respect and sympathy to the inquiries of this American Legionaire. In the morning he would take steps to have a search made.

"I can't wait until morning," said Stevens, in French. "Who would be likely to know tonight?"

The mayor, with a shrug, once more assured him that nothing was possible that night; but if he would go to the military authorities, perhaps they would have some word of those he sought.

It was a delicate matter to go to the military authorities on an errand of that nature when he was supposed to be with his command some miles further on; especially as the nature of his mission at Paris, and therefore the explanation of his absence from his command, involved points which could not be revealed without breaking faith with his captain. But the thing to do was to find the niece of this American woman; so off to the military authorities he went.

He had his reward. At midnight he found a man who was quite sure he had seen, two days before, such a pair as he

described. But they had left. He was certain, because they had been sent on to Paris, by military orders, as refugees. No information was obtainable as to their destination in Paris. The only thing Sam could do was to sit down at once and forward to Patricia what he had been able to learn, and to advise her where to take up the search in the capital. At one o'clock in the morning he started for Hautvilliers.



A FRENCH TRENCH IN THE CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT

He found his superior officer lodged in a delightful old château, behind the church, which seemed at one time to have been a part of a cloister. A stir was already beginning when he arrived. He had just delivered his reports when the order went out to fall in line and prepare to move; a cheerful circumstance for Uncle Sam, who had had little sleep for two nights, and had been travelling for upward of forty-eight hours.

All that day they marched out toward Verzy, through the yellow hills of Champagne. Out beyond, not far, were



A FRENCH TRENCH ON THE MARNE

the firing lines — the trenches where the two Armies were clinging to each other like boxers in a clinch. They could hear the firing, coming closer little by little as they trudged on. There was nothing particularly thrilling about the prospect of being in the trenches. The fighting there amounted to little, and there was little prospect of any

fighting for some time to come, while the issue was being tried on Flanders fields. But Uncle Sam's heart bumped, nevertheless, at the thought of being in the thick of the biggest scrap in history. He was a bit sober about it. He had been in fighting before, and it had seemed to him more or less of a lark, with nothing much depending upon the outcome, either way. But this was more serious business. He felt a great responsibility. He was on the firing line of civilization, as he phrased it to himself. He thought to himself that if he were killed, he could not help so much as he wanted to.

It was a hard tramp. Many fell out. Uncle Sam was dog tired by noon. He put in the hour rests allowed the column, sleeping in his tracks. His feet were swollen and sore. His pack was as heavy as a rock.

They passed camps filled with African troops; big burly fellows that liked to fight with knives. Busses with soldiers, and autos with officers, and lorries with supplies, showed that they were approaching the front, although there was no sound of the battle at the time. The day was gloomy and drizzly — such a day as would have kept a man indoors at home. Here they were out in the chill hour after hour, with no prospect of much of a shelter when night came.

Samuel Stevens found his billet in a stable when they reached Verzy and made the most of it at once. He burrowed into the straw as he had done as a boy in his father's hayloft, when he imagined great things in play. But he never conjured anything so fantastical as this actual experience of lying in a barn in the middle of France, waiting to be ordered to shoot men and be shot at in deadly earnest.

At four in the morning they were called out and marched over to Verzenay. Some of the battalion had already been in the trenches under fire. Now it was the turn of Uncle



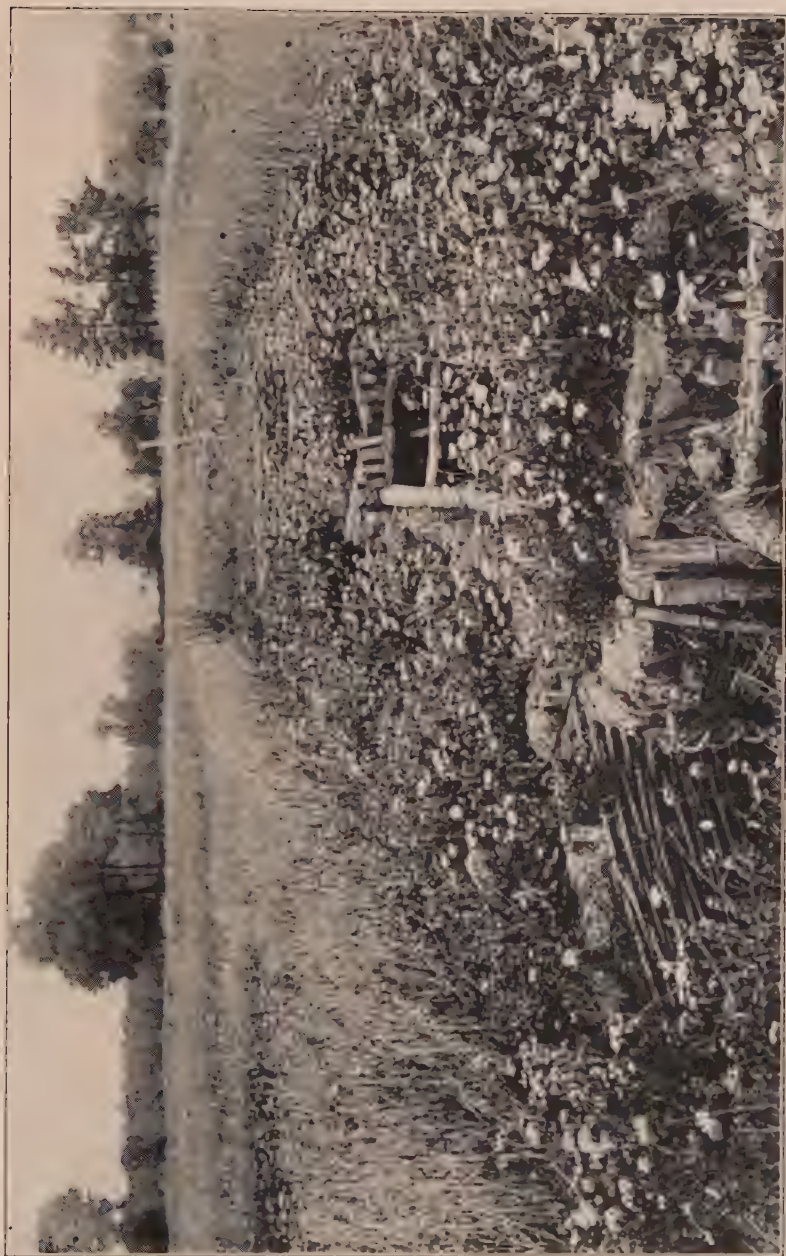
ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A FRENCH VILLAGE ON THE MARNE

Sam's battalion. He was feeling fit again, and enjoyed every step of the way through the Autumn morning. Reaching Verzenay, he went down to the end of the street, as soon as the men had been assigned to billets, and gazed out over the scene of war, spread ten miles before him. There was no sign of friend or enemy in that teeming field of hidden death, save here and there a trace of a trench scar on the face of the ground, and the puffs of smoke that broke out with a sharp clack continually here and there over the woods and villages and vineyards. One French village near which he heard the metallic clang of the incomparable French Seventy-fives, of which he had learned so much by good report, was getting especial attention from the distant German batteries. White balls were appearing over it with remarkable frequency, like giant popcorn bursting in the popper. The answering shots raised little columns of dust where, he surmised, the German trenches stretched.

That night he was marched out into the trenches, four or five kilometers away. The first impression he got was one of blind confusion. The night was dark and glowering. The use of lights was out of the question. The trenches began as shallow ditches, twisting this way and that, while they were still far from where the firing was. Long before they reached their post Stevens had lost all sense of distance or direction. But the officer in charge seemed to know where they were going.

They found a group of tired, dirty, sleepy men in the deeper ditch which was the fire trench. The men had little to say to them in their eagerness to be back where there was comparative rest and some freedom of movement. Stevens and his comrades were warned to keep their heads under cover, and not to fire out in front unless ordered to do so. They were simply there to be ready to fight.

They could stand up in the trenches without exposing



ABANDONED TRENCHES AND A BATTLEFIELD IN NORTHERN FRANCE

themselves, and pass each other, but there was not much margin. Stevens was posted on guard. He poked his rifle through a hole under some sandbags and looked out along it into blackness. Somewhere out there he knew there were a lot of Germans, similarly situated in trenches, poking rifles toward him, and watching the night between them.

By degrees he could make out drunken, straggling posts carrying a maze of barbed wire, out in front of their own trenches. Beyond that there was waste and wilderness, devoid of human life, full of death. It seemed like the raw edge of eternity. Artillery fire was going on. Shells kept bursting promiscuously to right and left, not very numerous and not very close. Stevens had a strange sense of helplessness — of going it blind.



FRENCH AMMUNITION DEPOT

There was an intermittent little clicking, rustling, scraping sound not far ahead of where he stood. He found himself tense, listening to it. Spectral shapes assumed form and melted away in the direction whence the sound came. Eventually he identified it as the rasping of a stray end of barbed wire, cut by a rifle ball or a piece of shrapnel, and stirring in the wind. It was his sole companionship, save one or two waking comrades peering out similarly at regularly distances along the line of trenches. The others were sleeping where they could, curled up in the bottom of the trenches, or tucked away in rough holes scooped into the walls of the ditch.

His legs were soaked in mud to the knees. There was a mudhole where he had to stand, and he could not move, because he could see out safely only at this point. The mudhole had been ground in by the others who had been compelled to stand there. He rested one foot, and then the other, on a little lump of higher dry ground which he found, leaving the other to soak. But there was not much choice. The foot that he thus kept out of the mud suffered from cold which congealed the wet, dragged leggings and shoes. He could not help comparing his present situation with other experiences of his rather eventful life. There had been nothing like this. He grinned over recollections of some of the extremes of ease and idleness he had known in his wanderings.

At the same time he became sensible for the first time of that arch enemy of the trench soldier — vermin. They seethed and swarmed over him. He had entertained them before, but never in such numbers; and never such voracious and enterprising beasts. He found himself writhing and twitching under their torture. Relief was impossible. Realizing that at last, he braced himself to let them crawl and feed at will. That brought him the surcease of stoicism, at least.

It seemed ages before he was relieved from guard. The man taking his place was three parts asleep. As they stepped around each other, Stevens felt a sharp knock on his head. He swore roundly at the other for clumsiness in hitting him on the head with his gun. The other swore back at being accused of doing it.

In another moment Stevens felt something warm running down his forehead. He put his hand up, got some of it on his fingers, and held it to his nose. It was blood. A bullet had grazed him, not the gun of his comrade. Nevertheless he kept on swearing, aggrieved at having been touched

by a random shot in his first hour of active service; "standing there like a dummy until I got potted, and not even taking a shot back over the trenches," as he put it.

His head began to hurt. It bled rather freely for some time. But he was only angry; and finally amused, as time wore on. The absurdity was coming home. He laughed when he thought of how ridiculous it would have been if the bullet had been aimed a little deeper, and had wound up his fighting then and there. He went to sleep building an entertaining narrative about the incident, for future use.

He was aware, in due time, of being poked about by the foot of someone standing over him. He looked up, rather dazed with sleep and cold and discomfort, to see his captain looking down at him. "*Blessé*," he exclaimed. "Go to the rear."

Samuel Stevens protested vehemently, as an American citizen, rather than as a soldier of the Legion. The upshot was that he was peremptorily ordered back to Verzenay,



CAPTURED RUSSIAN AND FRENCH FIELD GUNS PARKED AT THE KRUPP WORKS
IN ESSEN



MARNE BATTLE-TORN DISTRICT WHERE THE HUNS WERE REPULSED

and started for that place, amid the jibes of his late companions. He realized as he went that he was rather sore and tired. Then his sense of humor came to his rescue, and he enjoyed more than one passage of wit on the way to the rear.

He hunted up the medical quarters, as ordered, when he arrived, and had his head bandaged. Then they hustled him out to make way for a batch of wounded who had been swept up by a shell which had found a ration party on the way to the front line trenches from the kitchen. "Someone goes hungry tomorrow," said one of the men, who had one broken arm, with a shrug. "The soup — *mon Dieu*, you should see it now!"

Day was breaking. He had it in mind to hunt up his old billet, or try to find quarters for the day in some house. As he left the building which served as a dressing station he noticed casually a girl coming down the street. In her shadow was a lad, who limped.

"Here is an American for you to nurse," someone called out to the young woman. It was one of the medical attendants with whom Sam had just made friends.

The girl came up to him, the lad following a pace behind. "Are you an American?" she asked.

Sam looked about with an abruptness that set his head throbbing again.

Sure enough, it was Peggy.

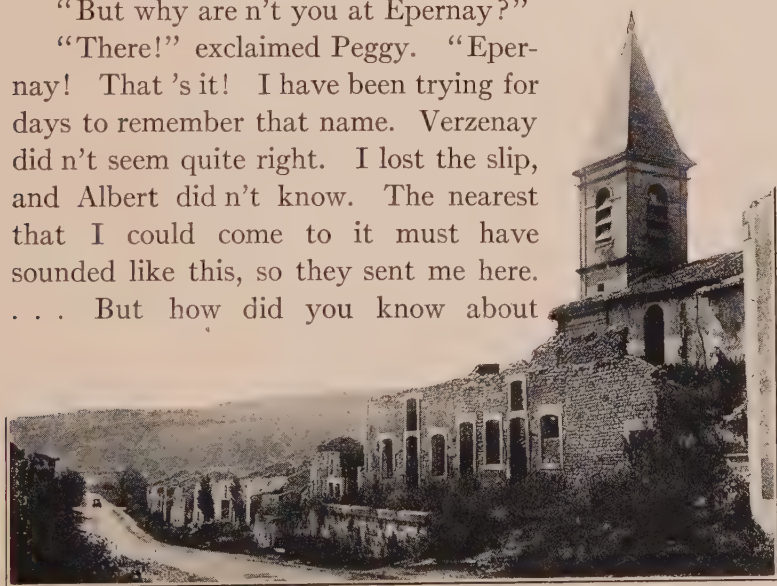
"Uncle Sam!" she cried. She looked more closely at him, took his head in her hands, looked at him again, and started to cry; but first she stopped to ask him if he was badly hurt.

He was not, and said so, stoutly. "But what are you doing here?"

"I just seem to be here, that 's all." The boy had come up and stood behind them, looking on. Nothing, apparently, surprised or moved him now.

"But why are n't you at Epernay?"

"There!" exclaimed Peggy. "Epernay! That 's it! I have been trying for days to remember that name. Verzenay did n't seem quite right. I lost the slip, and Albert did n't know. The nearest that I could come to it must have sounded like this, so they sent me here. . . . But how did you know about



RUINS OF A VILLAGE ON THE MEUSE

Epernay?" It was dawning upon her, the significance of his knowing that. "Have you seen Princess Pat?"

"She 's in Paris, waiting for you."

Peggy threw her arms about his neck and could not hold back her tears. "Darling Princess Pat!" she sobbed. "Oh, how I long for her!"

"Hold up, Peggy." Sam observed that Albert was beginning to show signs of disturbance. "It 's all right, son," he added, in French. "She is just glad to see me. I 'm her friend. I 'm your friend, too."

Peggy pulled herself together. "I 've been wanting to do that for ages," she said.

"Of course."

"She 's all right?"

"She 's superb!"

"Is n't she? . . . Let 's go down to the house where I 'm staying. You must be hungry. You 'll just die when you see it. It 's the cutest thing!" They started off. "And Teddy Jr.? Where is he, Uncle Sam?"

"Teddy will be over here."

"He will? When?"

"I don't quite know. He 's with the Canadians."

She did not reply at once. "Oh, why?" she said, at last. "It 's terrible enough."

"Well," said Uncle Sam. "That, perhaps." He jerked his head back at Albert, plodding behind them. "And all this." Sweeping in the country with his arm. "Somebody 's got to, Peggy."

"I know. I know. I am glad."

He turned her thoughts back to her Aunt Patricia, growing quite amusing over their encounter. Peggy laughed; a little more heartily than his account called for.

"I looked for you in Epernay," he told Peggy, as they

walked along. "They told me you had been there, but they had sent you to Paris."

"Someone else," said Peggy.

"How does it happen that they let you stay here?"

"Oh, I begged them until they had to. I told them Albert's mother was coming. We sort of slipped through, I guess, and they forgot about us. And we help a little, too, when we can, with men not too badly hurt."

They came to Peggy's billet. Sam was very far from "dying" as Peggy had prophesied when he saw it; a little stone cottage, a bit crowded, perhaps, but neat as a pin, and comfortable. Sam thought of all the others like it that had been swept away.

Peggy bustled about over a cup of coffee for him, and some bread — "Sorry we have no butter!" — and a precious



FRENCH INFANTRY REGIMENT RETURNING FROM A FLANDERS BATTLEFIELD



STANDARDS OF FRANCE'S FIRST ARMY IN BELGIUM

egg, which she boiled. "We have n't much to fry with," she said.

Every little while she stopped to give Uncle Sam a tiny hug, or lay her cheek against his beard, or rest a hand gently on his bandaged head. "You don't mind, do you? It's been so long since I have seen anyone."

Sam laughed at that, and she saw why, and laughed with him. "You really would n't expect me to do it if I saw you every day, would you?" she said.

She came and sat beside him while he ate what she had prepared. "I hope it's good. I never made coffee in my life before I got here."

The burden of the last few weeks was lifting from her heart. She had braced herself so for it that she could not let go of it easily. But before he was through she was quite gay and happy. "I'm so glad Teddy Jr. is coming over," she said. "I wish I could help like that. . . . Perhaps I'll get to see him."

Peggy thought at first that she ought to go to Epernay with Albert and wait for his mother, but Sam talked her out of that. "You go back to Paris," he said, firmly. "He'll have to take chances on his mother. You'll be doing more for him there." And it was so agreed.

It was not a difficult matter to send Peggy and the boy to Paris. . . . Indeed, it had been a difficult matter for Peggy, as she had told Sam, not to be sent long before. They left the next noon, in a bus which would take them to a train, together with some wounded men who were of no further use at the front for the present. Sam gave her Patricia's address, and a handful of coins — all he had left. "I won't need them," he assured her. "They feed us, you know."

There were many things that happened in the hurried interchange of glances — the marriage of eyes — and in the ordinary course of their conversation that were to come to



FRENCH ARMORED MOTOR CAR AND AMBULANCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT

harvest later on. Between all of them the little fences that human beings are prone to build around themselves were removed. They were conscious of it.

By the time they left, Peggy and Uncle Sam had known each other from the first moment that Teddy Jr. looked over the neighbor's back yard on Peggy's earliest remembered visit to Oak Forest, and little Albert and his 'Uncle Som' had become the best of friends.

They saw him standing in the road with his head tied up, waving to them, as they rolled out of sight.

CHAPTER XIV

THANKSGIVING

THERE was a real American Thanksgiving Day in the Stephens home in London on Thursday, November 26, 1914. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for this English family to be celebrating in this way an American holiday—a holiday so closely identified with the planting of the second permanent English colony in America in protest against England itself.

"We are all one race and one people," said Mr. Stephens. "A kinsman of my ancestors was among the Pilgrims. And Great Britain owes a debt of



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

gratitude for the stand the American colonies took for liberty and freedom. It not only taught a lesson by which we have profited in respect to our other colonies, to their benefit as well as our own, but the stand you took in the Revolution

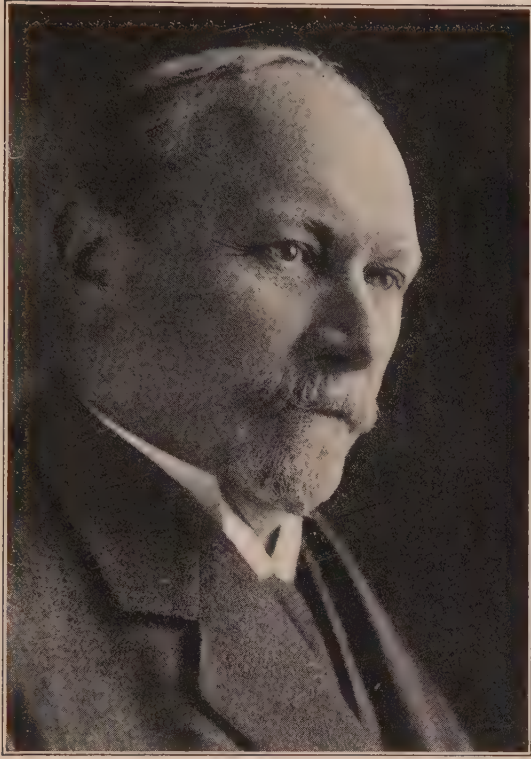
against the attempt of a German king on our throne to subvert liberty and deny Constitutional rights proved as great a blessing to Englishmen, in the end, as it did to you."

Besides which there were special reasons for celebrating the day as one of thanksgiving. In the first place, Major Volney Stephens was home from the front on a few days leave. He had just reached his majority, and had received the D. C. M. for heroic conduct at the Battle of Ypres. "I don't quite know what it is all about," he assured his father. "There was such a bally row on. No doubt I did something or other. We all did. I am glad, of course. Others deserved it far more than I."

In the second place, Theodore Roosevelt Stevens, private in the Canadian Army, had come down to London from training camp on his first leave since arriving in England, and had gravitated to the Stephens home to be with Mildred. And in the third place, Brooke Stephens had just received his commission as a Lieutenant in the O. T. C. In the fourth place, there was reason for belated rejoicing in the reunion of Peggy Birmingham and Princess Pat, in Paris, four weeks before, which had been brought about through Uncle Sam.

Teddy had heard the story. He was immensely proud of Peggy. The resourcefulness, fortitude and good sense she had displayed in the round of experiences that had landed her at last with her aunt in Paris, with the Belgian boy under her, care put her in a new light. "It takes an American girl," he said, with due patriotism.

There was an element of the comic, not lost upon him, in the stoutheartedness with which the young woman had insisted, in spite of every obstacle, on making her way to the wrong place. How she had slipped through was a miracle. Her very audacity and *insouciance* no doubt had carried her through. And how she had encountered



JAN C. SMUTS

Uncle Sam, from whom no one had heard a word for months, was no less a miracle.

Upon arriving in London he had received a letter from her. It was addressed in care of Mildred. Peggy was sure she would be able to get it to him. It was a most satisfactory letter, full of appearing admiration for what he had done and tender solicitude for his safety. She was counting on seeing him in France soon. She and Princess Pat were staying in Paris, where much was to be done. They felt they ought to remain there as long as there was any hope of getting trace of Albert's mother. Teddy let Mildred hear parts of the letter.

Teddy was a good soldier. "It's a dog's life, and I don't think much of it," he told Mildred. "But there is a big job on hand, and a fellow can stand anything until it's taken care of." He was incensed over what he regarded as the supineness of the United States in not getting into the war with the Allies. "Does n't it get your goat the way they let those damned Germans wade through Belgium and tear up France, without moving a finger?" he exclaimed. "I'll bet if Roosevelt were on the job we'd be in it with both feet."

"It's pretty hard to help feeling that way about it, when you see it all as closely as we do," Mildred replied. "But it will be pretty hard, father thinks, to bring the United States into the war until they all understand the situation better than they do now. Ambassador Page is heart and



GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA

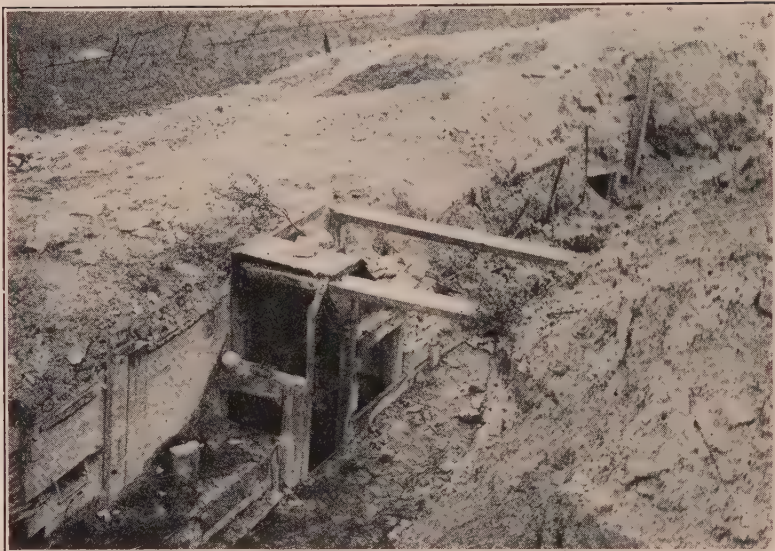
soul with the Allies, father says, but it takes a long time to get a big nation aroused over a purely moral issue. I was reading the other day," Mildred continued, "that only about forty per cent of your citizens are what you could really call American stock. If that is true you might tear the country in two, trying to move it now, and that would do more harm than good."

"Roosevelt would do it," Teddy rejoined. "He could arouse America and bring a united country into the war in no time."

Teddy had enlisted in an Ontario regiment and trained near Ottawa. They had been in England about a month, finishing their training under British officers who could give them the benefit of more direct experience in the modern methods of warfare. "I can get a fine job digging sewers when I get home," he remarked. "There 'll be a lot of holes to fill up in England after they get through training us."

He was enormously interested in what Volney had to tell about actual conditions at the front. Volney opened up only once, on an afternoon when he and Mildred and Teddy were sitting in the alcove under the stairs, where he had left Mildred so unceremoniously the day he went out with his command. "A chap does n't think much when he's out there. Just does his bit. One gets to feeling as though there was nothing else in the world — no folks at home, no London, no Paris, nothing but the job on hand. It's like any other kind of a job, I fancy. All a matter of course, you know; no heroics, or anything of that sort. You've got something to do and you do it. You don't think about getting hit. It's the other fellow that's going to get hit always. And if it turns out to be you, no matter. Sometimes you'd feel rather glad to get yours and have it over with. You get so dog tired. I don't remember one thing of that last week at Ypres. It's all a blur; no end of racket, and no time for anything but Germans. It gets on your nerves the way they keep coming on. There's only one way to stop them. Our men were splendid. Good, dogged fellows. They don't like it a bit. Nobody likes it, the way they do it now. But it has to be done, and that's all there is to it.

"Life in the trenches is hard. You feel so cooped up.



ENTRANCE OF A GERMAN TRENCH

You can't give yourself a good stretching. It gets your dander up to have to lie there idle and be strafed hour after hour. They had ten guns to one on us, all sorts and sizes. Chaps getting knocked down in bunches all about. You get so you don't pay any attention. It's a relief when they come on at last, and you get a pot at them. I used to take a gun when I could and give them a few, just to relieve myself.

"People over here don't know what a tight squeak we had. I mean England; not just the Army. You hear them going around telling each other we are winning hands down, and that it will be over by Spring. They ought to be getting out into the trenches as fast as they can. It's enough to drive a man mad. Kitchener is right when he says three years. We've got to have guns, and we've got to have men — millions of them. If recruiting goes on at the present rate, it will all be over, the wrong way, before we get started to fight. Every man, woman and child in Germany has turned

to, and is doing something for the war. Something real and practical. Knitting socks won't do. Shells are what we want."

Mildred contemplated the first moment alone with Major Stephens with mixed feelings. When it came he began rather abruptly upon the subject which she expected him to bring up. "I suppose a chap should n't go any farther with what I was saying while this thing lasts," he said.

"I don't think you need to," Mildred replied. "I have been thinking about it a great deal. . . . Everything is so disturbed now. . . . I am very fond of you. I know you could n't want me to be thinking of you, out there, any oftener than I do." She ran her hand slowly and softly down the sleeve of his tunic, as she spoke, until it reached his fist. He had a way of sitting with his fist clenched on his knee. "But let's try not to care too much just yet, Volney."

He opened his fist and closed it about her fingers. "Yes, of course," he said. "Much better not. Time for that afterward. Only I rather wanted you to know. It helps a chap a bit, you know. Stupid of me, though."

She pressed her fingers into his hand and sat very quietly beside him. "I'll not forget this," he said.

Mr. Stephens presided at the Thanksgiving dinner with his accustomed dignity. There was much to talk about. Things were not going as well as could be wished. There was a vast deal of muddling and pulling and hauling. He was beginning to set his face against Asquith. "A democratic government is n't the very best sort of a machine to begin a war with," he said. "It does n't always prove to be quite the method to get the sort of men peculiarly endowed for the task in hand."

The progress of recruiting was far from satisfactory. There was too much cocksureness. His son, Major Stephens, made him realize that when he brought home personal

reports of the desperateness of the situation on the Western Front, and the miracles of deliverance the British Army had been experiencing while sanguine reports were given out at home and discouraging reports suppressed. There was already much dissatisfaction with the censorship of the press. "The spirit of the British people has been falsely estimated in this censorship," he declared. "Discouragement is always stimulating to the Briton." It was an entrenchment upon the freedom of speech and criticism so dear to the Englishman.

His son took issue with the father on that point. "Military secrets" was the burden of his talk, which was brief and to the point. "The country is filled with spies," he went on. "No telling where they are likely to turn up. Why, Hawkins here may be a spy."



KARL VON MÜLLER,
CAPTAIN OF THE "EMDEN"

It was not intended that Hawkins, the butler, should overhear the illustration, wherefore Hawkins pretended not to hear it. Mildred cast a quick glance at him, and saw only the imperturbable calm of the typical British servant.

Volney gave some instances. "We 're interning no end of inconspicuous little merchants and mechanics and servants



THE GERMAN SEA-RAIDER "EMDEN," SUNK NOVEMBER 9, 1914

who have been over here from Germany for years, some of them," he said. "But we let the big guns go unspiked. Bankers, big importers, professional men, and that sort. They don't look any bigger to the soldier than the next fellow does."

The war in the West was at a standstill. In the East it was surging back and forth. A month before the Russians had won a big victory over the Germans under von Hindenburg, who were advancing upon Warsaw. Von Hindenburg withdrew, devastating western Poland behind him. But news had just arrived that the Russian front had been broken, in the second German advance upon Warsaw, near Lodz, the Verdun of Poland, a vast fortress defending the approaches to Warsaw. Meanwhile the Russians had come within twenty miles of Cracow, which point promised possibilities for an advance into Germany from the South. The Austrians had not held up their end of the contest. Russians had invaded Hungary, for a short distance, pouring down out of the Carpathians. But it was beginning to look as though Germany, content with holding the Western Front at a deadlock, was coming to the assistance of Austria in the East, and was endeavoring to force a conclusion with Russia. Austria was once more invading Serbia, and all seemed to have gone to the four winds in that quarter.

At sea the situation was annoying. Although the British still held Germany in a grip of floating steel, events were happening here and there all over the world which filled the average Britisher with chagrin. The *Emden*, a light, fast cruiser from the German Pacific squadron, had a bold career in the southwest Pacific, raiding commerce, descending upon British ports, and even stealing into the roadstead of Penang, disguised by an extra funnel rigged up for the purpose, and the Japanese flag, and sinking a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer.

Her career had come to an end two weeks before in circumstances which were a fitting conclusion to her spectacular and dramatic activities. She had run over to the Cocos Island, off Sumatra, to destroy the British wireless and cable stations there. The Australian cruiser *Sydney*, steaming by fifty miles at sea, received a wireless message, much garbled and scarcely intelligible, from Cocos Island: "Strange warship off harbor," and headed thither at once, suspecting it might be the *Emden*.

In due time the *Sydney* saw the *Emden's* funnels in among



HERBERT C. HOOVER

the feathery palms of the island coast. The *Emden*, leaving her landing parties behind, steamed north, opening fire at long range. An hour and forty minutes later she was a burning wreck on North Keeling Island. Her 4.1-inch guns had been no match for the 6-inch guns of the *Sydney*, which pounded her to pieces at will, with a heavy loss among her crew. Her captain, Karl von Müller, was treated, in a spirit of British sportsmanship, with respect for his achievements against long odds, and his sword returned to him.

The cruiser *Hawke* had been torpedoed and sunk on October fifteenth. November fourth a British squadron, some of them obsolete in type, which had been sent to the South Pacific under Admiral Craddock to enforce the neutrality of some of the South American countries, was wiped out by Admiral von Spee and his German Pacific fleet near Coronel, off the coast of Chile, only one vessel, the *Glasgow*, escaping. Two days later German cruisers bombarded Yarmouth, at long range, but with little effect. As they were withdrawing one of them, the *Yorck*, struck a floating mine and was sunk.

Against this was a record of four German destroyers sunk on October 17, by the *Undaunted*, the elimination of the *Königsberg*, sister ship to the *Emden*, and the bombardment of the outer forts at the Dardanelles. The Britisher was stung by this record. The fact that Germany was held at sea and her fleet was virtually in hiding did not balance the humiliation.

Japan had taken over Kiao-Chau, the German concession in Shantung. Germany was stripped of her island possessions throughout the Pacific. Her hold was being shaken on her African territories, which she was counting on for her "place in the sun." A rebellion in South Africa of former Boer patriots had been virtually extinguished by loyal troops led by commanders who, not a generation before, had been

fighting Britain bitterly — the highest commentary, perhaps, which has ever been made upon the British colonial policy. In a few years she had won the devoted loyalty of an enemy whom she had forcibly crushed, by proving her spirit of justice, tolerance and political freedom. Jan Smuts and Botha were the most prominent among those who fought England's fight against their former compatriots.

Turkey was now frankly in the war on the side of Germany. For years diplomacy had been intriguing with the Young Turk party, of which Enver and Talaat Pasha were the leading forces. The behavior of Turkey in giving refuge to the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, the German cruisers which had taken refuge in Constantinople, was virtually a hostile act. October twenty-ninth three Turkish torpedo boats raided and bombarded Odessa, the Russian grain port on the Black Sea. Diplomatic relations were ruptured November first. Fighting was beginning in Mesopotamia between Turks and British. Russians were approaching Ezerum in Asiatic Turkey. There had just been a skirmish near the Suez Canal. Germany hoped that the Turks would be able to



TOWER BRIDGE ACROSS THE THAMES AT LONDON



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

incite a holy war of annihilation against the British throughout the vast territories where this Christian race held rule over Mohammedans. To this end it was announced through Islam that Kaiser Wilhelm had embraced Mohammedanism.

Italy was maintaining an armed neutrality. Nominally an ally of Germany and Austria, she refrained from joining them, on the ground that she was called upon to do so only in case of a defensive war. This implied that Germany had not been attacked; a serious thing in the eyes of Germany, which was proclaiming herself an aggrieved and much-set-

upon nation. Roumania and Bulgaria were also maintaining a more or less precarious neutrality, with much intriguing going on by both sides to topple them off the fence.

The state of mind in America was a question of the keenest interest to Mr. Stephens. The blockade which the Allies were establishing against Germany, and which Great Britain, as the maritime power, would be called upon to enforce, was already promising to produce a strain in the relationship between the two countries. Teddy Jr. was too youthful and too passionate to be a reliable American witness upon the subject. Mildred judged the matter more temperately and wisely. "Our sympathies are naturally with you," she said. "I am sure you will not lose it, no matter what comes." "If Americans at home could see things as we see them here, America would come in, in spite of anything President Wilson could do to keep the country out of the war," Teddy Jr. persisted.

Our sympathy for the Allied cause was even then finding strong expression in the work of Belgian relief, well under way, under the direction of Herbert Hoover, who had given up all his private interests and was devoting his energies and his abilities to the handling of the relief work. He had been in London at the outbreak of the war, and the work naturally fell to him because he seemed capable of doing it best.

Toward the end of the dinner discussion broke away from more serious matters and touched upon intimate affairs. They talked of Princess Pat and Peggy, who were in Paris. Teddy was inclined to feel that they might have come over to London. He was eager enough to see Peggy.

"Where is your uncle now?" asked Major Stephens, bluntly, of Mildred.

"Aunt Patricia has n't heard of him for years," replied Mildred.

"It's a German name," Volney pursued. "Was he a German?"

"Yes."

"What sort of a man was he?"

"We don't know. Aunt Patricia never speaks of him. We never saw him, ourselves. She lived in Washington when she was married, and only came to us after she had left him. I guess he was quite German, from what I have learned of the Germans lately."

That night Teddy had to return to his training camp at Velcartier, and the following morning Major Stephens set out to rejoin his command in Flanders.

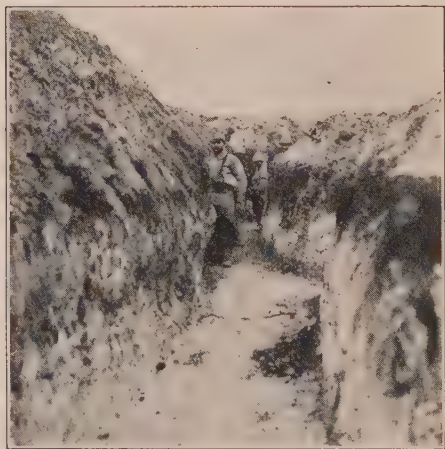
CHAPTER XV

GAS

THE departure of the Canadians from England was as dramatic as an impressionable young American, with a sweetheart in France, could have desired. They marched out from camp in the dead of night, under a sky of inky blackness. As they marched, the heavens were torn open by a crashing electric storm. Lightning flashes showed ranks of men swinging down the English roads toward the coast. There was exhilaration and a sense of romance in the plunge through the cold autumnal rain.

The transport sailed in the early evening. It was crowded; no bunks could be assigned. The men found what places they could about deck and in the cabins. They expected to be across the channel in two or three hours.

There was no thrill of submarine danger in the voyage; the British fleet was keeping those waters clear from the hidden enemy. Teddy walked and sat about, chatting with his comrades, impatient for the sight of the French coast. But the French coast did not come in sight. Hour followed hour, and still the boat



A FRENCH TRENCH ON THE MARNE
BATTLEFRONT

swung through the gray night seas. Dawn revealed an expanse of blue water in every direction, and no sign of land.

The mystery was solved when the boat headed into St. Nazaire, on the Bay of Biscay, on the afternoon of the second day out. They boarded trains at once. Teddy was herded into a small box car, on which was inscribed "*Huit*



A GERMAN TRENCH SMASHED UP BY FRENCH GUNS

chevaux par ordinaire." Forty men, fully accoutered, were crowded into each tiny car. Teddy carried a pack containing an extra pair of shoes, extra clothing, socks, a sweater. He had a blanket and an overcoat. He had his entrenching tool, and a mess tin, besides a haversack containing three days' emergency rations. He had one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition. Added to all this were some tid-bits the Stephensens had loaded him with when he left. Then came his rifle and bayonet. All this weighed nearly one hundred pounds, and took up much valuable room. Every other soldier was similarly equipped. But Teddy was on the soil of France, pressed at that very moment by the precious feet of Peggy Birmingham.

It was a trying ride. There was no room to find com-

fortable positions in the car. This continued for three days and nights. Teddy was nevertheless entranced by the novelty and beauty of the country, and the thrill of being there. He wondered where Paris was. On the second day they saw some wounded French soldiers, fresh from the battle. Teddy for the first time had a vivid personal sense of the war.

On the evening of the third day they detrained at Stazeele, and marched at once, seven miles, to billets in a village.

Teddy slept in a barn, on some straw. A day of waiting, and the march was resumed. One day they made a forced march of over twenty miles. The roads were abominable. Mud was everywhere. And everywhere was confusion, it seemed to Teddy Jr., who had only seen the more orderly and leisurely activities of training camps. Transport was going both ways.



INTERIOR OF THE SOISSONS CATHEDRAL

They reached Armientières. It was full of soldiers, withdrawn from the lines to rest. It seemed to Teddy a strange place to rest. The town was under intermittent fire; the noise of guns was distinct continually. But no one seemed to mind.

There was no delay about sending the Canadians into line. Their British cousins received them with banter. The Canadians had been well advertised. The Tommies were ready to accept them as soldiers when they had proved themselves. Teddy was piqued by their attitude, which was no doubt precisely what the British soldier intended for all the Canadians, for their own good.

They went in at night, clambering over broken ground in the direction of the noise of battle — a long single line led by a guide familiar with the ground. Teddy was soon hopelessly lost and confused. He could make nothing of it; found it impossible to define the battle line. It seemed to him from the sound of firing that a pitched battle was under way. He had visions of an immediate plunge into another Ypres. As a matter of fact, it was nothing but a slight increase over the habitual night activities.

Frequently bright star shells, sent up by friend and foe to illuminate the stretch between the front line trenches and prevent surprise, burst out in the air and brought the country into sudden vividness. He could see trees, hills, broken stone fences, wrecked houses and farms, but no sign of human life, near or far, to account for the commotion. Now and then



TOMMY ATKINS AS A COMFORTER

the fitful light of gun fire flashed red and smothered in positions which the young soldier could not account for. It was amazing to him that anyone had all this reduced to order in their thoughts, and made head or tail of it, as he knew they did.

At last, by the light of a star shell, they filed into the front line trench — the fire trench. Those whom they



RUINS ON THE SQUARE OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SOISSONS

replaced saluted them casually, in a hurry to get back for a wash-up and a stretch, like a gang of laborers giving place to another shift. A few took time and trouble to banter them. Teddy was annoyed at their indifference to the seriousness of the war they were engaged in.

His first night was a bitter disappointment — a dull, stupid experience. Somewhere out there through the night he knew there were a lot of detestable Germans. He wanted to go over there and fight them, and bring the matter to some conclusion. But he had to wallow about in a dirty ditch, cold and drear and dismal, firing into space over a parapet without the least idea of what he was firing at. Even the

brilliant star shells revealed nothing but a waste of posts and barbed wire.

They were mixed in with English troops — some cockney regiment, Teddy judged, although their name had no meaning to him. Teddy was next to a smallish man who sat in the bottom of the trench with his knees about his ears, and his rifle sticking straight up. He was amusing himself telling Teddy stories which did not amuse him in the least.

"Why don't you get up here and shoot?" demanded Teddy.

"Wot at?"

"At the enemy." Teddy felt that it was a sound question.

The fellow let go his rifle where it was, straight in the air. "'ow's that?" he asked.

Teddy was startled off the firing step. "What the hell did you do that for?" he shouted. He kept waiting for that



REMAINS OF A STREET IN SOISSONS

particular bullet to come down. He found himself drawing his head between his shoulder blades.

"It might light on some of 'em," his trench companion replied.

Teddy did n't get up on the firing step to fire any more.

"Is this all there is to it?" he asked, presently. "What do you do all the time?"

"Get used to it. . . . Did you ever 'ear the one about . . ." And he was off on another yarn.

That was Teddy's introduction to the war.

The deadly tedium of trench life soon set in. There were moments of thrilling excitement, of course, and hours of suspense in expectation of action, but for the most part it was a revolving humdrum of uninteresting experience under conditions of intolerable discomfort.

His first night between the lines on a patrol was the most exciting in his life up to that time. The utter loneliness of being out there between the hostile forces, with a waste place all about, dead men staring at him, shell holes, shadows, mysterious noises, the possibility always of encountering a similar patrol from the enemy trenches, or of stumbling too near, or of being fatally caught in the light of a star shell, made the moments intense.

The trenches themselves had been greatly improved since those days when they were hastily improvised furrows thrown up under pressure. The engineers had come in and made them as habitable as the nature of the country and the state of the climate would permit. They were drained, lined and deepened. Out in the fire trench, the first one of the series next the enemy, there was no great provision made for permanent comfort, as there was too much work on hand for the men when they were there to give much need for better quarters. But the support trenches, the next row behind the fire trenches, were elaborate in their provisions



SCENE ON THE FLANDERS BATTLEFIELD

for rough comfort. Dugouts were made in the walls behind the trenches to provide shelter from shells and the weather. A free use of all the boards available made them fairly dry.

But in spite of all that could be done the conditions were horrible. Primarily there was filth, bodily filth which could not be escaped. With it came vermin. Some men went mad from this cause. There seemed no escape from them. A constant crawling, smarting sensation, prickled over with intense points of itching.

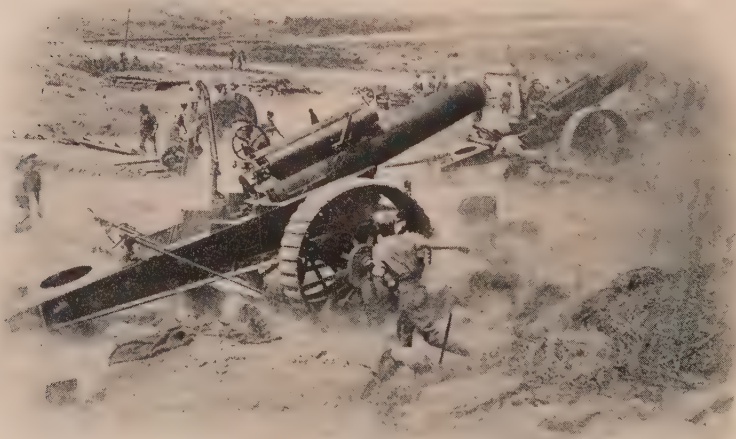
Of fighting there was very little at the point where Teddy's Canadians were stationed. Now and then the lazy rattle of rifle fire would swell into a brilliant torrent of sound for an hour or two. The interchange of artillery fire was regular, every few hours. Once the Germans made a raid on the trench where Teddy was posted, but he was not on the firing line at the time, and by the time he had been sent up with his company in support, his comrades in the fire trench had already driven them back. Here he saw a slain friend for the first time—a boy he had taken a fancy to in the training camp in Canada and had come to be very fond of. Now he lay there with his face crushed in by a rifle butt. Teddy could hardly recognize him. The boy had fallen twisted. Teddy unconsciously stooped down and straightened him out, so that he would lie more comfortably. The body was soft, limp and warm when Teddy touched it. Would he ever be like that? he wondered.

He had seen many men dead, and had had them stricken down at his side; but this came closer home. It did n't seem quite martial to have one's face stove in like this. And nothing had been served by it. An hour before the Germans had been over there in their trenches and the Canadians over here in their own. The Germans were still over there in their trenches, and the Canadians still here in theirs. There had been no change, excepting that this poor fellow,

and a dozen others on both sides, were no longer alive, and wounds had been made in the lives of two dozen families which would be carried to the end. Also, a score or more men who had been sound and able an hour before were now suffering greatly and helplessly in some first-aid dugouts.

But that was precisely what was going on, on the Western Front. As far as major operations were concerned, the war was at a stalemate for the year, from the sea to the Swiss frontier. Germany was holding on while she turned attention to her Eastern Front. The Allies were holding on while they recruited their full forces for a continuation of the struggle. Meanwhile, instituted by the strategy of the Allies, a war of attrition was proceeding — a wearing down of the enemy's men by attack and counter-attack which should kill more Germans than the Allies themselves would lose in the process. Like giving two men for three at checkers. Hard on the men, but good for results.

Teddy heard one old soldier putting it this way to a Tommy who was grouching about this waste of life. "That 's



BRITISH GUNS IN ACTION ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

what you come out here for, is n't it, to be killed, if necessary?" he said. "You all expect that, and say nothing. What particular difference should it make to you how you get yours, if you are going to get it? This is one way to help win the war, and the only way you 've got to help right now. It's a bit harder than in some big smashing row; takes a deal more guts. So the only thing to do is to get two Huns before they get you, and be glad of every chance."

At other places in the line there were operations of this nature which assumed large proportions and had definite immediate objectives. The most important, perhaps, was the battle around Soissons, where the French were



HOUSES AT WEST HARTLEPOOL, ENGLAND, WRECKED BY
GERMAN SHELLFIRE

caught in front of the flood-swollen Aisne, and came off with difficulty; not, however, without first taking their toll of two for one. Farther east, about Verdun, the fighting was of a more significant character, in preparation for a grand movement in that field by the French. In the mud fields of Flanders, where the soldiers were suffering terribly through water, often standing waist deep in mire for hours at a time, with the bitter winds of winter blowing and freezing their wet clothes, fighting was of a nagging, indecisive nature.

Not so in the East. The surge of war was running high there. Back and forth over the frozen fields of Poland and



SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND, LIGHTHOUSE SHELLED BY
GERMAN WARSHIPS

Galicia, in the bitter weather, the two great Armies grappled, first swaying in deep loops in one direction, and then swaying back again. The second German advance against Warsaw was definitely stayed, and the fortress of Przemyśl was captured by the Russians late in March.

Turkey, now fully in the war, made an attempt to take the Suez Canal. The prize was an alluring one. To cut

British communications through this waterway would be a deadly blow. Furthermore, there was hope in this, so the Turk and his German advisers thought, of precipitating the holy war of extermination against the Allies which so far had fallen so flat. With the Turks across the canal and in Egypt, what could not be done? But the Turks never crossed the canal. A small force reached its banks, through 120 miles of waterless desert — quite an achievement, in that respect — but made haste home again, after a day or two of dribbling fighting in the sand at the edge of the water way. All that saved the force from complete destruction was a sandstorm which made pursuit ineffective.

In February began the melancholy attempt by the British

to take the Dardanelles and open the way to Constantinople. The straits leading to Constantinople had been heavily fortified by the Turks under German advice. The position was known to be practically invulnerable. But if Constantinople could be taken, Turkey would be eliminated, Balkan neutrals would be powerfully impressed and influenced in their attitude toward the belligerents, German prestige would suffer fatally in the Near East, and Russia would have an outlet unhampered for her vast wheat stores. So the attempt was made.

A powerful fleet was sent, including the *Queen Elizabeth* with her eight 16-inch guns. The guns in the Turkish forts at the tip of the Gallipoli Peninsula were put out of commission by a heavy bombardment. But when the fleet proceeded past the silenced forts to attack those at the Narrows, the results were different. The Turks trapped the Allied fleet into believing that they had been silenced. But when the fleet drew nearer, the guns opened up, and floating mines were sent down the current. Three battle-ships were sunk and others badly damaged — the *Bouvet*, a French ship,



SOUTH SANDS AND CITY OF SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND

the British ships the *Irresistible* and the *Ocean*. But the attempt was not foregone. On the day when Teddy Jr. went into his first big fight on the Western Front, Allied troops, consisting of French soldiers, some British troops, and a large force of Australians and New Zealanders, made a landing and began that campaign against the Gallipoli Peninsula which turned out so disastrously and was such a humiliation to the British.

The most thrilling news that came to the trenches on the Western Front was that about the repulse of the Austrians, for the second time, in Serbia, and their being driven completely out of the country. There was an element of the heroic and picturesque about it which fired the soldiers — an aroma of the old days of personal leadership and hero worship. With the Austrians crowding around almost on three sides of them, far outnumbered, driven into the hills, with exhausted reserves of ammunition, and with every peasant drawn from his hamlet, and every workman from his bench, the Serbian Army stood at bay. Then old King Peter, aged, deaf, infirm, appeared on the field.

“Heroes,” he said, addressing his Army, “you have taken two oaths — one to me, your king, and the other to your country. I am an old, broken man, on the edge of the grave, and I release you from your oath to me. From your other oath no one can release you. If you feel you cannot go on, go to your homes, and I pledge my word that after the war, if we come out of it, nothing shall happen to you. But I and my sons stay here.”

A few days later the Austrians were streaming back to their frontiers like a flock of frightened chickens. The Serbs even recovered Belgrade.

Operating in the south Pacific, the German squadron, which had wiped out the British squadron off Coronel, was itself accounted for off the Falkland Islands by a British

squadron under Admiral Sturdee sent to hunt for them. Teddy heard the story several months later first-hand from Langworthy of the British Navy, whom he encountered at the London Stephens. The British squadron had stolen away secretly — quite an achievement in those days of German espionage. Langworthy was on the *Inflexible*, one of the battle cruisers, of which there were two — the *Invincible* and the *Inflexible*. Admiral Sturdee also had three armored cruisers and a light cruiser, and was joined by two or three minor vessels on the way. At the Falklands they met the *Canopus*, an old battleship.

The expedition had been kept a secret. It was one thing, at least, that German intelligence officers got no wind

of. Graf von Spee sailed the Southern seas in a sense of complete security, with no suspicion that a preponderating enemy force was lying in wait for him in those waters. So when he intercepted a British message — as he was meant to — directing the *Canopus* to repair to Port Stanley, in the Falklands, where she would be safe under the guns of the fort, which, said the message, had just arrived and been mounted, he set sail for Port Stanley to make an easy prize of

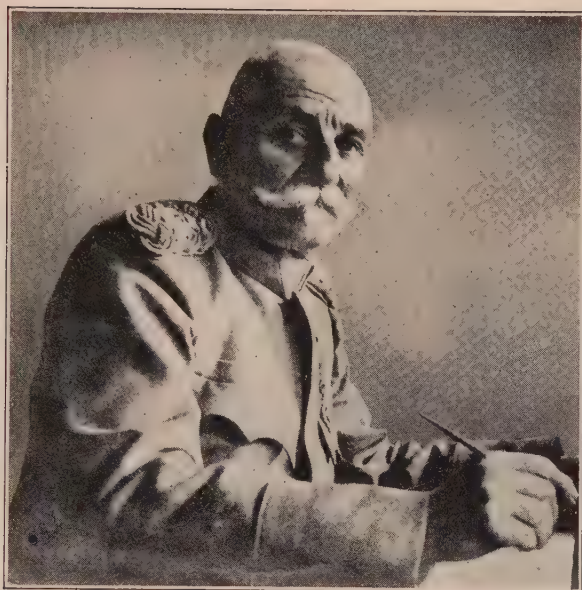


ADMIRAL, SIR FREDERICK STURDEE

her, congratulating himself on having discovered her whereabouts and knowing perfectly well that the talk about the guns having arrived for the fort was merely a ruse to keep him away.

But the guns had come, afloat in a British squadron that outnumbered, out-weighed and outran his own. Port Stanley lies in a deep slit of a gulf at the eastern end of the islands. Von Spee sailed up from the south. At about daybreak he sent one of his light cruisers ahead to have a look at the harbor. The cruiser came back and reported two vessels lying in there. It had not proceeded far enough to discover the others, and von Spee did not suspect their presence until he poked around the end of the point, with the *Canopus* already in his pocket, as he thought, and saw the enemy squadron in battle formation steaming out of the harbor.

Von Spee headed out to sea, the British after him. His three light cruisers wheeled southward and were followed by the three light British cruisers, a fairly even match. Von Spee, with the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, was left with three battle cruisers on his hands, the *Invincible*, *Inflexible* and the *Carnarvon*. He had no chance, and knew it, but he fought it out to the last, as Cradock had done in the murky sunset at Coronel five weeks before. The *Scharnhorst* was pounded to pieces. At four in the afternoon she listed to port and turned bottom upward, with her propeller still going round. Two hours later the *Gneisenau* followed her. And when the wet night settled down at last out of the wind and the clouds only one vessel, the *Dresden*, which succeeded in escaping, remained of the gay, victorious squadron which had sailed up to the Falkland Islands that sunny morning to make an easy prey of the old, lumbering, worn-out *Canopus*, which did not even put out of harbor to join in the fight. It was a glorious victory for Sir Frederick Sturdee



KING PETER OF SERBIA

and the British Admiralty, and a glorious defeat for von Spee, who went down with his command as Sir Christopher Craddock had before him, accompanied in death by his two sons.

The *Dresden* was accounted for later by the *Kent* and the *Glasgow* — the *Glasgow* being one of the ships which had escaped from the Germans in the first fight at Coronel.

A few days later a German battle squadron stole out of Heligoland and bombarded Scarborough and Hartlepool, on the East coast of England — a wanton piece of business, designed solely to terrify the English into keeping more men at home and sending fewer to the Western Front. Like all their psychology, which left out moral values of which apparently they had no conception, these affairs miscarried in their effects. The net result was a great increase in recruiting. No one asked for the retention at home of any more

soldiers. The raids killed a hundred or more people, mostly old men, women and children. One shell demolished a schoolhouse. The German ships got away in a fog-bank, but had a narrow escape.

In January they were not quite so lucky, one of a squadron — the *Blücher* — being sunk in an engagement in the North Sea, in which there would have been a more decisive victory, perhaps, if a degree of caution had not developed in



FRENCH OBSERVATORY BALLOON

the British officer commanding. The engagement was nearer Heligoland than he liked, and there had been some recent planting of mine fields which put him on his guard against being enticed across them.

Meanwhile war in the air was beginning to acquire a new and wider importance. The probabilities of this arm in actual warfare had long been a favorite speculation of military experts and a theme for imaginative novelists. Some be-

lieved — especially the novelists — that the use of airships and airplanes would transfer decisions to the air and make war too terrible to be endured. This expectation was not realized. Some spectacular, futile raids upon Antwerp, London and other points by the much advertised Zeppelins and other types of airships had disposed of that bugaboo. The airships had proved too vulnerable and difficult. Although they did some damage to life and property, they failed to inspire awe in the inhabitants of the attacked cities, and proved that they could accomplish nothing else of military value.

Airplanes had proven only slightly more formidable for purposes of destruction and intimidation. The most effective raids of this character were made by British air-men, who had flown over points in Germany and dropped bombs on military factories, and upon places where enemy airships were made and kept.

But as an auxiliary arm of the service in active military operations the airplanes had proved of unexpected value. In reconnoissance and in the direction of artillery fire they opened up new possibilities to both sides. Information of the most vital nature was brought to the commanding officers by them. The British learned of the beginning of the German movement northward, which resulted in the race to the sea, by their airplane scouts, after the deadlock on the Aisne. The charge of the Prussian Guard at Ypres was foreseen and foretold by them. And they were in constant use directing the fire of their own forces and locating the hostile batteries.

Air combats between hostile planes were beginning to be prominent. The thrill of mediæval romance was introduced among the belligerents by these duels high in air between single opponents, similar to the ancient tilting between champions in the sight of their respective armies.



"HOW THE DEVIL GAS COMES"

In December Teddy Jr. learned that Uncle Sam had gone back to Paris from the front to take up aviation with a group of other Americans who had been in the Foreign Legion. This group had organized what they intended to call the American Esquadrille,

to be composed of Americans who wanted to help in this way against Germany. Prominent Americans in Paris furnished funds for its organization and equipment. But objections to the American Government from the Government of Germany prompted a slight change in the plan, and the organization became known as the La Fayette Esquadrille of famous memory.

Uncle Sam spent the winter learning to fly. Peggy kept Teddy informed, in her letters, concerning his progress. He was doing famously; had just the right poise and dash to give him command of the air swiftly. He had experienced about everything else adventurous which the world had to offer, and it was an easy gradation to this. She and Princess Pat saw much of him in Paris, which city he knew like a native.

Peggy's letters were a great happiness to Teddy Jr. They showed a seriousness which had not taken away from

her the joyousness and sprightliness which fitted so well into his own temperament. She and Princess Pat were remaining in Paris to help in the work of caring for "war orphans"; locating their relatives when possible, and finding them new homes when all traces of former connections were wiped out. Albert, their Belgian protégé, was still with them — had been tacitly taken into their family circle when weeks followed weeks without further word from the mother.

Teddy's war experiences were not of a character, during the winter months, to satisfy an ardent young man bent on lending a hand in the destruction of the enemy of civilization which he had come to help annihilate. But he consoled himself in the assurance that the opening of Spring would bring him his chance to do some actual fighting.

The first developments in the Spring of importance on the side of the British was an attack on Neuve Chapelle on March tenth. It was the first large use the British had made of the lessons already learned in the war — the tactics of concentrating heavily in artillery, wiping out enemy trenches with a prodigious fire, lifting the fire when this was done to cut off possible support to the demolished trenches; moving in with the infantry, and then promptly entrenching the position against counter-attack before the enemy was released from the confining barrage.



OVERCOME BY GERMAN GAS BOMBS



ADMIRAL, SIR CHRISTOPHER CRADOCK

To his great joy, Teddy's command was called upon in the later stages of this action. It began with a bombardment which burst upon the air suddenly at 7:30 on the morning of the tenth. The noise of it lifted Teddy from his feet and filled him with indescribable emotion. He felt that he stood face to face with the rumblings of primeval chaos. The atmosphere was shattered by the volcanic roar of scores upon scores of guns. His heart was in his throat. It seemed that nothing could withstand such an assault.

The attack at first was successful. The enemy was stunned. Neuve Chapelle fell into British hands. But the preparation, mighty as it had seemed, proved not to have been everywhere sufficient. Here and there attacking troops were hung up and annihilated. And the British Staff work broke down. Telephonic communications were almost entirely obliterated by the fire of the British guns, and the answer of the German. More than once the advancing troops were shelled by their own guns. Confusion, born of

inexperience in such movements, entered in. The supreme moment passed without the advantages already attained being seized upon and pressed home.

Teddy's turn came four days later. The Germans had recoiled and won back some ground, dangerous to the British. St. Eloi was such a place. It was necessary to drive them out. The guns made a way for the attack, and early in the morning of the fourteenth the British were sent forward, with Teddy's regiment among them. It was the first big engagement in which Canadian troops had been employed, and they were on their mettle. The British soldiers had accepted them as comrades in arms, but with certain reservations; first they must prove themselves. Now their time had come.

It was a wild affair; darkness broken into by flashing lights which only confused, broken ground underneath, and a rush of deep-breathing men. The orderly sweep of soldiers in practice maneuvers was lacking. It was difficult to know directions, to tell friend from foe. Teddy wondered how anybody could be sure of what was taking place.

But he knew well enough when they came upon the enemy. Men sprang up out of the very ground in front of



THE BRITISH CRUISER "INFLEXIBLE," WHICH HELPED DEFEAT THE GERMAN SQUADRON OFF THE FALKLANDS

them and hurled themselves against the attackers. Teddy was sensible of blows which he did not feel until hours afterward — bruises at close quarters which lacked the depth of swing to make them serious. It was to him like a football scrimmage, with one deadly difference. He used his bayonet; he knew that it went home several times. Once it was nip and tuck. A huge hulk of a German stood in front of him with musket raised as a club. Teddy could see his dilated nostrils, could hear him grunt, caught his eye in the fateful moment, staring full of a strange light. His own musket was also raised as a club. But instead of bringing it down, as the other was doing, in which case it would have been a close race, he suddenly jabbed forward with his bayonet in a downward pressing stroke, and caught his adversary in the face; felt the hard bones give way; heard a scream, and the man fell in a heap, his rifle on top of him. Teddy withdrew his own weapon with a wrench as the other fell, and went ahead. Days afterward he squirmed when he thought of that savage thrust, but at the time it did not seem horrible to be doing that to a fellow-being.

April seventeenth found Teddy Jr. at Ypres, and a "row on." Hill 60, southeast of Ypres, which the Germans had taken in the Fall, was wrenched from them; but their counter attacks were persistent and vigorous, supported by an enormous weight of artillery fire. But the British held out amazingly.

On April twentieth shells began to fall in Ypres. Teddy saw the first one arrive; heard its crackling roar, like an express train tearing down upon them; saw a house leap into the air, a cloud of dust; was thrown back by the detonation of the exploding shell. It was one of the famous 42s.

April twenty-second he was out in the support trenches beyond St. Julian, itching for the fight. It was in the air that the Germans were preparing to attack. There was a gentle

breeze from the northeast. Teddy wanted very much to see Peggy at the moment; the evening was such an evening as, in another environment, they had loved to spend together. He wondered what she was doing.

Looking out across the prospect, he perceived a strange mist rising from the ground; a greenish-gray mist which seemed to have a solidity, rose to a height little above a



THE SUEZ CANAL — SCENE NEAR THE MEDITERRANEAN ENTRANCE

man's head, and began to roll toward the line, a little to the left of where the Canadians were stationed. While he was still looking, he saw it reach the trenches occupied by French troops, saw them begin to break and run madly to the rear, wild-eyed, gasping, clutching at throat and heart. At the same moment he caught a strangling, sickening whiff of the mist in his own nostrils, and fell violently to coughing, while his eyes watered profusely, and he had difficulty in seeing. It was the first use of poison gas by the Germans; but the

soldiers encountering it could not yet understand what it was. Behind the gas came the Germans.

Teddy, watching men clutch at their throats, fall to the ground, and die, saw the German troops streaming past through the hole in the ranks which the gas had melted; saw rank upon rank of German soldiers sweeping up toward him and his companions. Saw it, and stood, with the rest of them, firing and fighting.

There followed six days of terror which did not terrorize. It was necessary for the Canadians to hold on; no one could come to their help; no one could relieve them, for everyone had his hands full. How they endured it, how any survived, was a marvel. The left flank of the Canadians was brought to a right angle with their front to present a new front to the Germans that had poured through. Teddy had to help dig a new trench under pressure of the enemy. When the pressure became too severe, they rushed out and drove back the Germans, winning a few minutes' respite for their work.

The French troops between Steenstraate and Lange-marck, knowing no defence against this new method of warfare, broke and fled. The Canadians on their right were somewhat less affected by the gas, although two infantry regiments were almost destroyed, but the retreat of the French had uncovered their left wing and their situation became precarious. It was the Canadians who finally saved the day, abetted by the timely arrival of five British battalions, which filled the gap in the line.

A second wave of gas was sent down upon them a few days later; but this time the men protected themselves from it in a measure by binding wet handkerchiefs about their mouths and nostrils. For the last several days Teddy fought on sheer nerve. It was like a colossal football scrimmage on the goal line, with all the world at stake. Sensation

departed from him while he still fought on. There was but one thing to do, one only. That was, to fight on. . . . He wondered if any of these German officers was Bopp.

At last, as in a dream, he found himself marching out of the hell he had endured for nearly a week; saw fresh troops marching in; got a glimpse of distant Ypres, now half in ruins, staggered, stumbled, sank in his tracks, and went gently to sleep, like a child in the arms of its mother, not caring what happened further than that.

"Undoubtedly the Canadians saved the day," reported General French.

CHAPTER XVI

MEXICO

DOROTHY STEVENS of Oak Forest was in Washington. She had come down with Mr. and Mrs. Birmingham, who were on their way to Europe to bring back their daughters, if the two young women should see fit to

return. They had stopped to visit neighbors of the Stevens's in the beautiful Chicago suburb, where Teddy Jr. had first seen Peggy. Dorothy had taken advantage of the opportunity to travel with them, and the excuse which it provided her for another visit to the Washington Stevenses.

It had amused her to surprise them — excepting that she had



PRESIDENT CARRANZA OF MEXICO

informed Hugh of her intended visit, and he had come home from college for the weekend. His preparations for her reception involved sharing the secret confidentially and privately with every other member of the family, including his father, whom he had to ask for an extra sum of money. But none of them knew that the others knew she was coming, so that there was an element of surprise in her arrival, after all.

The Birminghams went on to New York at once, stopping in Washington only long enough to attend to some passport details. They were sailing on the *Lusitania*, scheduled to leave the following day, Saturday, May first. Kenneth Stevens was the last of the Washington group to see them, Dorothy having directed the travelers to the young assistant in the Secretary of State's office.

Dorothy arrived Friday afternoon. Hugh met her and brought her home in the Stevens' car.

"What do you hear from Teddy Jr.?" Hugh asked.

"Not much. He's in the trenches now, somewhere in France. They can't write much. He saw Mildred Birmingham in London. And oh, what do you think? Uncle Sam is over there, in Paris, learning to fly!"

"That's what I would like to do," Hugh confessed.

"You're not going, are you? You're not thinking of it?"

Hugh seemed to consider it best to look very solemn and mysterious, which he did. "We may be needed here," he observed, cryptically. "Or we may be needed to fight our own battles over there." As a member of the militia, he



PANCHO VILLA AND HIS WIFE

was a military man, with a military man's opinions and responsibilities.

Dorothy, properly disturbed by this veiled portent, asked, in great agitation, what he meant. He took advantage of his connection with a diplomatic family to refrain from telling her, merely hinting more darkly at events impending, with the happy results that she threw her arms about his neck the first moment it became possible, in the hall of his own home, and shuddered over the thought of his endangering himself; after which they both became suitably heroic and were very happy.

His romantic forebodings were swept away, however, that night at the Stevens's dinner table. A guest was present; a young man from El Paso, who was hot for immediate intervention in Mexican affairs for the protection of American lives, American interests, the American sense of order. It was not an unnatural view for one whose home or business was menaced. When the circumstances of life brought people into close contact with Mexican conditions, they invariably felt the same way about it.

"The Mexicans can't take care of themselves, and they would n't if they could," said this young man, Hayes by name. "Mexico is nothing but a big poker game — an open game, with everybody taking a hand that can scrape up a few chips. Just as soon as one fellow gets a little authority he either tries to go it alone and hog the whole business, or else the others turn on him and try to get it all for themselves. Look at Carranza! Last August he walked into Mexico City and everybody thought it was all over; excepting those who know the Mexicans. Carranza seemed to be a fine old fellow fighting for right and justice and Mexican freedom and all that sort of thing. But it turns out that he was nothing but a big long-whiskered bluffer. Within a month Villa was fighting him. And the worst of it is that

most of the scrapping is going on just across our back fence down there in Texas. It's all right for you up here. You don't even have to read about it in the papers unless you want to. But down where we live it's like sitting through a barroom row. You naturally want the police to come in and stop it."

"It's a pretty trying situation," Mr. Stevens admitted. "Every Government, every people, theoretically, has a right



GENERALS CARRANZA (CENTER) AND ORTEGA (RIGHT)

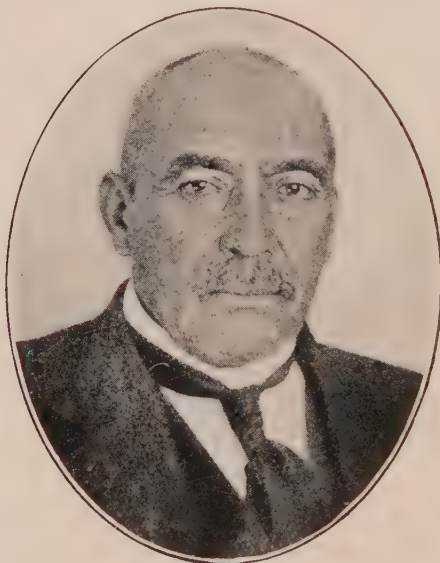
to the kind of government it wants, and gets it. And as long as they pretend to have a constitutional government, we judge them on that basis."

"Of course you know that the reason we are keeping out of Mexico is because it seems the right thing to do from the standpoint of national morality and not just because a few of you fellows want us to go in there," interposed Kenneth Stevens, with a smile, perceiving that Hayes was inclined to feel personally aggrieved because the Government did not adopt his views.

"That 's all idealism," Hayes returned.

"Precisely," said Kenneth.

"It would be all right if it would work, but it won't work," Hayes went on. "You can't practice idealism with that crowd. They are too crooked and ignorant. They don't know what it means. Take old Carranza, probably the best of the lot. He does n't pay the slightest attention



VICTORIANO HUERTA

to agreements or protocols or that sort of thing after they cease to serve his own selfish interests. They fix up a Convention. Carranza agrees. But the Convention makes somebody else — General Garza — President. Carranza captures Mexico City and says he is President. Villa captures some town up near us and says *he's* President. Zapatistas chase

Carranza out and say Zappata is President. The fact is nobody is President; and how can our Government think otherwise when the capital changes hands three times in a month! We made the big mistake when we let them chase Huerta out of the country. He could have held things tight if we 'd let him. Henry Wilson was right about that. I don't blame him for getting sore and quitting his job." Hayes referred to Henry Lane Wilson, who was American Ambassador in Mexico when Huerta murdered Madero, seized power, and resigned when his recommenda-

tions for Huerta's recognition were not acted upon by the Woodrow Wilson Administration.

"We dare not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that is to guide us," Kenneth quoted, from one of the President's speeches. "Do you agree to that?"

"You can't make it work," Hayes returned. "Not in Mexico."

"You've got to make it work, sooner or later, and President Wilson, who made that remark in his address to Congress a year ago, is merely trying to make it work now," Kenneth went on. "One reason why it is hard is because a lot of fellows like you think it is n't possible, and think that it is n't worth while trying. If you believe in morality and decency and the square deal for individuals and all the things you do believe in and guide your private life by, why don't you believe in these better things as applied to groups of people and try to work them out that way, even if the principle includes Mexicans?"

Hayes replied to this speech with another asseveration that "it could not be done." "There's nothing but fighting going on all up and down the northern tier of States down there," he went on. "Every little while it slops over. There have been fights on our soil between our men and Mexicans already, and there will be more and more until we have to recognize it as war."

"War with whom?" Mr. Stevens asked.

"With Mexico."

"But it is n't Mexico that does this."

"There is no Mexico," Kenneth added. "Whom are you going to fight? . . . I imagine there would be a Mexico if we started in there. It would bring them together, if nothing else does."

"Then why not do it?" Hayes retorted.

Mr. Stevens and his son Kenneth laughed simultaneously. "Let's keep on hoping that it won't be necessary," said Mr. Stevens.

"You think we won't intervene?" ventured Dorothy.

Mr. Stevens assured her that there was no chance of it except as a very last resort.

"Do you think it is right for President Wilson to let them keep on killing Americans?" she pursued, recalling conversation she had heard at her own table.

"More Americans are killed in holdups in our own country every year than the Mexicans have killed at any time," Kenneth explained. "But President Wilson lets the holdup men keep on doing it, as you put it. You see, the men that kill Americans are the same men that are trying to kill all the Carranzistas, or all of any other faction in power, and nobody can stop them. The reason they kill Americans, when they do it on purpose, is to drag America in so that Carranza will not be able to run the country to suit himself. So many on both sides of the line are trying, for one reason or another, to involve us that we have to be mighty careful to keep thinking straight. Germany is doing her best to get us mixed up, too, of course, so that we won't be able to give the Allies so much assistance. Don't let them get your goat, Hayes," he warned, with another laugh.

Dorothy waited for someone to take up the attack upon President Wilson which she had sought to initiate. Her father always attended to that at home. "Roosevelt would n't let them do it," she submitted.

"You bet he would n't," agreed Hayes, who had fought Roosevelt politically tooth and nail every chance he had had.

"What do you think Roosevelt would do with the question of our neutrality rights involved in the Allied blockade?" queried Kenneth. "Go to war with England? Or would

he go to war with Germany over the invasion of Belgium, or the bombardment of Rheims, or the submarine warfare, or her attempt to prevent American manufacturers from delivering munitions to the Allies?"

American neutrality, after the first few weeks of war, was largely technical. There were few Americans who did not take sides. Germany in the beginning had many sympathizers. Naturally those of German extraction, even though their families might have been in America for more than a generation, felt kindly toward Germany, refusing to believe all the evil of her that was being circulated through the country. Then there were those who had been mesmerized by the

material efficiency of Germany and by Germany's own song of her greatness. To these must be added those with a traditional hatred of England, which had been fostered



FRANCISCO MADERO

by sentiment and education from the time of the Revolution, and which had received several fresh impetuses during the development of the United States. This feeling was largely augmented by the Irish thought in America, and as British trade restrictions grew and collided with the business interests of some Americans, a resentment against her grew in that quarter. On the other hand, England was becoming a very good customer, which was mollifying. Many failed to understand why the Government was willing to dally along with England in the matter of trade regulations, while it took a sharper tack with Germany in the matter of her submarine warfare, failing to see that in the one case it was a question of property rights merely, while in the other it was a question of life. "For the first time in a great many years, human life stands higher than human property in the concern of the Government," Kenneth put it to Hayes, in bringing out this point.

But on the whole the sympathies of the United States ran strong toward the Allies. The invasion of Belgium invoked American resentment against anything that was not fair play. Close behind these came the Belgian atrocities, which people soon had to credit. Then the bombing of cathedrals and the destruction of architectural and civic monuments which were household words in America and constantly multiplying evidences of a callous cruelty which slowly revealed a purpose too hideous to be tolerated on the face of the earth — a purpose to dominate by material force alone. The very thought that Germany had plunged the world into this hell, when so many had begun to believe that war had been eliminated, and the certainty that it would wipe out millions of lives and treasure before it could be stopped, placed Germany further in a bad light with peace-loving Americans. France, too, had a sentimental appeal; and there was much in the thought of Alsace and Lorraine

to make Americans wish to see Germany defeated. The activity of German propagandists in the United States turned more Americans against them, even at this early date.

Fortunately for Dorothy, who found to her amazement that she had a private dispute on her hands with Hugh Stevens over Roosevelt and Wilson, Hayes took up the gantlet Kenneth had cast down. Hayes wanted to know what was wrong with the German contention that it was an unneutral act for America to furnish munitions and supplies to the Allies, and not to Germany. Hayes was Irish, and found it hard to believe England in the right about anything.



ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ

"That is an advantage in favor of the Allies for which we are not responsible, and which we cannot deny them," Mr. Stevens replied. "We sell things to all comers, but they have to attend to the delivery of them. The Allies can get delivery because they control the seas. The Germans cannot, for the same reason. If we should cut the Allies

off it would be contrary to international law and would be a hostile act."

"But it is helping the Allies if we don't," Hayes went on. "I am against Germany, of course, although I don't think England is much better, but I don't see how we can help one

side and not help the other, if we are to remain neutral."

"Germany furnished munitions and supplies to the Boers in the Boer War, and to the Spanish in the Spanish War, and to everybody in the Balkan War; but they have some special arrangement with a private god of their own which makes every principle and rule different when it applies to Germany. A regular scrap-of-paper god."

"How about England's blockade of

ADVERTISEMENT.

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TRAVELLERS intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her allies and Great Britain and her allies; that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that, in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government, vessels flying the flag of Great Britain, or of any of her allies, are liable to destruction in those waters and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her allies do so at their own risk.

IMPERIAL GERMAN EMBASSY
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BANKRUPTCY NOTICES.

THE "LUSITANIA" WARNING

Germany and her starving the German people?" Hayes demanded.

There followed a long discussion. In the first place, Kenneth pointed out that it was not England's blockade, but the Allies' blockade, which England had the job of enforcing. The nice questions of international law were weighed skilfully by Mr. Stevens, the balance tipping against England. The State Department was even then in the midst of an interchange of notes protesting against many of the decisions of the blockade, which worked hard-



THE "LUSTANIA" SAILING FROM NEW YORK ON HER FATAL VOYAGE

ships upon innocent American shippers, and upon further restrictions which were being imposed from time to time to prevent Germany from getting raw material for military use — all contraband of war — via neutral nations. The greatest contention was over cotton, which had been declared contraband of war because it entered into the manufacture of explosives. Kenneth reminded them all of some of the blockade rules laid down by the United States Government against the Confederate States during the war between the States, and England's objection to them at that time. "They are quoting us rather adroitly," he said, with a smile.

Germany's retort to the blockade, was the submarine blockade of the British Isles. The waters around the islands were proclaimed to be a "war zone," in which, after February eighteenth, enemy merchant vessels would be destroyed at sight, and neutral vessels would be in great danger. The avowed purpose was to starve England, as England was trying to starve Germany. Secretary Bryan sent notes asking Britain to relent from her blockade, and Germany from hers, but neither belligerent felt that she could do so.

Now the sea about England was infested with sneaking submarines which were making a practice of sinking British ships without mercy and without warning, contrary to all former usages, which required steps for the safety of passengers and crew in an unarmed ship which was seized at sea by an enemy vessel.

That no regard was to be paid to loss of life was soon seen, when over sixty merchant ships were sunk in the first ten weeks. One of the earliest was a ship flying the American flag, the *Gulflight*, an oil-tanker. In March the British steamer *Falaba* was sunk in the English Channel with heavy loss of life, among them an American engineer. But even yet the world could not be brought to believe that Germany would sink liners carrying passengers that were non-combatants.

It was not until the next morning that this hideous mental state began to be taken seriously. The Stevens family had assembled at breakfast. Mr. Stevens was looking over the paper. Dorothy, coming in late, had just entered and been affectionately seated by Hugh, Mr. Stevens interrupting his cursory glance through the paper to greet her.

Kenneth saw that something was arresting his father's attention. "What is the important news?" he inquired.

"Just listen to this. It's absolutely incredible, unbelievable." Mr. Stevens read: "Notice: Travellers intending to embark on the Atlantic voyage are reminded that a state of war exists between Germany and her Allies and Great Britain and her Allies, and that the zone of war includes the waters adjacent to the British Isles; that in accordance with formal notice given by the Imperial German Government vessels flying the flag of Great Britain or of any of her Allies are liable to destruction in those waters, and that travellers sailing in the war zone on ships of Great Britain or her Allies do so at their own risk. Imperial German Embassy."

"They are after the . . ." Kenneth was beginning.

"What ship were your friends sailing on?" inquired Mr. Stevens, looking at Dorothy, who was pale, wide-eyed, open mouthed, frightened.

"The *Lusitania*," she answered.

"Sailing today?"

"Yes."

"Let us hope they do not intend to carry their terrorizing beyond this threat," observed Mr. Stevens.

And breakfast continued in an apprehensive silence.

CHAPTER XVII

"BLIGHTY"

TEDDY JR. would have preferred to have been invalided in France, and especially Paris. It would have given him the chance of seeing Peggy; but what soldiers prefer, and what happens to them, are quite likely to be two different things. Before Teddy realized it, he was headed for "Blighty," as the English soldiers had begun to call England — home — written down as a serious casualty.

As a matter of fact, Teddy's affliction from the actual poison gas was the lesser part of the disability from which he was suffering at the time of his collapse. Most of it was fatigue, sheer fatigue. It put him out of commission quite as effectually, for the time being, but his recovery was more rapid, so that he



GENERAL AUGUST VON MACKENSEN

found himself, in London, with vigor and health returning sooner than the medical corps anticipated when they sent him to England, instead of keeping him in a French base hospital.

Mildred had come to see him in the hospital at once, of course, and it was not long before he was able to go of an afternoon to the Stephens home. Mildred, not satisfied



A RUSSIAN TRENCH ON THE DONAJETZ, POLAND

with depending upon chance or her own ingenuity for opportunities to help, had joined a Voluntary Aid Detachment, and was now kept busy enough. Elizabeth Stephens had gone in for nursing, having taken the necessary courses

of instruction to qualify her, and was now serving in the London hospitals; but Mildred found usefulness in other ways. One day she would help clean out premises newly given over to hospital work; another day she would be set to sorting clothing. Finally she found herself doing secretarial work, excepting on days when she was impressed to drive a car.

Great Britain was beginning to realize the enormousness of the task confronting her, and to be disquieted over the way she was meeting it. The country was beginning to realize that, while it had "muddled" through other affairs

without disaster, it could be seen that “muddling” would not do in this one.

The country was not organized for war, and slight steps had been taken to organize it. A fatal deficiency in all kinds of munitions and equipment, but especially in high explosives and machine guns, was beginning to show itself in losses of men at the front. On February fourth the British losses had been 104,000 with about 10,000 dead. Four months later the losses by land were a quarter of a million, with 50,000 dead. But no battle had been fought comparable to the First Battle of Ypres; no big stroke delivered, no victory won. Neuve Chapelle had been a disappointment; dark pessimism was rife over the Dardanelles attempt, which had been a failure so far; forebodings of disaster impending there flew from mouth to mouth.

For this the politicians and the political system were blamed. Under political methods as habitually pursued, the organization of the nation seemed impossible. It was



FRENCH TROOPS IN THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN

known that in Germany every man, woman and child was functioning usefully toward the promotion of the war; the nation was an armed camp, busy throughout. In England there were confusion and cross purposes. The recruiting system was taking skilled men and putting them into the trenches, and sending to the work of these skilled men others who could not do it, but would have made better soldiers. An attempt made by Lloyd George to curtail drinking, as the greatest of the nation's enemies, collided with politics and financial interests and came to naught.

Committees and commissions were appointed to make inquiries and reports, to give advice, but apparently not to come to the point and do things. There was a rising impatience throughout the nation. People pressed for results. Writers broke out in violent discussions of problems concerning which they could know little, and fierce controversies ran through the press. Debates raged in Parliament.

Mr. Stephens came home much distressed. He was beginning to join in the gathering criticism of Asquith. "I would be willing to give a hundred sons, if I had them; but I am not willing to have one sacrificed to inefficient bungling," he remarked, when Teddy was telling them some of the results of the German heavy gun fire at Ypres, to which the British were unable to respond, because, as Teddy quoted some officers he had heard discussing the matter, "it was nobody's business to see that they got the guns."

The intensity of the fighting had swung to the Eastern lines again, where Von Mackensen was beginning his great drive on the Donejetz which was to result eventually in the fall of Warsaw to the Germans, the rescue of Galicia, and the maiming of Russian power. News of the movements were coming in when Teddy reached England. Reports then permitted some hope for the success of the Russians; but those who understood better looked toward the Eastern

theater with apprehension, knowing that Russia was less prepared than any of her allies, and that Germany was making a supreme effort to shake this huge beast off her flank in order to be free to turn against the Western Allies.

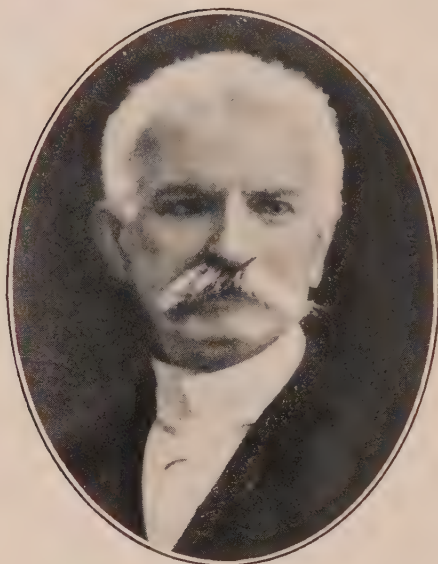
The ill-starred expedition against the Gallipoli Peninsula, to capture the Dardanelles defences, was under way. Australian and New Zealand troops — “Anzacs,” as they were being called now — formed the bulk of the force which was



TURKISH PRISONERS IN MESOPOTAMIA

sent against them. French and British troops also participated. A brilliant but costly landing had given them a footing on the barren hot sand and rock slopes of the peninsula, but lack of preparation for the attempt was beginning to manifest itself.

Italy was on the verge of entering the war on the side of the Allies. Although bound up with Austria, as an ally, and with Germany, there were terms to the agreement which Italy maintained Austria had broken in her conduct of the war against the Balkan States, and Italy was taking full advantage of the circumstance to press Austria for compensation. Everyone knew that the compensation hinted



BARON SONINNO

at by Baron Soninno, the Italian Foreign Minister, was "Italia Irredenta," unredeemed Italy, — the Trentino and Trieste, strips of territory which Austria had torn away from Italy years before, but which Italy had determined to rescue from her in course of time. This stand by Italy now gave promise of leading soon to war between her and her

formal ally, which meant her entrance in the war on the side of the Allies.

The submarine warfare which Germany had inaugurated in February had little more effect than to anger the British people and make them realize more and more fully that they were really grappling with an organized, ruthless enemy. The sinking of merchantmen and passenger ships, broadly viewed as to the results upon the war as a whole, so far had proved negligible, less than one-sixth of one per cent of the ships sailing to and from English ports being sunk.

Teddy Jr. was properly indignant, and said so. He had no patience with America's continued indifference to the German methods of warfare. "The first thing you know those damn Huns will be sinking some big ship full of American passengers," he said to Mildred, "and then what will Wilson do?" He expressed a wish once more that Teddy was on the job.

Mildred was not sure that Teddy Jr.'s prophecy would

not be fulfilled. "I hope mother and father don't try to come over," she said.

"Are they thinking of it?"

"I don't know. They want us to come home, and threaten to come after us. I don't feel that we ought to leave. We can do our bit here, just as you are doing yours. And Aunt Patricia and Peggy are surely doing a lot in Paris to help."

"Don't you get sick of these English people?" Teddy asked, confidentially.

"Not at all. Why? Do you?"

"They make me tired. They are so stuck on themselves."

"Don't you mean that they are not as stuck on America as we are?" Mildred submitted. "When you know them better, and understand their point of view, and the way they think, you will begin by admiring and respecting them very much, and then you will begin to like them very much, as a nation and as individuals."

"They are so cocky. Over in France. It would make you sick the way the Tommies sneer at the rest of us."

"They don't sneer at you. They only pretend to. The Englishman has a notion that he mustn't let anybody, not even himself, know how he is feeling, or that he is feeling at all, so he does things that he thinks cover him up. But they don't, when you once see through them. That's what's going to win the war;



CAPTAIN W. T. TURNER, OF THE
"LUSITANIA"

that habit of not letting their feelings get the best of them. Because there is a terrible lot of things that they could be feeling pretty badly about, if they permitted themselves to."

"Look at the way they are lording it over us with their blockade!" Teddy went on.

"Over *us*? Over the Germans, you mean, don't you?"

"No. Over America. Telling us what we can ship and what we can't ship, and yanking our ships into port whenever they want to and holding them there."

"Teddy, let me tell you something. England makes mistakes, just the way we have; once or twice, at least. And all Englishmen are not fine, just as there are some Americans whom we can't like or take into our homes or trust fully with our public or private affairs. But the English and we Americans belong to the same Anglo-Saxon race, and the Anglo-Saxon race is the first one that thought of political liberty, and it is the one that must give all kinds of liberty to the world. So don't let anybody poison your mind any more against England. We have been fed on poison about England all our lives, and it is time we recognized the poison and refused to take any more of it. And besides, remember that you are a British soldier now, and that England is giving you a chance to fight for the thing you believe in against the thing you hate, and that hateful thoughts about England right now are just like your going behind the lines in a battle and breaking down bridges and blowing up ammunition trains. Worse, because the way a nation fights can only be the final expression of the way a nation thinks, and if the nation's thinking is being twisted by talk like yours, and talk like you have been letting yourself listen to, its fighting will be twisted too."

"I thought you were a good American," Teddy remarked.

"That's just it. I am such a good American that I

want to help everybody everywhere to do the things I love America for. Being an American does n't mean hating every other nation, as too many people seem to think. That 's what the Germans think, with their 'Deutschland über Alles.' Don't be provincial, Teddy. You are fighting in a world war. Take a world point of view of it. Now I must run along about my work. I have some accounts to



REPLICA OF HENRY HUDSON'S "CLERMONT," AND THE "LUSITANIA"

make up, and some reports to file, and a few other little things which have to be done. It 's hard to feel the importance of them sometimes, after talking with you chaps that have been out there in the front line. Bless your heart! Don't be stubborn, now." She gave him a sisterly kiss, on the cheek, and left him to think over what she had said.

Teddy was invited to dine with the Stephensens on May seventh. He found Mildred alone at the house when he arrived. Elizabeth was detained at the hospital where she was nursing. Parliamentary matters kept Mr. Stephens away until later, and Mrs. Stephens had not come down.

Mildred had just had a letter from Peggy at Paris, giving



HERBERT ASQUITH

gossip of their activities, and heart-rending accounts of some of the pathetic cases they encountered. Uncle Sam, she said, was doing famously in his flying, and was already at the front; although she did not think he had undertaken any patrol flights, as yet, or other active service. "He and Princess Pat are such chums," she went on. "I never saw Princess Pat enjoy anybody quite so much. They are not a bit alike in some things, but they both seem so at home in the world. Goodness knows they ought to be; they've seen enough of it."

She was full of tenderness in speaking of Teddy. "Dear me! I do hope I can get a chance to see him when he comes

back to the front. It *must* be arranged. I just can't stand it any longer. How silly girls are, when they have a good chance not to be!"

Teddy himself was impatient to get back into the trenches. He had plenty to say about the medical formalities that were keeping him out of it. "It 'll be over this summer," he complained to Mildred, when they have mulled over the letter for a long time. "I don't want to be hanging around here doing nothing with the boys over there winding up the show. Why the deuce can't they let me go back?"

Mildred, not being able to answer that, did not try. "You seem fit enough again," she observed.

"I am. I don't even cough any more, and my eyes are as good as they ever were. There is n't a sore spot on me, and I'm as sound as a dollar."

Things were still going badly at Ypres, but there was no longer great danger. There had been another gas attack, which had been met with a little better preparation this time, and the British line had been shortened. The worst was thought to be over. "The worst *was* over when they did n't get through that first time, with a hole four miles wide and no bottom," Teddy remarked. "I don't see whatever stopped them, Mildred. Why, they had the wide, wide world to go ahead in. I can't tell you how I felt when I saw that line crumbling away. It was like a terrible dream, when something frightful is coming down on you and you can't move. We had to stay and we did, and I was glad of the chance; but I had no more idea of coming out of there than a jack rabbit. And you know, it does n't seem so bad to think of getting killed, when you have once made up your mind to it. If you figure out that what you are doing is more important, and is going to do more good, than anything you would ever get a chance to do by living, you don't mind it a bit."

There was a good deal of anxiety about affairs on the Eastern Front. All day wild rumors were coming in of overwhelming Russian defeat before Mackensen's determined attack along the Donejetz; but much of it was inspired news from Germany, and wholly unreliable. "They certainly are giving us our big chance on the Western Front," Teddy observed, "drawing off so many men to fight the Russians. Why can't we pile through them now? Why don't we do something?"

He asked the question direct of Mr. Stephens when he came in. "They have a preponderance of guns which it is impossible for us to overcome with anything but guns, and which enables them to thin down their infantry lines," Mr. Stephens explained. "Guns, and more guns, and yet more guns, is the only reply we can make, and we are going to make it soon. I cannot say anything as yet, but we can look for some changes. Dreadful thing about the *Lusitania*, is n't it? Horrible! Inconceivable! It shows us what we are contending against."

"What do you mean? What's happened?" cried both at once.

"Had n't you heard? The *Lusitania* was sunk off Ireland this afternoon by a German submarine, with appalling loss of life. Many Americans were aboard. It is impossible to believe it. No warning given. No hint of danger until the periscope was seen and the wake of the torpedo. Details are meager. They have made good their threats. Now we can only believe evil of them. They are capable of anything! It will arouse the whole British Empire."

The news threw a pall over the country. In the presence of such an event there was nothing that could be said. Even Teddy failed to fulminate. "That will bring us in," he said.

They sat down without Elizabeth. English families



TURKISH WAR PRISONERS PASSING THE BETHSHEBA AND GIZA JUNCTION OF THE DAMASCUS-JERUSALEM RAILROAD

were not run on punctual schedules any more, and the daughter of this family was often detained for days, even, after she was expected home.

She came in at last, however, with later papers and fuller reports of the sinking.

It had happened at two that afternoon. The ship was off Old Head of Kinsale. Many were on deck rejoicing in the sight of land. Others were still at luncheon. Some were in their rooms. Those on deck saw the periscope off the starboard bow, half a mile away; saw the wash of the torpedo; stood in a moment of braced suspense waiting for the shock. Then came the blow, followed later, many reported, by a second detonation.

Captain Turner at once headed the ship toward land. It was impossible to lower the life boats at once; they would have dragged in the water and been swamped by the speed of the ship. When the order was given to stop the ship it



ANZACS BACK IN FLANDERS, AFTER A FURLOUGH



BULGARIAN SOLDIERS OFF DUTY

was found that the engines had been thrown out of control. Everything was done to prevent a panic. The passengers proved a band of heroes; greatness came forth in individuals whose easy lives had never before given them the chance to display what character was behind their glittering exteriors. Meanwhile the ship was listing more and more heavily to starboard.

The life-boats on the port side could not be lowered; they rested against the sides of the vessel. Others were lowered as best they could be. Only a few could be used. Women and children were given first place. Other passengers resorted to life rafts. Many put on life preservers and leaped into the sea, perceiving that the vessel was doomed. In half an hour the huge craft slid silently beneath the waves, and the work of rescue was well under way. The sinking had been seen from land; tugs, trawlers and motor boats were soon busy in the wreckage dragging to safety those who were still afloat.

The names of some of the more prominent passengers were in the evening paper lists: Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Herbert Stone, Elbert Hubbard and Alice Hubbard, Major Archibald Butt, George Widener, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Strauss, Charles Klein, Charles Frohman, all well known by name to Mildred.

But the names she was most interested in, and least expected to find, were not published until the following morning.

The family was at breakfast. Talk naturally turned to the atrocious disaster. "All last night I kept seeing little children and babies floating around in the cold water, with their hair streaming in the current and their arms spread out. How can anybody possibly think that there is anything in this world worth that price!" Mildred had just said, when Mr. Stephens, who was glancing over the paper, asked her if she knew these people of her own name, and read out the names of her own father and mother.



BRITISH TROOPS LANDING AT SALONIKA

Mildred cried "No! No!" once or twice, and held out her hand for the paper. "It can't be possible," she added, taking the paper.

It was, of course, not only possible, but true.

Teddy came that afternoon, rejoicing, with news that he was being sent to the front again. He found Mildred so sober and quiet that he asked for the cause of it before he announced his news. She told him, quietly, and without tears.

He was amazed, stricken with grief for her and for Peggy, and shot through and through with a deep and abiding hatred of all that could have caused anything like this. He said nothing, but looked straight ahead of him. What he was seeing were the trenches of Flanders and France.

"Tell Peggy that I shall stay here and work," Mildred said as he was leaving. Peggy and Princess Pat were going to meet him at Boulogne on his way back. "I know what you mean about dying now. I hope father and mother know that their going will help those who are left to crush this hideous cancer that has crept into the face of the world. I hope America wakes up now."

Teddy took her tenderly in his arms, and kissed her as a sister.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHAMPAGNE

PRINCESS PAT and Peggy were at Boulogne when Teddy arrived there on his return to the front. He had half a day with them — six hours of precious moments. There was a sense of constraint in the meeting; each was sensible of changes that had taken place in the other. "I had to get acquainted with you all over again," Teddy put it.

"It did n't take long, did it?" Peggy returned, happily.

"I think I like you better," Teddy went on.

"Of course you do. I amount to more than I used to."

There was not much that they could do, or any place where they could go for real privacy; but the very presence of such bustling military and maritime crowds on the streets and in the cafes gave them a certain seclusion which they enjoyed. They did not mind Princess Patricia in the least.

The two women had amusing reports to make of Uncle Sam. "He is having the time of his life," Peggy assured his nephew. "It's just a picnic for him to go sailing off in the



NICHOLAS II OF RUSSIA

air with his life in his hands, never knowing what is going to happen, or when it will happen."

"Is he really seeing active service?" Teddy could n't picture Uncle Sam's flying as an accomplished fact, going on at that very moment, perhaps. "Do you suppose he's sailing up in the air somewhere right now, having a duel with a Hun?"

"As likely as not," replied Patricia.

They told him some of Sam Stevens's escapades in the air. "He has been in a dozen smash-ups, but comes off without a scratch," they laughed. "I guess he takes big chances, just for the fun of it."

"Not any more," said Patricia. "Not for the fun of it."

"He came down through the kitchen roof, nose first, once, in the training camp," Peggy went on. "Another time he lit on a church in a strange town, when he was on his first long trial trip. His machine was impaled on the steeple, like a big darning needle. They rescued him with ropes and things, and then were going to arrest him, but he talked them out of it."



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS DOING LAUNDRY WORK

"A German machine flew over, and they all decided that they would n't discourage French aviation," interposed Patricia.

"And by night he owned the town. They wanted to make him mayor."

"Has he had any air fights?"

Patricia answered. "He won't say. I think he has."

"He is mostly engaged in making reconnoissances, two a day," Princess Pat told them.

"I'll bet he makes a dandy fighter," glowed Teddy Jr. "He's such a game sport. Gee, I'll bet he likes it! Where is he now?"

None could tell.

Peggy took the loss of her parents with great fortitude; although she did not desist from considering the chain of small links that led to their being on board the fateful ship, and considering how slight a thing might have broken down the chain at any link and left them safe at home on this very day. "It was all so unnecessary," she wept, in the first days of her grief.

The deed became more monstrous in the eyes of the civilized world as information leaked out of the jubilation with which the news was received in Germany. The event became a national boast. People everywhere celebrated



SIBERIAN SOLDIERS CAPTURED AT LODZ

with a delirium of self-congratulation. Everyone connected with this killing of women and children was a hero; for did not the act show the world how clever Germany was, and that she was not to be tampered with?

Teddy left for the front, after his happy half day, wondering what his country would do about it. President Wilson's first note to Germany on the *Lusitania* case had been dispatched. It did not satisfy Teddy. He stated what Roosevelt would have said to Germany, according to his own ideas of his hero. President Wilson, through Secretary of State Bryan, declared that it was "a practical impossibility" to use submarines in any way for the destruction of commerce, without disregarding "rules of fairness, reason, justice and humanity which all modern opinion regards as imperative." He called upon the German Government to disavow the acts of its submarine commanders by which American lives had been placed in jeopardy, to make all possible reparation, and to take immediate steps to prevent their recurrence. The American Government would not be expected to "omit any word or any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment. The United States must hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability."

"That is the sort of stuff you would expect from a man who says that there is such a thing as being 'too proud to fight,'" growled Teddy. He was referring to a speech which President Wilson had made to a group of newly naturalized citizens at Philadelphia a few days before — May tenth — in which he had said: "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

"Force is the only way to convince a Heinie," was



LIQUID FIRE, FIRST USED BY THE GERMANS IN BELGIUM, JULY 30, 1915

Teddy's observation, in reading comments on the speech. "The only way to get an idea into a Heinie's head is to drill a hole in it first with a bullet."

There were no heroics between him and Peggy over his departure. They had discussed the chances that he would not come back quite coolly and scientifically, according to figures someone had compiled. They seemed favorable. "If I don't . . ." said Teddy. "Some of us have got to stay, and I suppose there are n't many that would n't be missed



A TRENCH OVERLOOKING NO-MAN'S LAND

by somebody; so why should we pick out ourselves as the only ones that it's important to keep safe?"

"Just the same, Teddy, you be careful, and don't do anything foolish that is n't going to help a whole lot," Peggy returned.

"Oh, don't worry," Teddy laughed. "I'm not looking for any glory. There's nothing like that out there. It's just like a job in a factory — only it's a darned queer kind of a factory."

It was a bad summer for the Allies, all told. For one thing, Russia went to pieces in a military sense. Von

Mackensen swept through Poland in a brilliant drive that inflicted huge losses on the Russian Army and broke their military power for the time being. Even Warsaw, the capital, fell. Przemyśl, Lemberg, all of Galicia, were lost. The Grand Duke Nicholas, who had led the Russian Armies and had conducted a masterful retreat with his broken forces, destitute of ammunition, from the pressure which the Germans brought to bear, was removed to the Caucasus, and the Czar himself took command of the armies. Germany rendered hundreds of square miles of Poland desolate; more terribly desolate than Belgium.

Gallipoli was turning out disastrously. Landings were made at several points on the Gallipoli Peninsula, with a purpose of taking the fortifications in the rear; but the Turks, prepared by the Germans, were too quick and too many for the attackers. The heroic efforts of the Anzacs — the Australian and New Zealand troops — and their morale



GERMAN RED CROSS DOGS IN FRANCE AWAITING THE CALL



A GERMAN MILITARY CHURCH SERVICE IN POLAND

under hideous losses, are one of the brightest spots in the British Empire's military history; but it was all coming to naught, apparently.

In June the struggle on the tip of the Peninsula came to a climax in a series of three battles which brought the Allies to a standstill. In August another attempt was made at Suvla Bay, which for a time gave some promise of succeeding. The British troops actually pushed up to the crest of the ridge, which, if held, would cut the communications of the peninsula forts, and looked down upon the blue waters of the Dardanelles; but the Turks recoiled and drove them off.

Italy was hurling a million men against the mountain ramparts between her and Austria. The vast ring of ridges north and east, from which flowed many of the principal Italian rivers, was firmly held in Austrian hands. The Italian objective was to protect her frontiers along the Trentino, and to push against the Isonzo, at the head of the Adriatic, and so on to Trieste. It was a bitter, stubborn struggle carried on under romantic conditions and with picturesque accompaniments.

The extravagant hope many had entertained of the crushing effect of Italy's weight of arms added to the pressure of the Central Empires' other foes was being disillusioned.



A GERMAN COMMISSARY TRAIN IN POLAND

The Central Powers continued to thrust ahead on their Eastern Fronts, giving no more heed to the attacks of Italy than a horse straining at a load gives to the nagging of a horse fly. The powers of resistance of the Teutonic powers seemed inexhaustibly elastic; they expanded to meet everything flung against them.

Even at sea the results were at least disappointing to the Allies. The Germans were pressing the Russians around Riga and on the coasts of Courland; the Austrians seemed to be doing about as they wished in the Adriatic; the English lost ship after ship at the Dardanelles. Control of the sea, however, remained unshaken in Allied hands, and England was giving safe escort across the English Channel and to its far flung lines for troops and munitions and supplies, despite the German submarines lurking in all waters. These preventive results, however, were negative in character, without the spectacular thrills accompanying dramatic, conclusive, naval occasion, and were often lost sight of by an uneasy public, eager for tangible achievement somewhere.

Only in South Africa was there much positive comfort

for the Allies in this Summer of 1915. The revolt against the British colonies there was burning out, and Germany's hold on her African possessions was being shaken loose.

England, however, was beginning to find herself. The spectacle on the front where a preponderating force was held, by superiority of guns, supine and helpless in front of a depleted enemy while forces were drawn off to destroy an ally had awakened the nation at last to a strong pull together. Herbert Asquith had formed a coalition Cabinet, to which he invited strong members of the Unionist party. Partisan policies were submerged, Lloyd George was made Minister of Munitions to organize the man power of the nation behind the lines, and the people of England found relief from that gnawing impatience of standing by idle while big work was needed. They perceived now that they had a long way to go; but they were headed right at last, and started.

Attention was turning to America. The first *Lusitania* note of protest had been answered defiantly, with typical German sophistry and subterfuge. Secretary of State Bryan,



MAP OF THE DARDANELLES, THE SEA OF MARMORA AND THE BOSPORUS,
THE APPROACHES TO CONSTANTINOPLE

unwilling to associate himself with a stand which he regarded as belligerent and out of line with his doctrines of peace, resigned and was succeeded by Robert E. Lansing, who officially conducted further negotiations, although President Wilson directed diplomatic strategy and himself composed subsequent notes to Germany. To all of them Germany returned insolent defiance. In response to one she deliberately sunk an American ship off the Orkney Islands.

To Teddy Jr. this was insufferable. He burned to have his country join the struggle against the German power. There were many in America who shared his feelings, but the nation for the most part was behind their Chief Executive in his efforts to remove the evil of German methods of submarine warfare without precipitating the greater evil of going to war.

Teddy reached the front just after the British attack on the German lines near Festubert. The attack was undertaken in conjunction with a French advance into the Artois. Several days' fighting, with heavy losses, brought no results of importance. Teddy Jr. met Brooke Stephens behind the



CAPTIVE GERMAN SOLDIERS IN A FOOT-RACE

lines, in billets, as he was going in. Stephens, now a lieutenant, had gone through it. His battalion had advanced and taken three German trench lines on the first day of the engagement — Sunday, May ninth —

and had had a hard time getting back. "It was a bad afternoon," he told Teddy. "Men melted away all around me. Once when I was lying on my face a bullet struck between my forehead and the ground. I



CAPTIVE GERMAN SOLDIERS IN A SACK-RACE

don't know why I was n't hit. What was left of us got to our trenches in short dashes. The last dash brought us to a little rise in the ground that gave shelter, twenty yards from our parapets. I actually went to sleep there from sheer exhaustion. It was the first rest the Huns had given us; and they did n't give us that from choice. . . . I suppose it did some good, our doing that."

The French, in the Artois, nearly took Lens; but their flanks were held up, and the movement did not even effect the diversion of Germany from the operations on the Eastern Front, as was intended.

Trench warfare by this time had become an exact science. The trenches themselves were much better affairs than the early shelter trenches; although conditions of the ground and weather in some sections made it impossible for the trenches to be kept comfortable. War on the Western Front had become a vast industry. Fifty miles behind the lines manufacturing on a gigantic scale was going on. New railroads were being constructed or under operation. Roads swarmed with transport and supply columns. Everywhere was a

seething activity, all finding its final expression in the front line trenches, a few yards from the Germans.

Teddy was a "hand" in this industry. A turn in the trenches; a turn behind the lines, in rest billets. And strange duties coming so often that they were soon taken as a matter of course; going back through fire, often at night, to bring up hot food; carrying ammunition; going out in 'No Man's Land' on patrol at night; working parties, starting new trenches, or improving old ones; listening post duty, concealed somewhere out in front. Now and then everything else laid aside for the rifle for an attack or a raid on enemy trenches, or a defense against an enemy attack. Or a trying wait while an artillery bombardment was wearing itself out.

He made new friends, and found old ones. The first organizations were no longer discernible. New recruits were constantly coming in; old commands being consolidated. Teddy was moved about from one place to another, to a certain extent, but for the most part he was in or near the Ypres salient, which still underwent hard pounding from time to time.

All this time Russia was being ground to pieces, and the Allies were making no concerted move to relieve the pressure in the East. People wondered why. They could not understand, they complained and blamed the High Command. There were several reasons. One was, that the Allies were not co-ordinated and articulated sufficiently as yet; there was no final authority directing all operations with a view to the general situation. Each power was still more or less for itself. Another reason was that the Allies in the West were not ready; they had not yet built up a machine which could cope with the military machine Germany had erected in forty years, and was still perfecting.

In August, at Hooge, the Germans sprang "liquid fire"

on the British. This was a fluid which they pumped in a stream against the enemy, and which took fire upon contact with the air. They had prepared for its use in their accustomed manner by charging the French with using it in the Argonne. It had been noted by this time that whenever the Germans were ready to perpetrate any new abomination, they first accused the enemy of doing it. And then they wondered and felt aggrieved because the neutral world reprehended and had no faith in them.

The fighting at Hooze was desperate and disastrous to the British in point of casualties. The Germans gained the first line trenches and captured an important crater near Hooze, from which they were not dislodged for a week. In



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS MARCHING THROUGH MARSEILLES, FRANCE

the early part of this engagement the German artillery fire obliterated the Allied gunnery; but the balance was restored later, and superb artillery work enabled a counter-attack to retrieve all lost ground.

But premonitions of activity began to be evident in and around the French lines in front of Champagne, and in Paris, in September. There was a vague, suppressed sense of special preparation everywhere. Whatever was in the air brought Uncle Sam to Paris. The La Fayette Esquadrille, composed of American aviators flying for France, was an important feature of the French Air Service now, and a spectacular one. Many young Americans had already proved themselves in the air, and many had been lost. By September, when Uncle Sam came up to Paris, he was an ace, having shot down five German airplanes under official notice.

He had an evening with Princess Pat and Peggy, and little Albert, for whom seven Belgian mothers had been traced out by this time, none of them proving to be the right one. "I guess we can keep him," said Princess Pat, talking about the lad after he had gone to bed. "He is a dear little fellow. I don't think he misses his mother now."

"I guess we can," said Uncle Sam.

Sam Stevens recounted some of his latest air adventures to them. He had been down in the Argonne, where the German Crown Prince had been persistently pounding ever since the battle of the Aisne to push down through behind Verdun and link up with the German salient at St. Mihiel. Verdun was a vital point, the buttress in the east upon which the entire wall of defence rested.

Peggy got him to describe an air duel. "The game is to shoot the other fellow, or knock his machine out of commission, first," he said. "You try to get somewhere where you can shoot at him, and he can't shoot at you. The best place

for that, I find, is right over his tail, diving down on him. When you are getting there you have to look out that some other Hun is not getting ready to dive down on you. Then you send a few tracer bullets, that you can see in the air by a little trail of smoke they leave, and you swing the old bus around until the tracer bullets are going where you want them to go. It is some trick, wobbling along through the air about two miles a minute with the other fellow twisting and turning. You don't get them very often. By the same token, they don't get you very often — and seldom more than once. The first time was the most exciting moment I ever spent. I could n't quite believe it when I saw that I had got the poor devil. I give you my word I was sorry. Not as sorry, of course, as I would have been if it had been myself. But it's worse when you send them down in flames. I don't like it, to tell you the truth. But I am in for it."

He did not tell them, of course, what was in the wind, and they did not ask him; although there was some talk about conditions on the West Front, and in Russia. The next morning he sent a note, calling off an engagement he had made with them or luncheon, and telling them that he had finished what he had come to attend to, and must be off to the front at once. A few days later news of the great push in the Champagne began to come in.

The French people and the Allies were bracing themselves for word of a great victory. Then the battle began to fade. In five days it had subsided. The enemy lines could be pierced, if anyone was willing to pay the price in men; but the price had proved too high; and the wave of hope and exhilaration sank back into a reaction of rather desperate hopelessness.

On the night of September twenty-third a bombardment had begun all along the Champagne front; a deluge of shells of which the Allies now had a more nearly adequate supply.

At dawn on the twenty-fifth, in a drizzling rain, the French, in their horizon blue, went over the top. They found the German front line trenches and positions all but wiped out. They passed forward. Here and there they pierced the second line of defence.

All the next night the French batteries came up to pound the second line to pieces, and all that night the Germans were throwing in reserves. Once more the French advanced to the assault, and once more gained ground. There was a high moment when it looked as though they would pierce the German front on a breach wide enough to permit the cavalry to pour through and ride to the enemy's bases, cutting his communications, and to let in an army of maneuver.

But the moment passed. The defences were too deep, the difficulties too many. The battle began to ebb and fade away. In five days it had subsided; and the hopes that had risen so high receded in a reaction of rather desperate hopelessness. If all this effort came to nothing, how was the enemy to be dislodged?

On the fourth day of the fighting Princess Pat received a scrawl from Uncle Sam. "Some of the lists are reporting me dead, they say; but, as Mark Twain remarked, the rumor is greatly exaggerated," the note ran. "My bus and I got tipped over between the lines by a shell that went off too close to us, and we came down in a heap. When they pulled me out I was a bit limp, I guess, because it knocked me out for a while, but when they got me where they could brush off the dirt and have a look at me they found only a few bones broken. One of them was somewhere in my right arm, where it is needed for writing purposes, so you must n't mind this scrawl. We certainly had a fight of it, and I am glad of a rest. I am trying to work it to get up to Paris for a layoff. Best regards to Peggy and Albert. Sam."

CHAPTER XIX

WINTER STALEMATE

UNCLE SAM showed up in Paris a few days after his note to Patricia, much more battered than the note had led his friends to expect. Some of his ribs were staved in, his right wrist was fractured, an ankle badly sprained, a cheek laid open, and internal injuries were in evidence which would keep him in bed until their seriousness should be determined.

He sent word to Patricia from the hospital that he was there. She was shocked to see him in splints and bandages; one eye was covered by his face wrappings. "Is *anything* all right?" she asked, with a laugh, glancing over him.

"They won't admit it," said Sam.

"I hope they have n't destroyed your character."

"I lost that long ago," Sam joked. "But I have won a reputation."

"Just what happened?" Patricia asked.

"I got too close to the war," Uncle Sam explained. He talked and smiled stiffly out of one side of his face. "How's Albert? And Peggy? Any word from Teddy Jr.?"

Patricia made her reports. Teddy Jr. was still safe, at last reports. Peggy was behaving wonderfully about him. She and Peggy were still in refugee work, and helping in some American aid activities which had sprung up. Albert was making himself useful and happy and popular running errands. "He's a dear child," said Patricia. "His scars are disappearing."

"Are we still going to adopt him?" quizzed Uncle Sam.

"We?" returned Patricia.

"Yes," said Sam, with a merry look in his good eye.

"I had n't thought of it in that light," she said.

"Had n't you?"

Patricia smiled and reached out to squeeze his hand. "Of course I have, you dear fellow. That 's understood, I guess."

"I guess so too. But it 's fine to talk about it, is n't it?"

"It makes me very happy," said Patricia, quietly.

So they talked on for quite a while, calmly, like two grown-ups that they were.

"Will you fly again?" she asked at last.

"They say I am done for, as far as that goes," he replied.

"Between you and me, Pat, I hope I am. But it 's no time for a man to consult his wishes. If they can patch me up . . ."

She inquired how badly he was hurt, and he told her that he thought not seriously. "There are pieces enough left for a peaceful life," he conjectured.

The nurse came to them advising that the patient be not further excited.



THE "ARABIC" SHORTLY BEFORE SHE WAS BLOWN UP BY A U-BOAT

"Do you suppose I could manage to give you a kiss?" Patricia wondered.

"You might try," said Sam.

She succeeded fairly well, and left.

Two weeks later he was so far restored that the medical authorities were willing to release him to her to make room for other patients, and Patricia and Peggy had him in their apartments.

A day or two later they were married by an American minister living in Paris, to the great delight of Peggy and Albert.

Uncle Sam permanently removed the bandages from his face for the occasion, and graduated to convalescence in a chair.

As Autumn wore into winter his strength returned sufficiently to enable Sam to take up work in the aviators' training camp and even to fly a little now and then for the instruction of novices.

At first the Allies. to be vic-
overrun

view, it was not a joyous Winter for Everywhere Germany seemed torious in the field. She had Poland; Belgium was firmly in her grasp; and she held the



A BRITISH SUBMARINE OF 1913, MOUNTED WITH A QUICK-FIRING GUN

biggest part of the biggest industrial region of France in an iron grip. Russia apparently was hopelessly crushed as a military agent in the war, her Armies defeated and swept off the field, 1,000,000 men prisoners in the hands of the Germans.

In October and November German Armies, taking the field with the Austrians, began a serious invasion of Serbia, determined to wipe that country out as a belligerent. Bulgaria, which had been waiting to see which of the two sides



EDITH CAVELL

would offer her the biggest advantages, had finally cast her lot with the Teutonic powers, and joined in the assault upon Serbia, attacking in the brave little nation's rear. Before the first of the year Serbia was overrun.

British and French forces, going tardily to the assistance of Serbia, had been driven back upon the port of Salonika as a refuge. Salonika is a port of Greece. Greece, under terms of a treaty, was bound to come to the assistance of Serbia against the attack of the Bulgars; but King Constantine of Greece, related by marriage to the German ruling house, refused to abide by the treaty, causing a sharp division in Greek politics which ultimately cost him his throne and brought into prominence one of the greatest statesmen developed by the war — M. Venizelos, Prime Minister of Greece and ardent champion of democracy and the Constitution in his country.

Gallipoli had proved a costly, ghastly failure. Thousands upon thousands of the choice young men of Australia and



EDITH CAVELL MONUMENT, LONDON

New Zealand, gladly sacrificing themselves for their mother country, lay dead on the barren rocks and sandy slopes of the ill-fated peninsula, and Great Britain's prestige for the hour lay prostrate, almost, with them. The evacuation took place during November, 1915, the entire force being withdrawn in a masterly way. Costly as it was, the adventure did serve to prove to Britain finally and for all time that muddling would not do, and started her upon an even more rigid course of putting her house in order.

A scheme of universal registration had been worked out in a bill in Parliament which had passed in August. Later Lord Derby, who was placed in charge of recruiting, worked out a scheme of voluntary enrollment for service. Forty-six classes were formed, twenty-three for the married men and an equal number for the single men. Men joining up were assigned to the proper class, agreeing to serve when the class should be called up. It was virtually a conscription without the feature of compulsion and the Prime Minister frankly gave notice that it was the final test of the voluntary system before resort would be had to conscription.

The scheme proved inadequate. Rumbblings of impending conscription began to be heard early in the Winter. Dire prophecies were made of the results to be expected if it should be attempted. The Englishman enjoyed to the utmost his prerogative of political argument and discussion and of turning phrases upon personal rights and constitutionalism. But the measure was introduced and passed in January, putting behind Lord Derby's scheme the power of enforcement which was all it had lacked before. And the nation adjusted itself to the new idea of conscription with scarcely a wrench.

An event of October helped to brace the country for the complete abandonment of all precedent and cherished doctrines involved in conscription. This was the judicial murder



GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

of Edith Cavell, an English woman in charge of a nursing institution in Brussels. She had taken equal care of Belgians, French, English and Germans; but she had assisted French, English and Belgian wounded in her care to escape through Holland and rejoin their commands. Under German military law this was the crime of treason punishable with death, and they shot her under circumstances which aroused the world.

Mildred Stevens had found a new activity. Dissatisfied with the work she was doing, and seeing clearly the crying need for munitions in the British Armies, she did what she could to supply the lack by going to a munition plant and getting work filling shells. With several hundred other girls and young women, from all sorts and conditions of city life, including some from old and aristocratic families, she worked at a bench, eight hours, ten hours, twelve hours a day, filling shells at first, and later getting into more skilled departments, until her ability attracted attention, and she was sent to technical schools for short courses. Early in the year she was given charge of a group of twenty or thirty young women in a munitions factory near London.

Elizabeth was still nursing. No word came to her for long periods from her fiancé, Cecil Langworthy, who was now with the fleet in the North Sea. Silently, grimly, implacably, those monsters of the deep waited for the German fleet to come forth and be destroyed. Torpedo boat destroyers made black streaks through the night in their ceaseless vigils; the cold gray loneliness of Winter's bitter storms, the horror of impenetrable fog, the hidden dangers from mine and submarine, did not for one moment break the watch being kept against the enemy; and the long wait for the final day of triumph did not break down the good temper, patience and morale of the British seaman or naval officer.

The German submarine was taking steady toll from Allied shipping, but not enough to cause acute anxiety as yet. The abandoned methods of the Germans were clearly apparent in these sinkings. Passenger ships, and even hospital ships, fell victims. Submarine commanders seemed to make no distinction between vessels of the belligerents and of neutrals. Less than three weeks after the *Lusitania* was



20,000 RUSSIAN CAPTIVES IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP

sunk, the American steamer *Nebraskan* was torpedoed. Norway lost quantities of ships.

The protests of America against the submarine warfare continued with accumulating sharpness after the *Lusitania* sinking, finally evoking a promise from Germany that no more merchant ships would be sunk without warning. It was the second *Lusitania* note that William Jennings Bryan considered to be so harsh that, rather than send it, he resigned the State portfolio and was succeeded by Robert Lansing.

The bad faith of Germany was shown, however, in the

sinking of the *Arabic* almost simultaneously with their promise to sink no more ships without warning. The *Arabic* was outbound for Africa. Loss of life was great, including Americans. Although Germany repudiated the sinking, the finding of torpedo-head screws was proof enough for most, and few were misled. The sinking of the Italian liner *Ancona* by an Austrian submarine on November 17th added to the infamous score of the Teutonic Allies. On December 30th the *Persia*, a British ship, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean; but it was the sinking of the *Essex*, a channel steamer with a large passenger list containing many women and children, Americans among them, which aroused a storm of indignation against which Germany finally bent.

The behavior of the Germans in every way had aroused an intense antagonism in America, except among those whose German affiliations, or fanatical hatred of England, or general perversity of thinking, mesmerized them into some form of sympathy. When the efforts of Germany failed to prevent, through diplomatic representations, the manufacture and shipment of arms to the Allies, the representatives in Germany deliberately set about, with an elaborate system of espionage which they had built up under the unsuspecting nose of the American people, to interfere in every possible way with this source of supplies to the enemy. Fires in munition plants, mines placed in ships, strikes and labor troubles fomented with German gold, were officially conceived and executed in the very heart of a nation with which they were pretending to live on friendly terms. The Government Secret Service was familiar with much that was going on, but could obtain little material at the present time to form the basis for definite action to suppress these pernicious activities. But Ambassador Dumba became so abandoned in an attempt to foment labor troubles in the Bethlehem Steel Works, that his recall was insisted upon by America, and he was



ARTHUR BALFOUR AND SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

withdrawn. Bernstorff, however, who was incomparably worse and more dangerous because more adroit, subtle and hypocritical, was able to glide through the tortuous channels he was navigating without fouling or grounding — at least for the present.

That things were moving toward an *impasse* as far as the Teutonic Allies were concerned was no doubt apparent to the Administration long before tangible evidences of it became apparent to the people. On December 8, 1914, in his annual message to Congress, President Wilson had said: "We are at peace with all the world. No one can say that there is reason to fear from any quarter our independence or the integrity of our territory is threatened. . . . We mean to

live our own lives as we will; but we mean also to let live. We are, indeed, a true friend to all the nations of the world . . . we are the champions of peace and of concord. . . ." That was four months after the beginning of the war.

April 20, 1915, addressing the Associated Press at New York City, he said: "My interest in the neutrality of the United States is not the petty desire to keep out of trouble. . . . But I am interested in neutrality because there is something so much greater to do than fight; there is a distinction waiting for this nation that no nation has ever yet got. That is the distinction of absolute self-control and self-mastery. . . . We are trustees for what I venture to say is the greatest heritage that any nation ever had, the love of justice and righteousness and human liberty."

Then came the phrase which provoked so much scorn, uttered to newly naturalized Americans at Philadelphia three days after the *Lusitania* was torpedoed, and three days before the first note was dispatched to Germany: "There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight." October 15, 1915, he was saying to the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington: "We stand apart, unembroiled, conscious of our own principles, conscious of what we hope and purpose. . . . Neutrality is a negative word. It is a word that does not ex-



LINDLEY M. GARRISON



COUNT VON BERNSTORFF

press what America ought to feel. . . . We are not trying to keep out of trouble; we are trying to preserve the foundations upon which peace can be rebuilt."

But a month later, before the Manhattan Club, in New York City, he was "speaking in terms of deepest solemnity of the urgency and necessity of preparing ourselves," and in December he went before Congress and asked for the greatest navy in the world, and laid down plans for a citizen army. "Since I last had the privilege of addressing you on the state of the Union the war of the nations on the other side of the sea," he said, "has extended its threatening scope until it has swept within its flames some portion of every quarter of the

globe, not excepting our own hemisphere. . . . We have stood apart, studiously neutral. . . . It was necessary, if a universal catastrophe was to be avoided, that a limit should be set to the sweep of destructive war and that some part of the great family of nations should keep the processes of peace alive. . . . But we do believe in a body of free citizens ready to take care of themselves and of the governments which they have set up to serve them."

And in the week of January twenty-seventh – February third he made a hurried trip through the Middle West to wake up the nation to the need of preparedness and have the people stir Congress to some action on his plea for it, which had been so serenely ignored by that body that Secretary of War Garrison resigned, and Newton D. Baker, a young attorney of Cleveland, and disciple of Tom Johnson, was given the portfolio. At New York, where he began the tour, he said: "If there is one passion more deep-seated in the hearts of our fellow countrymen than another, it is the passion for peace. . . . But, gentlemen, there is something that the American people love better than they love peace. . . . They are ready at any time to fight for the vindication of their character and of their honor. . . . We cannot surrender our convictions. We live in a world which we did not make, which we cannot alter, which we cannot think into a different condition from that which actually exists. . . . More than a year ago. . . . I said that this question of military preparedness was not a pressing question. But more than a year has gone by since then and I would be ashamed if I had not learned something in fourteen months. The minute I stop changing my mind with the change of all the circumstances of the world, I will be a back number. I cannot tell you what the international relations of this country will be tomorrow, and I use the word literally. . . ."

Other matters in America were taking a sinister turn,

meanwhile. Mexico was so far from improving that conditions were continually getting worse beyond the border — worse for Mexico herself, and worse for her neighbor to the north. Villa, though notoriously a bandit in origin and a desperado of no morality or principle, was showing a strange strength, and was beginning to be accepted by many Americans as, after all, the strongest character in the field and the most likely solution of the Mexican muddle. Others, beginning to see that, the moment one man gained control of Mexican affairs, Americans were subtly swayed to believe that some other man would be better at the task, fell to



GENERAL PERSHING AND STAFF IN REVIEW, ON THE MEXICAN BORDER

wondering just what was behind the Mexican situation, and the urgency with which many were pressing intervention upon the attention of the public. The concern of private interests was obvious; but the hidden hand was yet to be revealed.

Late in 1915 and early in 1916 there was a great ebullition along the border. Huerta, reappearing in the United States and making his way to the Rio Grande, was arrested in Newman, New Mexico, by the United States Government. On October nineteenth the United States recognized the Carranza Government as a “de facto” government, and im-

posed an embargo again upon arms and ammunitions which might be used against it.

This action was too much for Villa. He had been playing for American sympathy and assistance — how much of it he received may never be known — but now he took another tack. For months there had been skirmishes and scrimmages along the border and on the American side of it between raiding bands of Mexicans and American troops, Texas rangers, and armed ranchers. But in March — March 9, 1916 — Villa aimed a real blow, no doubt hoping to drag the United States into war with Mexico and ruin Carranza. With several hundred followers he descended upon Columbus, New Mexico, destroying life and property.

On the following day President Wilson announced that a punitive expedition would be sent after Villa at once. General Frederick Funston, who was stationed on the border with the regulars, was ordered to organize and despatch a suitable expedition. This was done, it was stated, "in aid of the constituted authorities of Mexico," and "with scrupulous respect for the sovereignty of that Republic." Car-



GENERAL PERSHING, IN THE CHASE
FOR VILLA

ranza gave his consent, reluctantly, and with reservations. General John Pershing led the expedition.

News of this matter which filtered through to the Canadian lines in France set Teddy Stevens dancing, and wishing for his hero, the original Teddy, in the chair at the White House. He read the first stories of it in the French papers when he came out of the trenches after a long, bad spell.

It had been a trying Winter for such an ardent young man. The prime fact of it was mud. The last two months of 1915 were mild, but wet. Although the trenches of this second Winter were better made than those of the first, and had floors of wood, they were nevertheless comfortless abodes. Constant work was required to keep the trench walls intact against the erosion from rain and damp, and to keep the ditches pumped out. This was especially hard on the Canadians, whose units were not being replenished and kept



ENCAMPMENT OF THE 11TH CAVALRY, U. S. A., ON THE MEXICAN BORDER



THE RUINS OF COLUMBUS, NEW MEXICO

at full strength for the reason that the Canadian Government preferred to form recruits into new units.

There was fighting. It was early in this Winter that raiding enemy trenches was introduced, and introduced by the Canadians. Teddy was not in the first raid made, or in the second, but he was in the party that made the third. They crept out silently over No-Man's-Land at pitch dark, quietly cut through the enemy's barbed wire, made a rush, leaped into the trenches, bayoneted all who resisted, smashed things up generally, threw a few bombs, and returned with the Germans, whom it had not been necessary to kill, as prisoners.

One of them was an officer — a young fellow only slightly older than Teddy. Teddy tried him with English and got a response. The fellow was very abusive. He was incensed at this method of fighting. "It is n't war," he complained.

"The trouble with you is that you are sore because you did n't think of it first," said Teddy.

The man growled about the sort of men they were sending him. "Boys and old men," he said. "But they are enough for you English, no doubt. We are holding the whole world in a ring of steel, and better men are needed elsewhere."

"How about the officers?" Teddy retorted. "Your name is n't Bopp, is it?" he went on, with a grin. He was in rather good spirits over the raid.

The officer gave him a curious look — they were in a dug-out by this time, waiting to start back — and said that it was not. "Captain Bopp was killed at Festubert," he stated. It was a bit of a shock to Teddy to hear that. He could not quite see why, unless it was that Peggy had last seen the man alive and well.

"Of course it was n't Bopp," Teddy Jr. wrote Peggy, narrating his first raid. "They tell me that his men beat him up pretty badly that night. The guards had to go in finally and drag him out. They found him in a corner frightened stiff and fighting back. Every now and then some husky Heinie was taking a kick at him. Somehow I felt kind of sorry for him when I heard it. But I can't imagine his feeling sorry for anyone or anything."

The British soldiers on the Western Front were kept stimulated throughout the Winter by a feeling that something would be done on a big scale in the Spring. The supply of guns and munitions was beginning, even in the early Winter, to match the enemy's. Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions, had accomplished a miracle of production. The British Army was increasing daily in strength and in ability. Staff work was brought to a high state of perfection; intelligence work was behind it. Even the French, those past masters in artillery, praised the British gunnery. Sir Douglas Haig, who had been appointed to the command of the British forces in December to succeed Sir John French, was known to be a commander likely to conceive and execute some bold design. And everywhere was a sense of preparation; of something going forward which would make itself known and felt in due time.

Meanwhile something else happened.

CHAPTER XX

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS"

BY Christmas time Uncle Sam began to grow restless. Air fighting from the beginning had appealed to his imagination, and air fighting was assuming an importance in the war which set up an urge for achievement in everyone concerned in it. Gossip which he listened to about his arm, and indulged in continually in connection with his work at the La Fayette Esquadron; stories of mighty adventure and great deeds which were rehearsed there by veteran and embryo airmen; the development of new types of craft and the great progress being made in the art of aerial warfare, all made him long to be back at the controls again, flying over enemy lines, trying conclusions with enemy air craft.

The Germans had far outnumbered the Allies in airplanes at the beginning of the war, but superior flying qualities on the part of British and French airmen and the production of better fighting machines in large number soon restored a balance and gradually gave the advantage to the Allies.

With the progress of the war airplanes gradually were evolved into four classes; reconnoissance machines, large



CAPTAIN GEORGES GUYNEMER

enough to carry an observer with the pilot, which flew behind the enemy's lines watching the movement of troops and gathering information concerning trenches, depots, lines of communication, and other features of value to their side; "spotters," slower machines, equipped with wireless, which could remain aloft at lower speed and direct artillery fire, reporting targets and where the shells were landing; bombing planes, huge affairs which could carry stores of bombs for long distances, to be dropped on important enemy points; and the battle planes, small, light, fast craft, easily handled, for attacking enemy air patrols and protecting those of their own side. These were equipped with machine guns firing through the propeller, so that in order to hit an enemy the craft must be steered directly toward him.

Bombing planes were beginning to make some notable raids, far into enemy country. They usually went in large companies, sometimes as high as fifty setting off together with their loads of bombs. Treves, Saarbruck, Stuttgart, Freiburg, Metz, Bruges, Zeebrugge and Ostend were visited and damaged. The Austrians attacked Venice, and other Italian cities, ruining priceless works of art.

But it was the battle-plane that had the appeal for Uncle Sam Stevens. He knew Guynemer, the great French ace, well; Navarre had given him points on the game. Boelcke and Immelmann, the German cracks, he had seen in the air; had been in a brush with Immelman, had had a close squeak of it, and wanted a return match.

When the German Fokker first began to be rumored about among the fighters of the air Sam's eagerness to be back in the air was intensified. The Fokker was a machine with great speed and climbing powers which was proving itself superior to any of the Allied planes in pace and maneuvering qualities. It was beginning to do some costly execution in the early part of 1916, and was a hard nut to crack for

the Allies. Intended primarily for defensive purposes, it did not have to provide for great range, and so was lighter and more agile. In order to meet it the Allies had to devise a craft which would be equally light and agile and which still could travel far enough into German territory to catch and destroy the Fokkers.

Princess Pat, wise woman that she was, did nothing to attempt to restrain her husband. He came in from the aviation school once a week; sometimes oftener, and talked of nothing else. "Don't waste yourself on anything unimportant, just to satisfy your own emotions, Sam," was all she said. "Keep on where you are until they need you more somewhere else."

One night late in February he came home to their little



A FRENCH "SHORT 155" GOING FORWARD TO VERDUN

apartment in a state of great excitement. The Germans were attacking Verdun in earnest. There could no longer be any doubt of that. For weeks there had been heavy attacks all along the Allied line by the Germans. Whether they were feeling out their enemy to find a weak place to strike or whether they were feinting in preparation for a well directed blow at some place already determined upon, could not be guessed by the Allied Staff until such a storm broke over the dismal hills of the eastern fortress that a twinge of shocked surprise and a sense of desperateness went through France and was felt wherever the cause of the Allies was dear to the hearts of people.

"The French air service has gone to pot down there," Uncle Sam announced. "The Germans are having it all their own way." He went into details. "Our men can hardly take the air. They are swarming over us."

"Don't you think you'd better go?" suggested Patricia.

"I was going," he answered.

Patricia smiled. "I knew you were."

She wanted his views, and the army views, second hand, of the attack on Verdun. "They seem in earnest," she observed. "What are they after?"

"Paris," he said. "Germany has to attack somewhere and bring things to an end. She's getting drained weaker all the time, and we are getting stronger. England is mustering millions, and Russia is coming back strong this Spring as sure as God's in His heaven. They picked out Verdun because it would play the deuce with us if they got it, and because the French have a sentiment about it that would play the deuce with their morale, and because they want to give the Crown Prince a chance to retrieve the family honors on the battlefield, and because they thought they could get away with it. But they can't. Do you know what the Frenchies are saying?"

"What?"

"They are saying, all up and down the lines, and in every village, in every house and café in the barracks everywhere: '*Ils ne passeront pas!*' 'They shall not pass!' And they won't. Petain is going down tonight."

"When are you going?"

"Tonight."

"Tonight?" she echoed in startled surprise.



A VIEW OF VERDUN ON THE MEUSE RIVER FRONT

"Yes."

Patricia's lip shook for an instant. Then she put her hand in his, with a little sigh. "Oh, this war!" was all she said.

Sam sat looking at her wonderingly for a long time in silence. "I've had enough of it," he said, at last. "But you can't stop. It's like a house a-fire. You've got to go on with it. Is n't it ridiculous?"

"Is n't it!" said Patricia. "Most of us have to learn by reducing things that are not so to an absurdity."

"Good heavens! The things I've reduced to an absurdity!" said Sam.

"You are not to boast about your past, you know, my dear," Patricia reminded him.

"I've been such a fool," he went on. Patricia made no response. "Now that I want to take to slippers and a lounging robe along comes the wildest chase I was ever on. I may not come back!" he added, abruptly.

"You will; you will!" asserted the woman. "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee.' Why can't you believe that?"

"I can — if I come back. That was written before the days of airplanes." He was silent for another space. "What an adventure it would be to spend the rest of my life with you!" he broke in, abruptly.

"Nothing is going to prevent it," she said. . . . "Why don't the British counter-attack somewhere — they have been getting ready to strike again — and draw off the pressure from Verdun?"

"That's just what the Huns want," he explained. "The British are not ready. They'd go off at half-cock if they attacked now. It will be months before the thing could be done right. The beggars were figuring on getting us into just such a hole."

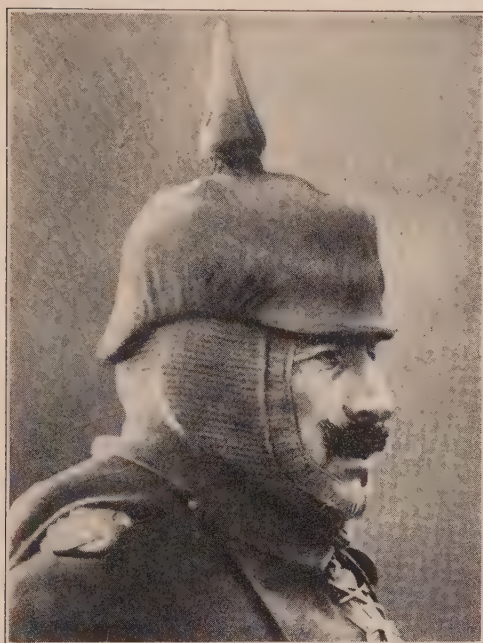
He suddenly missed Peggy, and inquired after her. Peggy, Patricia told him, was down in the dumps. She had n't heard from Teddy for two or three weeks, and his division had been under terrific pressure the Germans had brought to bear on the British line while the Verdun storm was gathering.

Sam bolted in to cheer Peggy up, but could n't. Her cheek was damp with tears when he stooped to kiss her. "She will pull herself together before morning," said Patricia, seeing him worried. "It gets pretty hard sometimes. She is a brave, dear girl."

He lingered for another hour or so, talking quietly and



AIRPLANE VIEW OF VERDUN, SHOWING THE FORTIFICATIONS WHICH WITHSTOOD THE GREAT GERMAN ASSAULT OF 1916



THE KAISER AT THE FRONT

happily with his wife. "It's hard to go," he said, bringing himself to his feet at last.

"It's hard to stay behind," said Patricia.

"Damn this war!" said Sam, as he grabbed his hat and fled.

He reached Verdun the next day. Petain had just arrived to take over the defences of the city. Things were in pretty bad shape. Before the war, Verdun was the most strongly fortified of the eastern fortresses and had a long and martial history. There were two rings of forts encircling the town, of the modern concrete and steel construction, in which the heavy German guns had proven their delight at Liège, Namur and Antwerp. Following on those demonstrations of the futility of such defensive works, vast works of the trench type had been developed and the forts themselves

dismantled, their guns being set up in skilfully concealed emplacements at strategic points.

The Crown Prince pressed close down through the Argonne in those trying days before the Marne, reaching in behind the town to the west; and a huge salient had been driven in to the east and south at St. Mihiel; but the town held out, the pressure was relieved, and little by little the



RUINS OF VERDUN

French line troops had been drawn away, leaving territorials holding in a thin line.

Furthermore, the works had fallen into neglect, from the sense of security which the French felt through long months of inactivity, so that when the attack came at last there was not only slight protection and defensive quality in many places, but the facilities for handling large bodies of men through communication trenches and all the ramifications of a modern front were critically lacking.

The Germans began the attack at a quarter past seven on the morning of Monday, February twenty-first, with a

short but stupendous artillery bombardment of the French first lines, on a plateau nine miles north and northeast of Verdun. Never before had there been such a fire. The smallest guns were 4-inch, the commonest 7; some of the guns were the Austrian 13-inchers. The French first lines and communication trenches were obliterated; the woods were splintered and shattered; the very hills were remodeled. There was a thick damp fog; the German guns could not be located by the French, and the reply was insignificant.

At noon the German infantry advanced. The French had withdrawn from their first lines to support lines, from which they made a counter-attack in the afternoon, regaining some ground; but in the next two days the French were pressed back under hideous attacks of liquid fire, lachrymatory shells, and heavy artillery fire, followed by wave upon wave of infantry. They clung to the debris which was left of their defences as long as it was humanly possible.



AT METZ, GENERAL PETAIN (*in the foreground*) RECEIVED A MARSHAL'S BATON,
IN THE PRESENCE OF (*left to right*) JOFFRE, FOCH, HAIG, PERSHING,
GILLAIN, ALBRICCI AND HALLER

The French tactics were to fall back gradually to their final position, taking heavy toll as they went, and trusting to be able to hold when the last moment came.

On Thursday a superhuman stand by the troops which had been drenched in fire for four and a half days and had been at grapples with five times their strength in men and ten times in guns, enabled them to maintain their position at the critical point. All day Friday, which was the day the Germans had scheduled to be in Verdun, they held, against ever increasing divisions of the enemy. Reserves were on the way, but so far only two brigades had come in. Friday snow fell, and a frost set in. The Germans advancing in mass formation, were caught by the French 75s and slaughtered. Still they came, still to be slaughtered. All day the struggle for Douaumont continued.

That day Petain arrived by motor. He was alone. His armies were following. The situation was desperate. Four miles of ground had been lost; the Germans counted the victory won. He found the trenches in poor shape; they had to be reconstructed; communications had to be re-organized; preparations made to bring up supports quickly. Douaumont must be held for the present or Verdun would fall.

Similarly, from the German point of view, Douaumont must be taken. Orders were given to spare nothing. The Emperor was there, watching through glasses from a tower made for the purpose. He saw the ridge sputtering under the shower of German shells. He saw his troops move up the slope; saw wave after wave melt away before the French 75s; saw at last the Brandenburgers reach the fort near Douaumont and overflow it, and sent word back to Berlin that Douaumont was taken.

But it was not. The next morning reserves drove out the Germans.



A FRENCH "ACE," FONCK, AND HIS AIRPLANE, WITH WHICH HE BROUGHT DOWN SIX ENEMY PLANES IN ONE DAY

That first week will go down in history as one of the greatest defences ever made by man. "They shall not pass" stiffened the French morale to a rigidity which could not be overborn. Three divisions of territorials clung on under buffets which were severe beyond belief. Bruised, wounded, exhausted to the point of extinction, they fought to the very last and then held on, bearing up under successive attacks with the courage and determination born of dire necessity.

Uncle Sam, arriving the same day that brought General Petain, went at once to aviation headquarters. He had the rank of captain now in the French Army, and carried orders assigning him to duty there; he had obtained them the day before he bade good-by to Aunt Patricia. The weather had turned bitter. Heavy freezes cruelly killed all unfortunate enough to be helplessly wounded; their stiffened bodies lay everywhere. Snow and cold winds were frequent.

Despite the inclement weather, despite the preponderance of German aircraft, most of them the new and much advertised Fokkers, Uncle Sam took the air on Wednesday morning, February first, having been obliged to wait that long for a plane. "Well, Pat," he said to himself. "Here goes again!"

He flew down the Meuse toward the German lines. There was great anxiety to know what they were doing. The first stage of the attack had faded out, but no one expected that there would not be another soon. Where it would fall was the question for the French to answer, and answer in time. The right flank was closely watched, to prevent a breakthrough there. It was not expected on the heights of the Meuse, but there were shrewd guesses that the blow would fall west of the Meuse, where French artillery was stationed which had played havoc with the flank of the German attacks of the first week.



IN THE PATH OF THE GERMAN GUNS ON THE MEUSE

Swinging down the Meuse, Uncle Sam looked off upon such a scene of desolation as he had not believed possible on the face of the earth. He saw where the German shells of the first bombardment had changed the face of the land, leaving churned hills and shredded trees. Now this was cut by the new lines the Germans had thrown up in consolidating their gains. Ahead of him, and to the left, he saw the smoke and fire of the battle west of the Meuse, and could trace it for miles in a westerly direction.

All the time he was scanning the air for Fokkers.

It was bitter cold. He was chilled and numb, not being used to outside work of such duration as he had experienced since coming down. He moved stiffly; now and then a shiver ran over him, shaking his hands at the controls. The air was bumpy; the sensation made him think of the old days when he had slid down his mother's front stairs on the big tray, when he and Teddy's father were left alone.

He had just crossed the German lines at a height of 5000 or 6000 feet, when he saw a plane coming toward him, at a higher level. He immediately began to climb. The other came with an amazing speed, and was climbing also, faster than he could. As he watched it, he saw another, and another behind it. He knew by this time, from its behavior and strange appearance, that the first must be one of the highly rated Fokkers. The two following behind were a sufficient warning for him to turn back to his lines; but he did not do it. If every French plane turned back at the sight of three German, the French would obtain very little information, as they were heavily outnumbered. Also, he could not resist the temptation to try out these new machines.

Five minutes later he regretted his curiosity more than any one thing he had ever been guilty of. He had swung off to the west when he saw that the first machine was out-

climbing him, hoping to be able to try conclusions with it, if it followed, before the others came up. He was suddenly aware of the first Fokker swooping down on him from behind at a terrific pace and a moment later, over the roar of his engines, he heard the spatter of the other's machine gun, and half a dozen bullets clacked through his wings. One knocked through his hat.

That woke up Uncle Sam. He broke the hold which the cold had gained on his numbed muscles, and made a quick bank, coming out into a fast loop with a dexterity which would have graced his brightest days in the air. The other looped after him, faster than he. Do what he would, he could not shake it off his tail or speed into a position of vantage. The situation was growing desperate, because the two other Fokkers were now close at hand.

Sam got mad. Straightening out he shot directly at one of the two which were approaching. The maneuver was not in the books at all. The surprise of it was all that saved him from the disastrous results which usually follow getting mad. Before anybody knew what had happened — Sam himself had no definite thought about the proceedings just then, except that he was swearing softly at the man he was rushing toward, and wanting to punch him — the two were tilting head on to each other, and both blazing away. They were not fifty yards apart, going at bullet speed, head on. It was getting to be a question which one would veer off, and whether the other would n't veer in the same direction at the same time. Sam had made up his mind that he would not give way. He would smash first. He had little hope of getting out of this scrape with the three faster planes, and he was going to be rough with them.

The next moment he saw the man confronting him go limp; the machine gave a little flutter, like a wounded bird, and Sam shot up just in time to clear it. He vows to this

day that his wheels ran along the top of the Fokker's wings as he passed.

His dodge had started him on another loop, which he concluded, catching sight of the one he had hit spinning down like a leaf, as he stood on his head several thousand feet in the air. The sight filled him with a spirit of recklessness; he made up his mind to bag them all.

Coming out of the loop he saw one of the two remaining enemy planes gliding along beneath and to the right, evidently absorbed for the moment in watching the fall of his companion. Sam swooped down with a rush, with the third Fokker following fast and opening fire.

Stevens slipped into a direct line between the two Germans, so that the one following him had to cease firing for an instant because of the danger of hitting his friend ahead. Once there Sam got a good bead and opened.

He was able to fire for only a second. The one behind had shaken out of the stymie, and was banging away again. Sam had to give all his attention for the next few moments to dodging.

When he got through dodging he saw a surprising sight.



AN APPARENT OBSTACLE IN THE GERMAN DRIVE ON VERDUN

The second one of the machines was limping off, evidently under bad control, and the third, which was the first one he had seen, was taking after it, leaving him alone in possession of that particular bit of sky.

But Captain Stevens was not satisfied. He posted off at top speed after the others, diving to gain pace. He soon saw that pursuit was bootless. He would taunt them with a parting shot. Swinging into line as closely as seemed possible at the distance — it was several hundred yards — he let go a few rounds at the one machine which was not disabled. To his amazement, he saw it burst into flames and go hurtling down, a crumpled, flaring wreck. He could not help laughing. The entire performance was too ridiculous. He wheeled off and went down the lines toward the west, lifting a bit to get above the German shells which were beginning to burst about him a little too closely. "I'm not going to take any chances with these things, Pat," he said to himself. "Would n't they love me down there!"

When Captain Samuel Stevens returned he was greeted by a great French rush of enthusiastic and extravagant congratulations and praise. He had made discoveries which he felt eclipsed in importance the destruction of two or three Fokkers. He had found guns wheel to wheel along a big stretch of the line in the Bois de Forges, immediately west of the Meuse. And he so reported.

So the next day, when an extra heavy bombardment on that section began to develop, the French were not as surprised as the Germans would have been willing to have had them.

The next six weeks were the worst through which Uncle Sam had ever passed — and the most glorious. The defence of Verdun, in which he had a part, was one of the great achievements of history. The Germans attacked with division after division for forty more days and nights; first

west of the Meuse; then on the Meuse heights again, where the fight began; then all along the line for miles; then here and there in the line of thirty miles.

Pétain met them with masterful strategy. Where ground was not vital he let them have it, if they paid a price high enough. Where it was vital, he took it away from them in counter-attacks. The *poilu* was superb. The French soldier



THE "GRAND ROAD" TO VERDUN

is famous for dramatic dash in attack. Here he showed a dogged stoicism and unshakable morale in the slow torture of defence which was amazing. He was consecrated to the idea "They shall not pass." To him Verdun meant France. He gave his all with a renunciation so complete and unquestioning that it was impossible to dishearten or terrify him. He knew that they would not pass. He did not know, and did not care, whether he would be there when the tide of battle ebbed.

The Germans got a foothold in Vaux village, and stormed



THE RUINS OF FORT VAUX, VERDUN

Fort Vaux. Their *communiqués* foreshowed the doom of the great fortress. But the French defence held.

Balked on the right bank of the Meuse the enemy drove with bull-like fury at the defences on the left bank. The names of Hill 304 and "Le Mort Homme" went around the world, as the fighting, equal in fury to any that had gone before, made a hell of each. Here, too, the attacks were broken, the French lines held, the cry of "They shall not pass!" was made good in rivers of blood.

"*Nous sommes un moment de la France éternelle*" — "We are a moment of eternal France," said one dying French soldier.

And that was why the Germans did not take Verdun, for all their frantic attacking and terrific losses.

And that was why Uncle Sam, returning to Paris, told Patricia that he could not remain home another hour until “this business is ended, and ended right. No one has any right to his life as long as those Boches are trying to overcome a spirit like that.”

So she saw him go again to the front, loaned to England’s air forces, where the Allies were slowly preparing for a grand assault upon the German lines.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BIG PUSH

THE big push began July first. England had been preparing for it for months; piling up material; building more and bigger guns; training her new armies, gathered together by the levies of Winter and Spring; con-



GENERAL, LORD KITCHENER

structing railroads and laying down motor roads; getting everything ready for the greatest stroke the Allies had yet attempted on any front; a stroke which many looked forward to as the final blow of the war.

The Germans sensed these preparations for a prodigious blow, but did not know where to expect it. It was

partly to precipitate this stroke before it was fully organized that they had attacked at Verdun; but Sir Douglas Haig, working closely with General Joffre, withheld his attack until everything was ripe.

Possibly there was no place in their line where the

Germans expected the attack less than in the section where it fell — the Somme valley, between Beaumont Hamel, north of Albert, to Fay, west of Peronne. For eighteen months they had been burrowing in the chalk hills of this region, putting in every defensive device and scheme which modern science had evolved, until they believed their lines were absolutely impregnable.

Their trenches were a maze for miles; second and third positions of great strength were prepared. The hills were honeycombed with dugouts; some of them quarters of nine rooms, with electric lights, telephones, bath, running water, and wall paper on the walls. Many communication trenches were underground tunnels, which could not be crushed in even by the heaviest shells. It was a fairly livable place, under the circumstances.

Teddy was brought down to this sector with his Canadian unit to be ready for the jump-off. Both Volney and Brooke Stephens were also in the lines. The younger was a seasoned warrior now, bound for a captaincy. Volney was a major. Neither had been home for months, though both heard as frequently as the mails permitted. Teddy Jr. met Brooke now and then in Albert, and learned from him that Mildred was doing skilled labor in a munition plant, on a night shift. Elizabeth was still engaged in hospital work. She had lost Cecil. He had been killed in the Battle of Jutland.

On May thirty-first the British fleet, under Admiral



FIELD-MARSHAL, SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

Jellicoe, encountered the German High Seas fleet, which had emerged from Heligoland, and the greatest naval engagement of the war took place. The Germans, severely drubbed, were saved from disaster only by a combination of caution on the part of the British commander and weather conditions which permitted them to withdraw. They went limping home with reports of a great victory, which were eagerly accepted by the German people; but the fleet came out no more from the protection of its mine fields and fortresses. Cecil, who was on a destroyer, was killed by a shell which exploded at his feet, hurling him into the water.

Mr. Stephens, according to reports from home, was showing the strain of the war, with its risk to his country and his children. He was especially torn by the events in Ireland Easter week. He had been a friend of Ireland, and had supported Home Rule at every turn. The behavior of Ireland in the war had been a disappointment to him. Irish



A CRUCIFIXION WARNING — ON THE GUILLEMONT ROAD



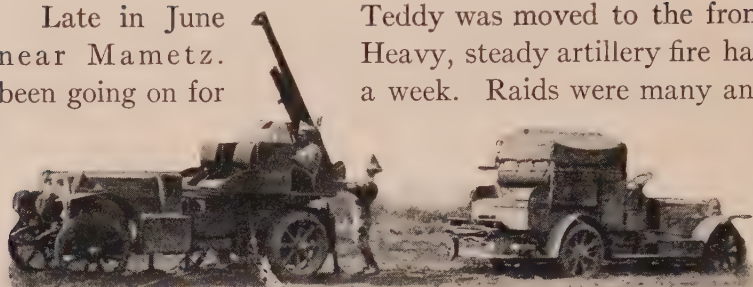
APPROACH TO A DESTROYED VILLAGE ON THE SOMME

insistence upon exemption from the terms of the draft had distressed him. But when an aggressive party of agitators, taking advantage of the nation's preoccupation with the enemy of all civilization, endeavored in Easter week to seize control of Irish government and affairs, and held parts of Dublin for days in armed rebellion, he repudiated Ireland finally and forcefully.

Teddy was deeply concerned over the progress of the correspondence between his country and Germany upon the subject of submarine warfare. When the channel steamer *Sussex* was sunk on March twenty-fourth he felt that nothing could possibly keep the United States out of it any longer. President Wilson's note, threatening a severance of diplomatic relations if Germany did it again, was too much for his patience. But the President's subsequent address to Congress on the incident, and the wording of the note acknowledging Germany's promise not to repeat the offence, somewhat mollified him.

Late in June near Mametz. been going on for

Teddy was moved to the front Heavy, steady artillery fire had a week. Raids were many and



ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IN ACTION ON THE SOMME

frequent. Every night some party brought in a handful of huddled Germans whom they had pulled out of dugouts, to determine what units were in line against them. Air fights were numerous and interesting. The British and French airmen had cleared the sky of Boches. Even the Fokker had no chance of getting across the lines far enough to see what was going on. Teddy Jr. knew that Uncle Sam was somewhere in that part of the front; he wondered whenever he saw a fight in the sky whether it might not be that redoubtable relative — an uncertainty which added to the interest of such combats witnessed by him.

On June twenty-fourth the bombardment became heavier, all along the line from Arras to Fricourt. It was impossible for the Germans to determine where it was the heaviest — where the blow was being prepared for. By June twenty-eighth villages along the Somme were mere heaps of rubble; leafy copses had been transformed into a few scraggly, torn poles.

Everybody was jubilant and exultant. The great hour of the grand advance had arrived. Although Lord Kitchener had gone down on board the *Hampshire* in the North Sea, on the way to Russia, his Army was ripe and ready. Men that sixteen months before had been clerking, or driving bargains in little green grocery stands, were now trained

fighters, eager to strike at the enemy of civilization. Young men who had had the benefits of public schooling and a year or two in the universities, perhaps, had been turned into officers. And behind them was an accumulation of munitions and guns which overmatched at last the mighty machine Germany had been forty years in building.

It had been rainy for several days; a cold fog lay on the hills beyond, where the Germans lay in their burrows in the



ENGLISH CONVOY EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT

chalk. The roads were deep in mire. Teddy was muddy to his ears all the time. It seemed impossible to carry anything about — provisions, ammunition, supplies; but it was being done. Then, at the end of June, the weather suddenly cleared, and all knew the day was at hand.

That night the orders went out.

The attack was set for three hours after dawn. July first dawned hot and cloudless. Teddy, glancing abroad in the first light of day, beheld a thrilling spectacle. All along the ridges where the British artillery was placed were puffs and wreaths of smoke. Behind, glancing in the sunlight, were strings of "sausages," the British captive balloons aloft for observation purposes, and safe from German air attack,

thanks to the activity of the Allied airmen. As far as he could distinguish, there was the rumble of guns, great and small. The British artillery was speaking along a front of twenty-five miles: deep-toned heavies, crackling field guns, barking trench mortars.

Away on the hills in front could be seen the seams and scars of the German trenches. Above and around them were sudden bursts of smoke where shells were exploding, and lace-like wreaths from shrapnel. Columns of dust leaped into the air from the explosion of the heavies, burying themselves in the ground before letting go. He watched, fascinated.

As he continued to watch, ready for the time to come when he was going over the top with his comrades, the bombardment suddenly rose to a hurricane fury. In the previous week the British guns had fired more ammunition than England had turned out in the entire first eleven months of the war, while the heavy guns had used up more in any single day than had been produced in the same period. But what had gone before was a gentle summer zephyr compared with what he witnessed now.

The slopes where the enemy lay suddenly began to spout dirt and dust along their entire length, as though a great muddy surf was breaking on a reef. The very earth was churned. It seethed under the fire of that titanic blast of steel. It seemed as though no human life could endure through such a storm, as though no human courage or tenacity would survive such a hell.

Half past seven. The officers were looking at their wrist watches. A hail. An order. "Over the top, and the best of luck." And for twenty-five miles the British infantry went over the top.

Teddy had been over the top many times before, but never with such a feeling as he experienced this time. All other attacks in which he had participated seemed but prel-

udes to this mighty effort. He glanced up and down the line. As far as he could see were scurrying lines in khaki. He knew that these lines extended beyond his vision for miles on either side, and that beyond them, to the south and east, the French were also advancing in the same way, following up the same sort of deadly, devastating preparation.

Far off to the left, in the neighborhood of Thiepval, he could hear the German guns thundering against the British



A SECTION OF THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD

advance. It was not until later that he learned of the heroic but futile struggle of the British to break into the first line defences in this part of the line. All day long, with a fortitude and devotion beyond all belief, men who twenty months before had been peaceful citizens, whose greatest adventures had been Sunday bicycle rides over quiet English country roads, kept up the contest, drenched by a torrent of fire from German guns which made the assault hopeless from the first.

Luck was better where Teddy was. As they approached

the first line trenches, they could see the Boches swarming up out of their underground shelters, bringing their machine guns with them; and before they could reach the enemy the Germans were pouring in a withering fire. But the oncoming rush was too much for them. Teddy found himself staggering across ground whipped into fragments by the mighty bombardment which had preceded the troops, and lunging down upon the huddled defenders amid the débris of their supposedly impregnable defences. It was by no means a parade here, as it proved to be in some parts of the line, but the resistance was short, and the Canadians were soon swarming on.

All day Teddy fought forward, now in some small group of comrades, now in a larger command, gathered together hastily to clean out some obstinate corner. Once he was thrown into a village — or the rubble and mudhole which had been a village — and the fighting was hand to hand for hours. It was like one of the old games of "I-spy" which he had played around the fences of Oak Forest; excepting that here death was "it" and tagged you. That added to the zest.

Before the affair was over it became like hunting rats out of their holes. Teddy got hold of some bombs which he enjoyed throwing down into cellars to see what they dislodged. In due time he would follow them, warily, with a companion whom he had picked up as a special partner, using their bayonets when necessary, and bringing out prisoners when possible. When it was over daylight was fading away, and he discovered himself completely exhausted. He and his companion found a dugout which had been used by German officers, and made themselves at home in it for the night, without bothering to look up their command until morning. There was food in the dugout and a squad appeared bringing more, so they had a feast and a good rest.



A CAMOUFLAGED 400" RIFLE, MOUNTED ON RAILWAY GUN CARRIAGE

The work began again in the morning, and continued throughout the next ten days, until the German first line for a distance of fourteen miles was broken through and held by the British; although Teddy's regiment was withdrawn before the end of that time, and rested up for further work.

Back of the lines he heard of the brilliant success of the French attack, which had found German officers shaving in their dugouts, and had swept in a few days to the very gates of Peronne.

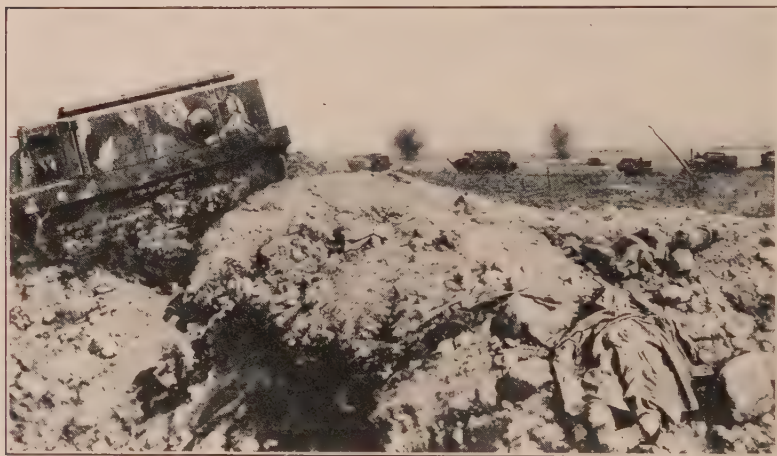


THE WAR-SWEPT VALLEY OF THE SOMME

The battle of the Somme slowly resolved itself into the most titanic struggle of all times — up to that time. The British and French objective was to weaken and destroy the enemy's armies, rather than to capture any definite point. First, of course, they tried to wipe out the first line of defence. When that was done, they readjusted themselves, brought up their artillery, and passed on to the second. Methodically, mercilessly, they pressed forward where they could, waiting for those places which they could not press through to crumble from the disintegration on both sides.

Every village was a fort; every woods and forest a network of barbed wire and machine gun nests. As one unit became exhausted, or was being too badly punished, another was put in, while the other was brought out to recuperate.

Teddy went in a number of times. The soldiers came to look upon the whole affair as a farmer looks upon the job of raising a crop and getting it in. Certain things were to be done, in a certain order. Each step meant hard work; and a question of time. When they accomplished one "chore,"



TANKS IN ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME, ON THE SOMME

it prepared the next step. And so they went ahead, working in shifts. With the deadly difference that the farmer is not likely to be personally wiped out at any moment.

So it went all through that month, and into the middle of the next, for Teddy; and into November, for the British Army as a whole. Fighting of a dramatic intensity sufficient to supply the ordinary soldier of an ordinary war with tales to recount throughout the rest of his life became monotonous commonplaces to these young soldiers. Wounds and death were incidents. Only occasionally did anything occur to lift their attention and give a thrill.

Once such episode befell on Teddy's front late in August. An airfight took place between a solitary French machine and two Boches over the front German trenches. There was a perfect deadlock at the point, each striving for some advantage which they could not gain. What got the attention of the British was the brilliant handling of the French plane, and the fact that it was on that part of the lines at all.

They saw one of the Fokkers go spinning off to the rear, regaining control of itself only in time to make a landing which was not a crash, and were expecting at any moment to see the other follow, for the Frenchman was rapidly gaining the upper hand of his single antagonist, when the French machine suddenly wheeled about and came diving straight toward the British lines, a mile or so to the left.

They could see it land, in bad condition, but could not determine whether it had crashed. An officer, watching through his glasses, reported what followed. An English officer, leaping out of the trenches, was seen to make off across the bullet swept strip between the two fighting forces, make for the machine, pull and haul about it for five full minutes, and finally appear, bearing the aviator on his back, and regaining the trenches with him.

Teddy was exhilarated by the episode; but much more so when he gathered some of the details, a few weeks later, which he did not guess at the time.

Teddy left the Battle of the Somme on September fifteenth. That was the day the Canadians captured Courcellette. There was nothing out of the usual in the affair, excepting that it was a bit stiffer fighting than some towns had proved, and the point had a greater importance at that stage of the proceeding than some of the places which he had helped to take. And with the further exception that Teddy was hit sometime during the fight—when or how

he never could determine. He knew nothing about it until he found himself sinking into a squat in the middle of a courtyard which had just been cleared of Germans by a rush, and felt a strange weakness creeping over him.

The next thing he knew he was in a first-aid station, from which he made his way by degrees to a base hospital, but was not found badly enough hurt to be sent to Blighty. There it was that he learned something more about the air fight he had seen.

One day Brooke Stephens showed up. He had heard that Teddy was in the hospital, and had come to see him. Brooke was looking a little pale. He was just recovering from a wound. The nurses, and the doctors, and some of the patients, seemed to be making more or less of a fuss over him which Brooke pretended not to like. "What 's all the fuss over?" he demanded.

The story was wormed out by degrees. Brooke was the young officer who went out into "No-Man's-Land" to bring in the aviator Teddy had seen in the fight with the two Fokkers



THE ROAD TO COMBLES — AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME



BRITISH ENGINEERS BRIDGING A SWAMP

three weeks before. "You see, I happened to know who it was," he explained. "A chap sent over by the La Fayette Esquadrille to lend us a hand. I had spent the evening before with him. We have the same name. He's an American."

"It was n't Uncle Sam?" cried Teddy Jr.

Brooke said it was.

"Is he all right? He was n't killed?"

Brooke was able to reassure him on that point. "I think they had to take off his arm, however," he qualified. "As a matter of fact, I know they did. It was badly shot up. He was game to get down to the ground with it. I found him unconscious."

"Where is he now?"

"In Paris. With his wife."

They found much to talk about before they got around to exchanging other personal news. When Teddy asked how Volney was, Brooke told him, simply, that his brother had "gone West," at Thiepval, on the first day. "Good old Volney. He'd been through all of it. There are not many of the old Mons crowd left to tell the tale now."

Teddy did not get back into the Somme fighting again. But he heard, from day to day, from week to week, how the British and the French were continuing to eat like acid into the German lines: how they broke through the second, third and fourth defences, only to find that the enemy had prepared still more lines behind those; how they kept on undaunted and in the same patient spirit, to eat through those; how, at the end of September, things had never seemed brighter, and victory was almost in sight; how another month, or even two weeks, of fair weather would suffice to push home the thrust and break through the last barrier; and how hope was defeated at last by tempestuous winds and rains which set in early in October and continued throughout the month, rendering almost impossible the bringing up of supply and ammunition across the fourteen miles of ground-up terrain over which the armies had been fighting since mid-summer.

But the achievement had shaken German morale, broken many divisions, driven a bulge into the German lines twenty miles long and nine deep at the deepest point, captured scores of villages, seized the heights overlooking Bapaume, accounted for 800,000 Germans, sucked into destruction division after division, proved that the British Armies, trumped up in two short years, were the masters of the situation, and gave the Allies and the world something to look forward to for the following Spring.

CHAPTER XXII

LEADERS

KENNETH STEVENS, son of the Washington Stevenses, and assistant in the State Department, was sent to London in December of that year, on a mission having to do with international questions which the blockade being enforced by England had introduced into the relationship between the two countries. His position on the mission, which was a subordinate but a useful one, was due in part to activities he had taken up in the election campaign of the Summer and Autumn, and in part to a record he had made in his position in the State Department as a conscientious, intelligent and dependable worker.

He went, soon after his arrival, to call on the Stephens family in England, whom his father had identified as a collateral branch of the original family from which his own had sprung. There he met Mildred for the first time, and encountered Princess Pat and her husband, and Peggy, and little Albert, who had all come over from Paris for a holiday reunion. He was able to give a good account of



GENERAL ERICH VON FALKENHAYN

America from the domestic point of view to the Americans gathered together in the home of the English Member of Parliament. They were not too enthusiastic at the time over the part their country was playing in the great conflict.

Kenneth was not only close to sources of accurate information, but qualities of observation which he possessed and exercised had given him an understanding of opinion in his own country which was enlightening and reassuring to his countrymen abroad. "We are not selfish or grasping or cowardly in keeping out of it so far," he explained. "Our heart is in the right place, as you will see when it is finally touched into life. But we don't seem to know yet what it is all about."

"Don't you read the papers over there?" asked Uncle Sam. "Don't you know what happened in Belgium? Have n't you discovered what is going on in northern France? Can't you tell from the submarines' sinking our own ships right along, women and children and all?"

"The average American does n't grasp what all that means, Mr. Stevens. It only makes him mad. It does n't do to go into this war simply because you are mad. It requires so much more than that. That is one of the big things Wilson did, I think — to keep us out when we were white-hot with rage over the *Lusitania*."

"Wilson!" snorted Uncle Sam; but Kenneth saw his wife, and Mildred, nodding endorsement, or a sympathetic understanding, at least.

"We have n't learned to think in world terms yet. We can't comprehend that we have grown up, become of age, and that we have a world job on our hands for the rest of our life. Our newspapers never carry anything interesting about foreign politics, excepting when it is sensational or scandalous. You say 'Pan-Germanism' to the average



WOODROW WILSON

American and he won't know what you are talking about. Mention 'Mittel Europa' and he is completely dazed."

"Do the American people know so little about Europe as that?" asked his host.

"That's rather hyperbolic, of course," Kenneth admitted.

Kenneth's call was on the evening after President Wilson's Peace Note of December eighteenth. Addressing all the powers, the President had asked them to state their terms of a possible peace and their aims in maintaining war. Mr. Stephens seized upon this turn in the talk to plunge into a discussion of the note.

Six days before, Germany, with the insolence of a conqueror, had proposed to her enemies that they come together for peace negotiations. Germany felt that it would be a good time to end the war, and that it was also a time when she could offer to do so with the pose of a magnanimous conqueror. She held Belgium and a goodly bit of France; even the Allied offensive of the summer had not shaken her hold on that. She had just swept over Roumania, obtaining Roumanian oil, and Roumanian granaries.

Roumania, long smarting under the loss of Transylvania to Hungary, had at last entered the war on the side of the Allies, urged by all and under definite promises from Russia of practical assistance. Declaring war in August, she immediately began an ambitious invasion of Austria, gaining some initial successes in Transylvania. While she was busy with this military adventure, von Mackensen began to drive north into Roumania, and von Falkenhayn began to drive east. Roumania withdrew her armies to meet these two foes, but was impotent against them. Only the arrival of Russian troops, after the country was virtually overrun and the capital, Bucharest, captured, enabled her to make a stand on a strip in her northeastern area. This was

the crowning victory of the German campaign, as it opened up several roads to Constantinople, one of them a water route via the Danube and the Black Sea, and formed a solid gallery to Asia for that ambitious scheme, known as "Mittel Europa," of driving a German wedge completely through from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean.

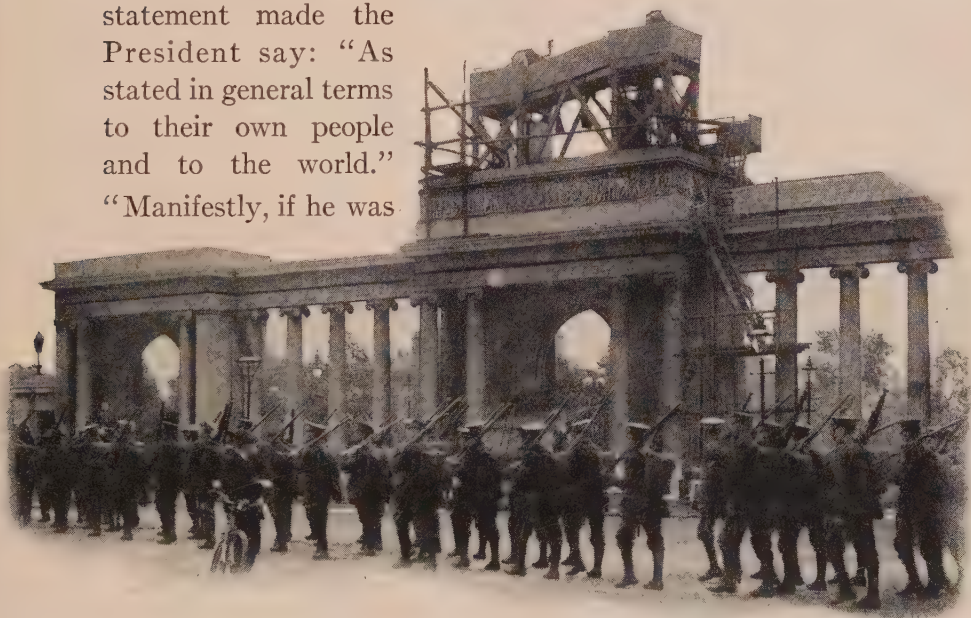
This was one reason why Germany felt that it would be a good time to bring about a peace, posing as a conqueror on the strength of what she actually held under force of arms. But there were several other reasons. One of them was that the Allied push on the Somme showed the German High Command what could be done against even their impregnability, and what they might expect would be done in the following summer. Another reason was that Russia, recovering amazingly from what had been supposed her military elimination, had recoiled against the Austrians in Galicia, and, under the brilliant leadership of Brusilov, attacking along a battle line of 150 miles against the ranks depleted for the Western Front, had, in June, swept forward resistlessly until her cavalry patrols were in Hungary, and was stopped only by the arrival of German divisions badly needed in the West. Nearly a million Austrians were put out of action, and twice as much territory was recovered as the Germans held in France and Belgium.

Beginning that Autumn, the French had driven the Germans out of all their holdings in Verdun, so dearly bought, recovering everything. The Italians, pushed back onto the plains of Italy by the Austrians early in the Summer, had been driven into the mountains of the Trentino again, losing Goritz, on the way to Trieste, and various strong, important positions on the Corso plateau. In short, the pincers were closing in on Germany and she knew it. Therefore it suited her purpose to propose peace, on the terms of a conqueror, before it was too late.

President Wilson's suggestion that the belligerents state terms and war aims, coming on the heels of the German peace bid — which was the first of many peace offensives which they were to attempt — aroused a storm of resentment and indignation in Allied countries. It seemed to play into Germany's hands. And it contained one expression peculiarly distasteful to the Allies, when it said that "the objects, which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war, are virtually the same."

Mr. Stephens challenged that hotly. "Your President seems insensible to the moral issues involved when he declares that England's purpose is identical with Germany's," he complained. "By such a statement as that, he has forfeited what was a glowing chance to be a great peacemaker of great benefit to civilization."

Kenneth pointed out that the conclusion of that same statement made the President say: "As stated in general terms to their own people and to the world." "Manifestly, if he was



ANTI-AIRCRAFT SEARCHLIGHT AND SOLDIERY IN LONDON

going to stand any chance as a peacemaker, he could not begin by offending one of the belligerents, by refusing to take his words in good faith. It was a challenge of the good faith of Germany, by means of an assumption that it was good faith. Rather subtle and adroit, it seems to me."

"What chance could he imagine he would have!" Mr. Stephens commented.

"It is not necessary to suppose that he thought he would have any chance at all," Kenneth returned. "It is possible that the President is merely exhausting every possibility of avoiding a war, so that there will not be any soft spots behind, in case war comes."

They asked the young American, fresh from the center of things at home, whether America really would "come in"; and he told them that it was felt by close students of affairs to be inevitable. "A nation which is expressing the ideal of good in human affairs cannot fail to be drawn by an infallible attraction to the side that is arrayed against nations which are expressing and contending for ideals of evil," he replied. "This is a war between good and evil, and evil will compel all good to draw together and fight for its life."

"So the peace-lovers who elected Wilson because 'he kept us out of war' will have their war after all," laughed Uncle Sam.

"But by the time it comes they will be satisfied that it was inevitable and inescapable, and will be behind it to the last man," Kenneth rejoined. "Let me make a prophecy. When America does come in, if the war lasts that long, she will come in with an abandoned devotion and utter consecration such as the world has never witnessed — not even in Britain's act in coming to Belgium's rescue. She will be coming in out of sheer idealism, which is the greatest power in the world; and the world will have our President to thank for that."



ROYAL PALACE, BUCHAREST, ROUMANIA

Mr. Stephens took the opportunity to quiz Kenneth about the campaign and the election, as a professional, and to inquire generally into American politics. His replies led into a rather discursive and heated political argument, with himself, Patricia and Mildred on the one side, and Peggy and Uncle Sam on the other.

The campaign that year had hinged for the most part upon the foreign relations of the United States. As far as internal affairs were concerned, the Democratic Administration had a record of promises performed and pledges redeemed which was almost if not quite unique in American political annals. There was a formidable array of progressive and constructive legislation. But the foreign policies opened the door to criticism, challenge and discussion.

For one thing, there was Mexico. "Watchful waiting" had worn out the patience of many. Many disapproved of it because it was the policy of a Democratic President. Others



THE "DEUTSCHLAND" IN BALTIMORE HARBOR, JULY, 1916

had fallen victims to the persistent and insidious propaganda for intervention which had been active throughout America for more than a year. Villa's incursion to Columbus, New Mexico, early in the year, had provoked a strong feeling for intervention.

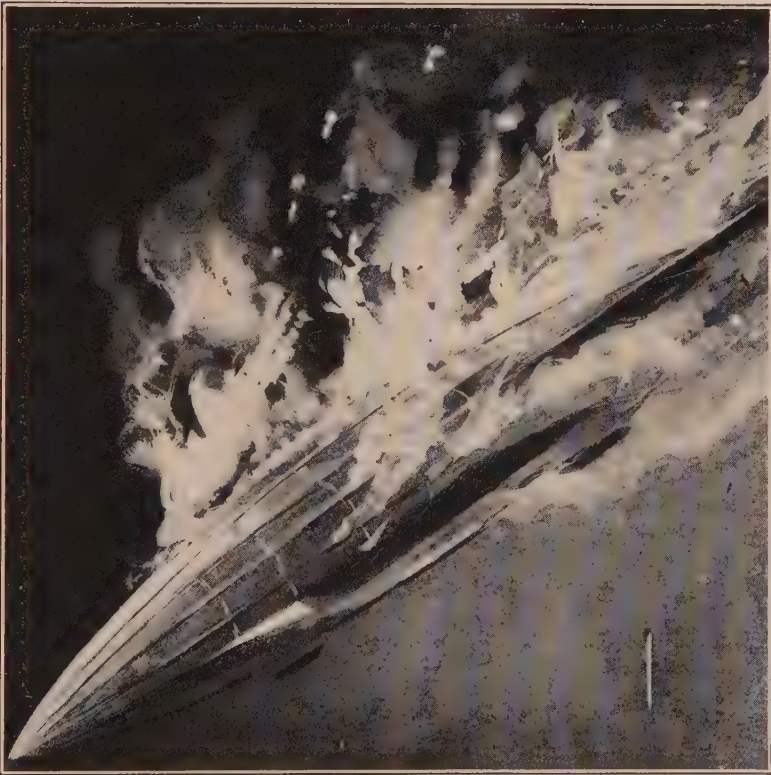
The dispatch of two American columns into Mexico, after the bandit, quieted this feeling somewhat, and it wore down with the months that the soldiers were isolated and forgotten along a line reaching four hundred miles to Parral. Meanwhile Carranza was objecting to the presence of American troops in his country. An attempt to satisfy him, at a conference held at El Paso in April, between his Minister of War, General Obregon, and Generals Funston and Scott, came to nothing. Then followed fresh Villa raids in Texas.

On the ninth of May President Wilson ordered the mobilization of the militia of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, it being apparent that a larger force than the regulars was required to prevent the irruption of bandits across so long a border. Nine days later all States were requested to

mobilize their national guards, 140,000 men in all being called out, away from their occupations, to spend the hot summer in training camps or down on the border.

Hugh Stevens was one of them. The order came just as he was approaching graduation. He returned to New Jersey at once, put on his uniform, and went to his armory, very much impressed with the serious business of war.

The mobilization showed the nation the inadequacy of the machinery which had been built up to provide for such an emergency. Taking men from their employment without discrimination worked hardships upon the men and their families, and upon the employment. And the force gathered



A DOOMED ZEPPELIN BURNING AND FALLING

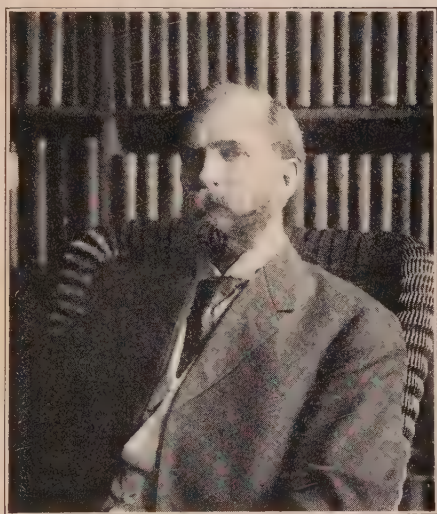
together was without strong cohesion. It amounted to forty-eight armies, one from each State, under forty-eight authorities. This confusion was increased by the Hay National Defence Act, passed in early June. Some of the forces mobilized were three months without equipment; many suffered severely from discomforts, and worse.

During the summer a conference was held at New London and at Atlantic City between representatives of Carranza's government and representatives of the United States, to come to some terms regarding the withdrawal of the American forces and the subsequent protection of the border from further raids. The agreement finally reached, that the United States would withdraw within forty days after American interests in Chihuahua were deemed safe, and that each country would patrol the border with an adequate force, and that the commanders of the forces should coöperate, was repudiated by Carranza, who was displaying a provoking and stupid obstinacy, many thought. Uncle Sam Stevens flatly asserted that the man was crazy with egotism.

All this provided political ammunition for the opponents of the Administration, which had an appeal to passion and emotionalism difficult to meet. But it was the relations with Germany which formed the crux of the campaign in its early weeks. With his usual vigor, Roosevelt, in magazine articles and in speeches, attacked and denounced the Administration as inconsistent and timid. Elihu Root, in a powerful speech in New York, gave a keynote for criticism of the foreign policy.

But much of the strength of the Republican position was lost by the way it was handled. The Republican Party had nominated Charles Evans Hughes at their Convention held in Chicago in June. Hughes seemed to be the most available man to bring together the reactionaries, who still had much

power and controlled the party machinery with their old arrogance, and the Progressives, who stood for the original Teddy with great vigor. Roosevelt, however, was not acceptable. His cleavage from the party in 1912 was not forgotten. The Progressive Party, meeting in Chicago on the same day, nominated Roosevelt, when it was seen that the regular Republican Party would not accept him, but Roosevelt refused to run, on the ground that it would divide the strength of the Republicans, and that the vital thing, for the sake of the nation, was the defeat of Woodrow Wilson. He came out flatly for Hughes, carrying with him many of his Progressive followers, in spite of the standpat character of the machine with which Hughes was running.

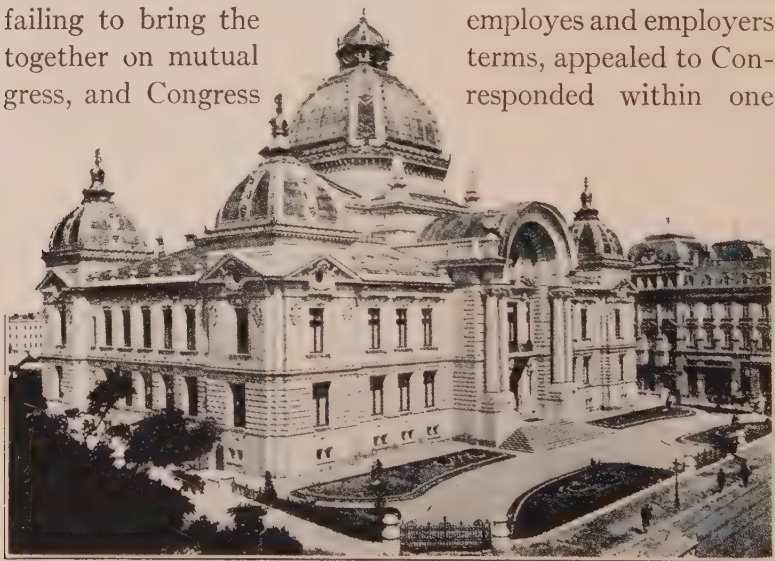


CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

The Republican platform criticized the Administration, especially on its foreign policy, in generalities, but offered no definite program. In his first speeches, Hughes, who had made an enormous reputation for himself as the investigator of insurance scandals, and as Governor of New York, and had lately been serving with dignity and distinction on the Supreme Court Bench, began to disappoint, and continued to do so, more and more. His criticisms of President Wilson were carping and petty, most thought, beneath the dignity and sincerity of a man like Hughes, and incommensurate with the importance of the issue.

President Wilson was nominated by acclaim at St. Louis. He stood on his record of constructive legislation, and his foreign policies were summed up with approbation by his followers, in the words: "He kept us out of war," which became the battle cry of the campaign. Kenneth Stevens busied himself in writing articles and making a few speeches to select audiences — clubs, and gatherings of that sort — in support of calm thinking and clear vision, such as he felt President Wilson had displayed.

The campaign was not arousing much enthusiasm, and signs pointed toward a continuance of President Wilson in office, the more especially, perhaps, as the German vote was suspected of being lined up behind Hughes, when a bomb-shell was dropped which nearly blew the Democratic chances to pieces. It was the Adamson Bill giving the railroad brotherhoods what they demanded from the railroads in the way of working hours, which the railroads were refusing. The railroad workers threatened to strike. President Wilson, failing to bring the employees and employers together on mutual terms, appealed to Congress, and Congress responded within one



ROUMANIAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, BUCHAREST

hundred hours with a bill which many construed as a supine capitulation, under duress, to Labor. It furthermore had an unsavory hint of politics. The bill gave the trainmen a basis of an eight hour day, with time and a half for overtime. If it had political purposes behind it, they miscarried, for there is no question that the bill did the Administration more harm than good in its effects upon the votes.

The election was close. Early returns indicated that Hughes was the choice, and positive results were in doubt for several days. It was not until California was officially heard from that the election of President Wilson was conceded. California, a stronghold of Progressivism, turned against Hughes for slights of which he was guilty toward the Progressives. Hiram Johnson, ardent Progressive and follower of Theodore Roosevelt, had the State in his pocket politically. Hughes, under advice from the Eastern Regulars and affiliated with them, had snubbed Johnson — once in San Francisco and again in Los Angeles. His managers were afraid that a cordial attitude toward Johnson in the West would frighten more conservatives in the East than it would attract Progressives and Liberals. So Hughes reserved all his attentions in California for the discredited Regulars in Johnson's own State. It was a fatal blunder.

Mr. Stephens compared the American system with the British. "Our leaders are much more responsive, much more under control," he pointed out. "As soon as they lose the support of the majority they are outside."

"Is n't that often too great a consideration with them in their conduct of their responsibilities?" suggested Kenneth.

"Precisely," returned Mr. Stephens. "That is how public opinion works its way. Our leaders bend to meet it. Just as Mr. Asquith — finally — has bent to meet it and Mr. Lloyd George has been given a mandate by the people. Without an election."

"By Northcliffe, was n't it?" submitted Kenneth.

"Not at all. Northcliffe merely gave expression to the feeling of the public. Asquith and his Cabinet were antiquated, archaic. They were still in the 90's. They could not adjust themselves to a war in the modern manner. They were estimable men, but they lacked, as a body, courage, forethought, imagination. The country had lost faith and hope in them. Lloyd George meanwhile had worked a miracle in munitions. He had a fiery zeal and a vision of what the war signified and entailed which was more in the line of the popular estimate of the situation. At least it held out hope of a change, and a change was one thing that everyone felt was needed. His methods were rather sharp in gaining power. Mr. Asquith, perhaps, was entitled to expect better treatment. But Lloyd George simply exploded."

The discussion was interrupted by Mildred. "I'm sorry," she said to Kenneth. "But I must go to work now."

Kenneth looked puzzled.

"In munitions, you know. Hundreds and thousands of us are doing it."

"But you are going to work *now*?" he exclaimed.

"On the night shift; yes."

"Where?"

She told him that it was only a dozen miles or so, in a suburb.

"Do you go alone?"

"I always insist upon that."

"Would you insist tonight?"

No; she would make an exception, if he were



MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON

planning to leave soon. She first had to be excused to change her dress.

Kenneth made his adieus when she came down, and went off with her. It was quite a walk to the tube station where she took her train.



LORD NORTHCLIFFE

They were striding along, enjoying each other, and finding themselves quite sympathetic and interested in each other's points of view, when a piercing whistle blast rent the night, and in the same instant a bicyclist rushed by crying out: "Take shelter! Take shelter!"

"What's that?" asked Kenneth.

"I guess we're in for another air raid, probably," Mildred replied, keeping right ahead.

"What do you do?"

"We usually get into some sort of bomb shelter, if we can; a basement or something. Although it really does n't do much good if one of those big new bombs lands on your house. It comes right through."

"Are you going back?"

"No. The tube is a pretty good place to be when a raid is going on; and if we don't make it we will slip into someone's house. It is done right along."

It was rather an exciting race. They had proceeded less than a square, when the sound of airplane motors was plainly heard, and the clatter of anti-aircraft guns. The air was filled with crossing rays and cones of searchlights.

Kenneth could see the lights gleaming and glancing on the huge Gothas, high in the air and still at a great distance, and could see the shells from the anti-aircraft guns popping about them.

"What becomes of all that stuff they shoot up into the air after the planes?" he inquired. "It must come down."

"On someone's head or on the ground," concluded Mildred. "I guess that is all there is to it. I never heard of anyone being hurt by it."

They hurried along for two more squares. People were scurrying to shelter. Whistles were blowing, and more than one bicyclist rode by crying out his warning. The sound of the machines was growing closer. Kenneth wanted to know how much farther it was to the tube station. "I'm not quite used to this sort of an affair," he apologized. "I don't mind saying that I don't like it."

"It's a cultivated taste," laughed Mildred.

Presently there was a terrific explosion, which seemed to Kenneth to be immediately between his feet.

"That's one of them," said Mildred. "They are beginning to drop their bombs. We might as well slip in here. We can hardly make the station. We never run any unnecessary risk any more." With that she slipped into a doorway.

Safely ensconced in their shelter, Mildred took up the conversation at a point it had reached in the recent discussion at the Stephens house. "I think you have Mr. Wilson figured out about right," she said. "It is going to be very interesting to see what develops, is n't it?"

He agreed that it was; but he found the immediate events so much more interesting that he proved a poor conversationalist at the moment, and presently begged to be excused for the moment. Bombs were going off every few seconds, it seemed to him, at no great distance; although there

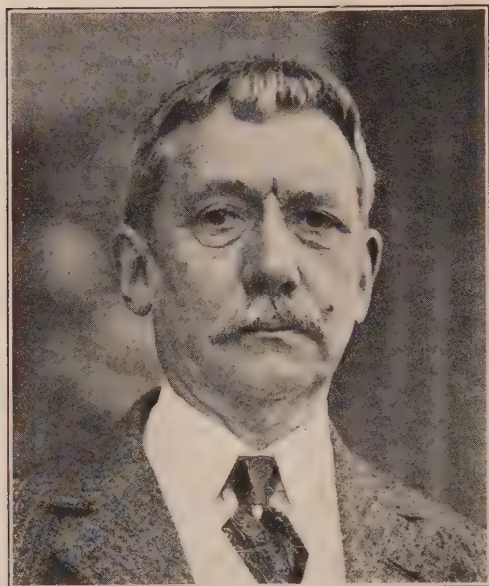
seemed to be a diminishing trend in a northerly direction. "There must be about a million of them," he submitted.

Mildred laughed. "Four or five, I guess. The Zeppelins seemed worse. They made such a weird buzzing. It was a Zeppelin that injured little Albert in Antwerp. You noticed his face? The scar is disappearing." She told him the story of the two girls in Antwerp, and described the destruction of the Zeppelin which fell at Cuffley, the first one to be brought down in an air raid.



THE FINISH OF A GERMAN GOTHA THAT BOMBED LONDON

A flotilla of airships was known to be on the way. Huge crowds turned out in the streets of London to see them. The day had been overcast; most of the craft lost their way. But at two in the morning one arrived over London. The crowd, more curious than cautious, swarmed the streets. They heard the fire of the guns and saw the white flashes high in air of the shells. The airship was observed, 10,000 feet in the air, making southwestward. They watched her dive, and climb again. Then they saw a burst of smoke which formed a screen about her. In another moment she appeared



ELIHU ROOT

glowing from end to end like a gigantic cigar, turning rapidly into a red and angry glare. She began to fall in a wisp of flame, lighting up the sky. The spectators broke into wild cheering. Never had such a crowd of people beheld such a sight. Later they learned what had happened. Several airmen had gone up into the night to attack the intruder. The airships were heavily armed, and the air was filled with bursting British shells. Lieutenant William Leefe Robinson, 21, had got above her and dropped his bomb upon her before they could find him with their machine guns.

This abortive air raid proved to be the last German offensive effort of the year, during which the initial fury of the German drive had been everywhere broken; on the Marne, at the Aisne and in Flanders. Belgium had been crushed and northern France occupied, but decisions must be reserved so long as two armies continued in battle array,

neither of which had been decisively beaten nor had failed to preserve the continuity of its line.

Meanwhile the Zeppelin crashed to earth, and Mildred and Kenneth Stevens emerged from their shelter and continued to the tube, where she insisted that he must leave her.

"We shall see you again?" she said. "I have enjoyed your report from home very much."

Kenneth told her that he fully expected to be in London until after the holidays, and that he hoped to spend much time with his newly discovered cousins. With that they parted.

CHAPTER XXIII

AMERICA COMES IN

KENNETH STEVENS heard Lloyd George, the new Prime Minister, make his first speech as head of the Government. It was an imposing and impressive occasion. The speech was a ringing assertion of the intentions of the new Cabinet to drive through to victory. He repudiated the German peace proposals, asserting that his Cabinet was going to make war, not peace. Kenneth was swept into the enthusiasm which the forceful Welshman knew so well how to arouse in his hearers — an enthusiasm which lasted long afterward. For a long time there had been growing dissatisfaction with the Coalition Ministry which Herbert Asquith had formed in 1914. He and his group had seemed more and more inadequate to the task of driving the war through to a success. There had been inaction and delay; what seemed political quibbling and fencing at a time when big strokes were needed and demanded.

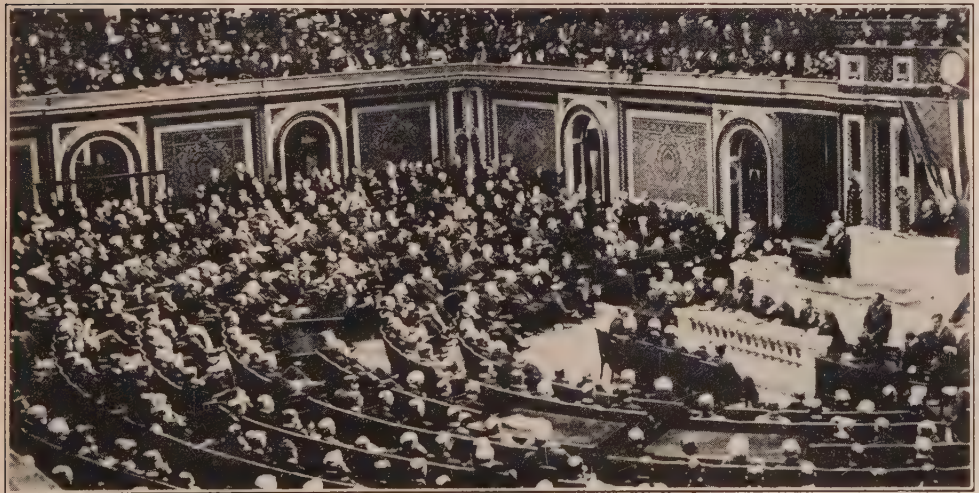
The crash had come early in December. Lloyd George was War Minister. War affairs were conducted by a War Committee. Prime Minister Asquith, hoping to better meet the situation, resolved to reduce the number of the committee and increase the frequency of its sittings. Lloyd George gave notice that such a change was not satisfactory to him, and that, if persisted in, he would resign. The situation was intensified by a vigorous and vicious newspaper campaign against the incumbent Prime Minister and putting forward Lloyd George.

On December fifth Asquith refused to meet Lloyd George's views, and Lloyd George resigned. That evening

the Prime Minister also resigned. The King sent for Bonar Law to form a Cabinet. He failed to do so, and Lloyd George was called upon. He took office December seventh.

This was one of many political changes which had been taking place during the year. The political situation in Germany was desperate. Despite the conquest of Roumania, and the hard peace which had been forced upon that country, the victory was beginning to appear more and more empty, as it became known that the oil wells, from which so much had been expected in the way of renewed supplies of petrol, were all afire, and that the grain hoped for was only a small proportion of what had been looked forward to. The Government at least appreciated its difficulties.

German attempts at a separate peace with Russia had failed, and a false step had been made in Poland. Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia had promised Poland independence early in the War. Germany now tried to steal his thunder by giving that State its independence, after a hundred years of subjugation under three thrones — Prussia, Russia and



PRESIDENT WILSON ADDRESSING THE 65TH CONGRESS, DECEMBER 4, 1917

Austria. But the manner of doing it was typically German and therefore typically blundering. Germany clearly was endeavoring to make a bulwark and buttress of Poland for her own selfish gain, rather than to produce any benefits for that country, and the Poles saw clearly that their pretended benefactor was in reality endeavoring to intrigue them into her armies as cannon fodder.

Although the German Official Government was not responsive to the German people as other Governments are, and although the German people themselves were docile and credulous, the Government was nevertheless put to many shifts to save itself from destruction, and many internal changes were made. The Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Holweg, however, retained office.

Germany's man power was rapidly running out, and the question of supply was a critical one. At this juncture she took a step which sunk her still deeper into the seas of national depravity when she officially raided Belgium, bringing off hundreds of thousands of Belgians to work as slaves in German factories, and even in German military activities, to release German man power for the ranks.

In the autumn of 1916 Germany began deliberately to prepare the thought of her people and of neutrals for the peace offensive which she launched in December. The Imperial Chancellor made speeches, the Crown Prince gave an interview singing a song about the beauties of peace and the 'German love for it.

Russia was going through deep waters politically. There was in that country a large and powerful group, high in government, whose sinister purposes and views of politics brought them into natural sympathy with Germany. They were shameless and fearless. Only expediency, and the obvious impossibility of making the move a success, withheld them from forming a separate peace with the Central



BRITISH "TOMMIES" ENJOY A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN A SHELL HOLE

Powers. But they knew that such an attempt would end in a revolution, engineered by the army, which would ruin their entire game. The Duma, also, was too strong and too strongly opposed to them. M. Miliukov, in a speech before the Duma, made on November fourteenth, one of the most outspoken ever delivered in that body, brought such an indictment against this group that it was driven from the wheel. Boris Sturmer, a strong representative of it, was forced from his post as Premier. He was succeeded by M. Tropov, who, in order to consolidate the patriotism of Russia, announced at the meeting of the Duma held December second that Russia had been promised by France, England and Italy, in the event of victory, Russia's rights to Constantinople, for centuries the dream of Russian statesmanship and international polity.

The Government of M. Briand in France still survived, but changes had been brought about in its organization. General Joffre, whose courage, patience, cool-headedness and sagacity had saved the world at the Battle of the Marne, in 1914, withdrew as generalissimo, being made Marshal of France — the first under the Third Republic — and General Nivelle, fresh from triumphs at Verdun, where he had succeeded Petain after that one's miraculous defence, was made generalissimo.

These changes, so far from indicating any crumbling of the determination of the respective nations to prosecute the war to a victorious conclusion, were indications of a firmer determination, which demanded the best men available, and swept away those whom circumstances seemed to have proved were not the best. The Allies stood more firmly than ever, severally and collectively, and the outlook for the Spring, when the gigantic pincers, one jaw of which was Russia and the other the Western Front, should close down on the Central Powers, was brilliant.



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

Kenneth spent Christmas with the Stephens family in London. It was a sad day for Mr. Stephens, who felt the loss of his son keenly, and grieved over the dangers which his remaining boy was undergoing; and for Elizabeth, whose last Christmas had been spent with her fiancé, Cecil Langworthy. Peggy, too, was sober-minded. Kenneth guessed from casual remarks that there had been a sentimental relationship between Mildred and the British officer who had fallen early in the Battle of the Somme; but there was nothing in her deportment on that day to bear out the supposition.

Kenneth bade them all farewell when he left, early in the

evening, as he was returning to America in a day or two, and would be too occupied to see them again before going. Mildred was glad to have him accompany her this time to the end of her journey in the tube — there were no holidays in the munitions work. "I shall see you when you return to America?" said he.

"Oh certainly. You must write me first-hand news of how things are going there. Perhaps you will be back here in khaki sooner than we expect."

"I shall be wherever it seems to me I can do most. I am afraid I would n't make a good soldier."

"Men who feel that way often make the best ones," she replied.

Kenneth reached Washington early in the new year 1917. The German reply to the President's Peace Note had come on December twenty-sixth. It amounted to nothing. It was a characteristically obtuse parry which attempted to turn the proposal to Germany's advantage. France replied to the German peace proposals for the Allies, on December thirtieth, in a flat refusal to consider peace until Germany should openly offer "complete restitution, full reparation, and effectual guarantees." January eleventh the Entente sent a note to the President, again through Paris, indicating, in general terms, the things for which the Allied nations considered themselves bound to fight to the end. On the eighteenth Great Britain, through the British Foreign Secretary, Arthur J. Balfour, replied to the Peace Note along the same lines as the former reply from France, but suggesting in addition a League of Nations to prevent future wars.

On January twenty-second President Wilson appeared before Congress. Kenneth was in the gallery to hear what he had to say, knowing that it would be some important, weighty, message on the World War. He was not disappointed. What he heard that day was President Wilson's



KING GEORGE V, OF ENGLAND

address on the essentials of a peace in Europe which the United States could find itself able to support.

Pointing out that the peace which must come must be a peace backed up by a concert of powers, rather than the old-fashioned balance of powers which had so often tipped Europe into the fire of war, he laid down the proposition that the

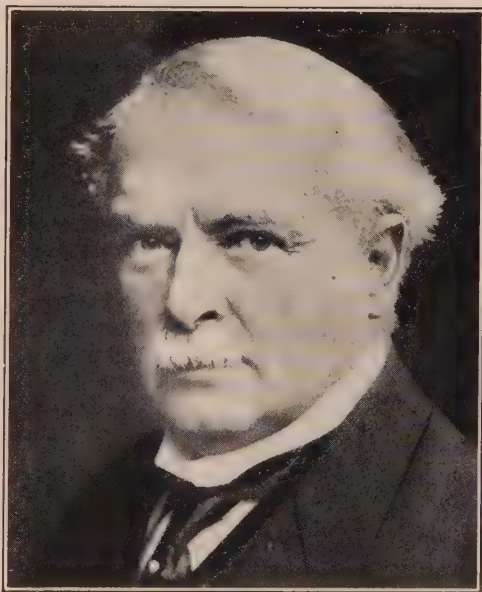
United States must take a part in such a concert, and announced the principles which must underlie such a peace before the United States could give it moral support. "No covenant of coöperative peace which does not include the peoples of the New World," he said, "can suffice to keep the future safe against war; and yet there is only one sort of peace that the people of America could join in guaranteeing.

"It will be absolutely necessary that a force be created as a guarantor for the permanency of the settlement so much greater than the force of any nation now engaged or any alliance hitherto formed or projected that no nation, no probable combination of nations, could face or withstand it. If the peace presently to be made is to endure, it must be a peace made secure by the organized major force of mankind. . . ."

"It must be a peace without victory," he said; explaining that he meant that there must be no crushing infliction of terms upon a vanquished foe which would only breed a bitterness and resentment that would foment another war to avenge this one.

And it must be a democratic peace, recognizing as a fundamental principle of settlement that Governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed, and that no right anywhere exists to hand peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property. There must be freedom of the seas, in war and in peace, and at least a beginning toward a reduction of armaments.

Kenneth wrote a description of the scene and an analysis of the speech and an account of the reactions to it, to Mildred, prophesying that the President's utterances would go a long way toward reinstating him in the good opinions which his Peace Note of the previous month had forfeited, and that it was a first, definite step toward a world leadership in ideals and international idealism which, said Kenneth, would have splendid chances of bringing about some form of world league to preserve peace. His letter crossed one from her, somewhere out among the submarines on



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

the Atlantic, informing him that already there was a marked change in European thought and feeling toward our President, judging from conversations she had heard, and comments in French and English papers.

On January thirty-first Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington, submitted a memorandum from his Government announcing that after February first all ships, neutral as well as belligerent, found in the high seas surrounding the enemy countries, would be sunk on sight by submarines. If American passenger vessels wished to escape destruction they must follow a prescribed course, paint their sides with red and white stripes, and confine arrivals and departures to two days of the week.

The country stretched itself with a shiver at this. It was incredible. It was in direct defiance of promises given at the close of the *Sussex* incident. Germany's plea that she was now fighting for sheer existence, and must use all her weapons did not convince anyone.



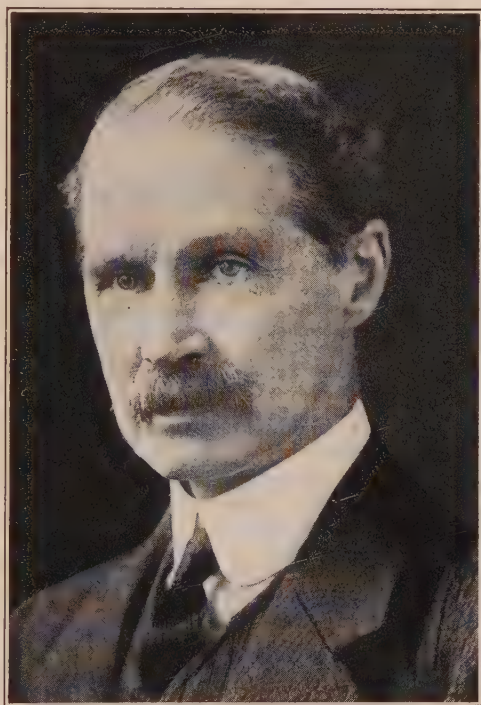
HERBERT ASQUITH

There was only one thing to do, and the President did that. Diplomatic relations were broken on February third. It means war, without doubt, wrote Kenneth. "We are drifting toward it speedily. No moral force can save our ships from German submarine attack, because it has nothing to work on, and there is no physical force but our own that will do it for us. . . . No one seems to know quite what to do. American ships are being sunk right along.

I notice that the toll of ships for the first week was fifty-eight, seventeen of them neutral. That rate must not be kept up long. . . . The people are beginning to clamor for war. I think

the President has no hope of avoiding or even postponing it, but he is scrupulous about going into it with clean hands. The impatience to be at the Germans is having one good effect; it is fusing the people into a unanimity which would have been utterly out of the question even two months ago. . . .”

February saw the destruction of many American lives by submarines. American women and American children were truthfully pictured by American citizens, safe at home, as floating about in the seas, and the picture was not easily endured. American shipping was tied up in home ports, owners being unwilling to send it out against the submarine risks. Exports were piling up at every port in a congestion which was eating back miles and hundreds of miles into the country, and stagnating cars heavily needed for home purposes.



ANDREW BONAR LAW

In the midst of this state of affairs, the President, on February twenty-sixth, asked Congress to give him power to arm merchant ships for defence against the submarines. The House of Representatives at once passed such a bill, but “a

little group of willful men," as President Wilson characterized them later, refused to let it be passed in the Senate, talking against time until the expiration of the session, March fourth.

The President decided not to wait for the action of the Senate, but at once effected the purposes for which the act

was intended, upon authority which his legal advisers assured him he already possessed.

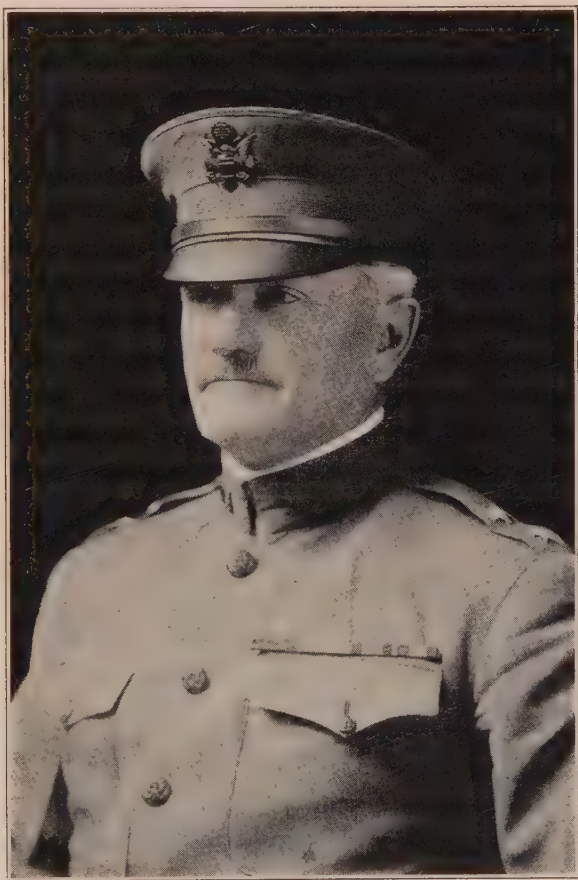
While the bill was being talked to death by the little group of willful men in the Senate, the Associated Press published a note which had been sent from the German Foreign Minister, von Zimmerman, to the German Ambassador in Mexico, proposing that Mexico and Japan unite



GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS, OF RUSSIA

with Germany against the United States, Mexico to be rewarded with Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. "I am glad this has come out," Kenneth wrote. "It shows the hidden hand behind most of the Mexican trouble. My brother Hugh, by the way, is coming back. General Pershing withdrew last month, you no doubt know. The people are furious over this latest revelation. It certainly has shown up Germany. I think Mexico is innocent, officially. Some

day I will tell you more about that note. It is very interesting. One of the amazing things is the way our intelligence service, largely improvised and lacking experience in such intriguing games, has been able to match the elaborate 'psychological' contraptions of Germany. Of course the answer is that the Germans have no comprehension of human nature. I believe I heard you say that in London, but I said it before I ever saw you, and so I am going to put forward the claim that it at least is ours, if not mine. . . ."



GENERAL PERSHING

Congress assembled in special session April second. The day had been set for April tenth, but a rush of events had brought the day earlier. The President appeared before the assembled Congress quietly, almost unexpectedly, in the evening. Kenneth was informed of his plans, and was on hand. The galleries had filled up rapidly before the President stepped forth. There was a deep, dramatic hush. Everyone guessed what was coming.

Hope was now abandoned, the President said. Germany stood revealed. She was engaged in a "warfare against mankind." "With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am now taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves," came the fateful words, "but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government of the United States and the people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defence but also to exert all its powers and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war. . . ."

Outlining briefly what should be done to carry out the part of a belligerent, he went on to a scathing indictment of the German Government, but stipulated that the quarrel was not with the German people, who, he asserted were also victims of the war which their Government had brought upon the world. With a pitiless summing up of the offences of autocracy, and a declaration that Prussia as at present constituted could never again be trusted, he set forth the advantages and virtues and moral principle of democracy, and came to that phrase which became a watch cry

and a war call: "The world must be made safe for democracy."

"We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts," he concluded, "for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

Kenneth, going to his room at home, sat down and wrote a long and rather emotional letter to Mildred, followed by a



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE ARRIVING AT VERSAILLES

more tempered one the following day. "It has brought us into the war a solid force for good," he told her. "Tell Peggy that her friend Teddy Sr. says: 'The President's message' will rank among the great State papers of which Americans in future will be proud."

In her first comment on the speech, written after a study of it as printed in the London papers, Mildred asked Kenneth whether he believed the President really believed that the German people were not with their Government in the war, and could be encouraged to revolt. "That is apparently what he was aiming at, is n't it, by giving the German people a sort of a promise of immunity if they would stop and be good?"

Two days later the Senate adopted a war resolution, and two days after that the House followed suit.

And America was at last at war.

CHAPTER XXIV

OVER THE TOP AT VIMY

TEDDY JR. was in high spirits. Word had just reached the front line trenches, where he was, near Vimy Ridge, that his country had "come in."

"It 's time they did," he commented.

"If old Teddy was on the job we 'd have been in long ago," some one bantered.

"You 'll see him over here," Teddy Jr. asserted. "You 'll see something doing then. It will be a regular fight then."

"All rightee, young un," another rejoined. "Your heart is in the right place, and it is n't your fault that the rest of them have n't been here with you for all these months. I hope they get here quick enough, that 's all I hope."

"Quick enough!" snorted Teddy Jr. "Don't you think we can hold out here till they come?"

"Before it 's all over, I mean," grinned the other.

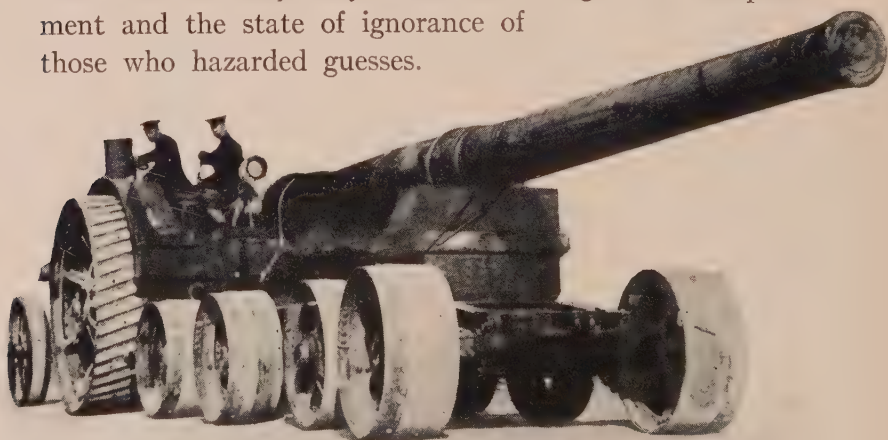
Indeed, it seemed that it must soon be over. Things were going swimmingly, in spite of the fact that the Russian pincer, which had been stiffening all winter for the final squeeze, had been broken off by the Russian revolution.

All winter there had been gigantic preparations for the renewal of the offensive on the Western Front where it had been interrupted the previous October by the break in the weather.

The Allied offensive had begun a month before, at Bapaume. Nine days later the Germans withdrew from west of Bapaume; five days later, on March eighteenth, the Germans had withdrawn on a front of eighty-five miles, to

an average depth of twelve miles, yielding hundreds of villages and the cities of Peronne, Noyon, Chaulnes and Nesle. But they had laid the country waste as they withdrew, with a wanton, vicious destructiveness which has no parallel in all history. Nothing was left undone that could have been done to damage the land, not for the moment merely, but for all time. Orchard after orchard was wilfully cut down when it served no military purpose; houses were scientifically destroyed and corrupted; wells were polluted, and the very soil was poisoned. Teddy, passing across the area, conceived a hatred of the Germans and all things German in those days which eclipsed anything he had felt before. He burned to destroy them.

Word of the break in Russia came dribbling into the ranks on the Western Front at about the time the retreat and the pursuit were under way. It was fantastic and disjointed, full of rumor and wild extravagance. What effect it would have on Russian coöperation with the Allies in the West was variously conjectured, according to the temperament and the state of ignorance of those who hazarded guesses.



A BIG BRITISH GUN GOING INTO POSITION

The Russian revolution was the slow development of years of oppression and suppression by an autocracy which had no other interest in Russia, or in anything, than to perpetuate its own power. It was precipitated at this time by an attempt of this autocracy, which ruled through intrigue and a force of secret police, to reëntrench itself in a position which it felt was slipping from beneath it.

This group, which, while large and ramifying, was small in comparison with the true patriots of Russia, decided that if a revolution could be engineered it would give them a chance to strike and crush the forces of revolution and insure themselves in power for more generations. The trouble



"THE BEAR THAT WALKS LIKE A — LAMB!"

— Rogers in *N. Y. Herald*

was that the revolution got away from them, got out of hand, and became a real one.

It began with bread riots on March eighth; slight ones, of no outward importance. The people were merely hungry; supplies were short, transport had broken down, demands at the front were exhausting. Day by day the streets filled with larger crowds. Cossacks fraternized with the people. "We will not shoot," they said. Saturday night proclamations were posted in the streets telling the people that crowds would be dispersed. The following day there was some shooting; but the crowds did not disperse. On Monday the Petrograd garrison and other soldiers, sent in especially to save the autocracy, decided that they would not fire on their own people. And the Duma refused to be dismissed.

Every regiment which reached Petrograd went over in mutiny. Soldiers passed about the streets, hunting out the secret police, against whom the people had a long score which was now being wiped out. No one was at the head of the movement; there were no plans conceived or carried out. It was just a huge drift of affairs, which swept before it the old régime. Challenged at last, it turned out to be a whiff of air.

The Czar abdicated when he saw that no one was left for him to fall back upon. The Duma, the only remaining authority, constituted itself into a Government and chose a Cabinet. At the same time committees of soldiers and workmen — the Soviets — organized, and claimed authority, challenging the Duma. The situation was saved by Kerensky, Minister of Justice under the Duma Government, who went to the Soviet meeting and made a speech which won their endorsement and support of his Government.

Teddy was delighted with the way things were turning. He was glad to see the old régime go. As for the Czar, he



BRITISH TANKS IN A FRENCH VILLAGE, EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT

was sorry for him, pitying him as a man of good instincts condemned by birth to a station of leadership for which he had neither qualifications nor strength. There was a man in Teddy's company who had been with Russian soldiers who had been sent to the West Front the year before. He brought back tales of Rasputin, the disreputable mesmerist who posed as a monk and had the Court in his power until he was put out of the way. This was done by those in authority who saw no other way of saving the Czar and his family and Russia from the evil influences of the rascal.

Other news which came to make the soldiers feel exuberant was that Bagdad had been captured by the English. The first British attempt to take the capital of Persia from the Turks had resulted in disaster, General Townshend having been surrounded at Kut-el-Amarah and compelled to



A RUSSIAN "RED" REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH MOSCOW

surrender. Now this was wiped out, and the first steps concluded toward cutting into the enemy from the south.

So Teddy, on the whole, was feeling rather good that day when he heard in the trenches that his country had entered the war.

There was a "big show" on the way.

For a week British troops had been pouring into Arras, where they were swallowed up into some old disused system of sewers and some ancient quarries, in order that they might be formed for the coming attacks without exposure to enemy artillery. Out ahead of them was the German line which had been held since those days two years and more before, when the race for the sea between the Germans and the Allies had hardened and settled down in a long string across France. In this front was Vimy Ridge, commanding the situation for miles in both directions. The French had fought hard to take it the year before; it had been the scene of efforts which had stopped just short of the final crest, and had surged back again.

Toward the last of March the British artillery began systematically to cut the enemy's wire, and to plaster his back areas and communications with heavy shells. His reply was futile; battery after battery was silenced by fire



BRITISH TROOPS IN THE HOLY LAND, A HALT NEAR GAZA

directed from the air, or by means of a machine which the British had perfected, enabling them to detect the location of batteries by their sound.

April fourth — the day Teddy heard that the House of Representatives had passed a resolution recognizing a state of war with Germany — the preparation became more intense and continued so until April eighth — Easter.

That day was ideal weather, with a foretaste of Spring in the sky and air. There was a lull in the firing — a lull



CANADIAN TROOPS RESTING BESIDE THE ROAD

which the Germans no doubt interpreted as an abandonment of any plan to attack at that point. Teddy took advantage of the quiet to write a long letter to Peggy.

“Is n’t it great about America?” he wrote. “I ’ll be glad when they get over here so that I can fight with our own people. I ’ll bet our boys will show them a thing or two, when they once get onto the game. It ’s a new and different sort of game, but there is something about the American that you cannot beat.

"There 's a big row brewing here, I guess. We have been shelling the Boches something awful lately. But you never can tell. Only the General Staff knows; and they change their minds. When I first came over here a rumpus like the last week would have been amazing. But now we all take it as a matter of course, we have grown so much stronger in guns and ammunition. It 's funny how you get used to the whole performance. Going back and forth to the trenches is like going down town to work and coming back again, excepting that you walk, and don't have to hang on to any straps. Getting killed does n't seem to amount to anything. You see a chum topple over, and walk right by. 'What 's the use of making a fuss over it?' you say to yourself. 'He has just gone somewhere else.' You never think that it 's going to be your turn; that never occurs to you. But this is n't very good stuff to be writing just before a big show, is it? Well, I wish you could see it all the way we do out here. The only thing that counts is getting the Boche. Getting killed doing it is just like spending hard earned money for something that you 've got to have.

"It 's a beautiful day, warm and springlike. I hope it stays. We certainly have had a hard Winter of it, and the feeling of Spring seems pretty good. I have frosted my fingers I don't know how many times, and they are like sausages half the time even now.

"The boys are all joshing me a good deal about what the Boches will do to our boys when they get over here, and I hand it back to them the way it comes. We have some pretty hot bouts of it. They get my goat once in a while and then there 's a picnic. The other night I pitched into a fellow and we had a regular set-to. It did n't amount to anything; a black eye for one of us and a cut on the lip for the other; I forget which I had. An officer pulled us apart.

"By the way, I saw Uncle Sam in Arras the other day.

He can't keep out of it, can he? He was down here lending a hand — the only one he has left — to the air squadron. The French loaned him to us. He seemed like a good stiff bracer to the boys, and they certainly needed it last week. I never saw such air fighting in my life. The sky was full of them, going and coming, and tumbling down; as thick as swallows before a rain. There was no let-up. I don't know where so many came from. You see, we were n't going to let the Boche get onto any of our plans and preparations, and they were making the last hard fight to dispute our complete mastery of the air. Sam told me that 'It's their last kick, boy. We've got 'em now, and we'll hold them. Henceforth the air is ours.' And I guess it will be, although I understand that they came off a little the best of it in actual losses. That is because we were the attackers, I suppose, and we sure were the attackers. Time after time I saw one of our airmen go sailing into a swarm of theirs,



GERMAN PRISONERS EN ROUTE TO A
BRITISH DETENTION CAMP

without waiting for his pals to come up, and give a good account of himself. I got as used to seeing airplanes coming down in flames as to seeing leaves fall off the trees. You would n't believe that anybody could get used to a thing like that. Uncle Sam was fine, but was feeling pretty blue because he could n't get into the thick of it again. He did take a little spin, somebody told me, with one arm, but he denies it. Is n't he great? I am glad he and Aunt Patricia found each other at last. They 're just right for each other. . . . It won't be long, Peggy, until you and I can follow suit, now that we have come into the war. I hope we get a hurry on ourselves and get over here before it is all over. . . ."

Teddy's wish for Spring was disappointed the very next day. Early in the morning a drizzle set in, which turned rapidly to snow — hard, stinging snow, driven by a bitter, biting wind. The troops knew that they were going over at 5:30. Peering out into the darkness, waiting for the signal, Teddy saw the white flakes flecking the dark mists of night — and the unknown.

At the appointed time the British guns broke into such a fire as had never before been seen on earth. The opening of the Somme offensive was a nursery pea-fight in comparison. The men went over with a feeling of security. They were under the protection of a canopy of shrieking steel.

The enemy front line trenches could hardly be located; they were only a tumbled cluster of raw earth hummocks, with legs and arms sticking up through. Teddy had the strange sensation of stepping on a bald man's head, buried in dirt to the eyes — which were open. He swore a little — and laughed at the absurdity of two human beings finding themselves in such a situation.

"Come on, now! I'll show you how we'll do it!" he shouted to his companions, leaping into the lead.

They reached the crest of Vimy Ridge, so long the for-

bidden land, in a rush. So far the guns had smashed flat the path. But now they were beyond the reach of the guns. Long sloping ridges led down to the plains to the east. They were strongly held. "Come on!" shouted Teddy. "Keep warm." The day had turned to a desolating cold.

They fought their way over the plateau beyond the crest, from shell-hole to shell-hole, in the face of a swirl of rifle



CANADIAN PIONEERS CLEARING A WOOD NEAR VIMY RIDGE

fire almost as thick as — and only a little more stinging than — the snow which was sweeping across those deadly heights.

Before 9 o'clock the hill was the Allies', excepting one small spur and Hill 145 — a certain high point which held out.

"Where's Teddy Stevens?" some of his comrades asked, when the Canadians stopped to breathe and reform.

No one knew.

"The last I saw he was out in front like an Indian, telling

us he 'd show us the way his fellows would do it!" someone offered.

"A fine way to do it!" another growled. "The damn kid never would take care of himself."

They began to make what search they could, and pursued inquiries.

No one had seen him fall. He had not gone back; they all knew that.



MEMORIAL TO THE 29TH
CANADIAN BATTALION

"When we get on a bit we may be able to tell," someone suggested. Little more was said, excepting among small groups, who remarked, more or less casually, that it was too bad about the American kid; he was a fine sort.

The next day was wilder than the first, when the Canadians, taking up their burden again, swept the Huns off Hill 145, and Vimy Ridge was entirely in the hands of the Allies.

But nowhere, on the snowy, freezing slopes, or in the dressing stations in the rear, or in the shell holes, or under the torn and dragged bushes of the battlefields, or the dugouts of the enemy — scenes of many a fierce and intimate struggle — could his companions find a trace of Teddy Stevens.

In due course of time Miss Peggy Birmingham, as his nearest friend, was officially notified by the British War Office that "Theodore Roosevelt Stevens, of the — Canadian Regiment, is reported as missing after the attack

on Vimy Ridge, April eleventh. The War Office. . . . Etc., Etc."

"'It's like spending hard earned money for something that you've got to have,'" she repeated, after a few moments of tense, tearless silence. "'It's like spending hard earned money for something that you've got to have.' I guess we've got to have it. 'He's just gone somewhere else.' But — Princess Pat! Oh, Aunt Patricia! . . ."

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